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Geo. R. Smith

*"The Glory of God is Intelligence."*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR,

REPRESENTING THE YOUNG MEN'S AND YOUNG LADIES'
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSCCIATIONS OF
THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

---

VOLUME FOUR.

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY JUNIUS F. WELLS.

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GEORGE E. MAYCOCK

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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1882. NO. 1.

## GEORGE A. SMITH.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

I.

ANCESTRY AND BOYHOOD.

ON a beautiful summer day in the latter part of June, 1817, Judge Elias Smith, then a boy in his teens, rode across the country from his father's place to his uncle John Smith's farm, near the town of Potsdam, New York. On arriving at the gate he dismounted and entered the house, but was somewhat surprised at the conduct of his uncle, who before speaking to him arose and passed into a rear room, he however returned in a moment, bearing on his arm a small bundle, which he placed upon the outstretched hands of young Elias with the remark: "Look at that!" The astonished boy, eyes wide open in wonderment, gazed intently upon the tiny object before him, which scarcely covered his palms, and exclaimed: "Why, it's a baby!" It was George A. Smith, who then weighed four and a half pounds.

"I was born," writes President Smith, "in Potsdam, St. Lawrence County, New York, June 26th, 1817. My father John Smith was born at Derryfield, Hillsborough County, N. H., July 16th, 1781; he was the sixth son of Asael Smith, who was born March 7th, 1744, and Mary Duty; he was the son of Samuel Smith, Esq., of Topsfield, Mass., born Jan. 26th, 1714, and Priscilla Gould; he was the son of Samuel Smith, born Jan. 26th, 1666, and Rebecca Curtis; he was the son of Robert and Mary Smith who came from England. My mother Clarissa, was the daughter of Richard and Philomelia Loomis Lyman, born in Lebanon, Grafton County, N. H., June 27th, 1790, Richard was born in the year 1757 and died in 1802; he was the son of John Lyman, who was born in the year 1711 and died in 1781; he was the son of Richard Lyman who was born in 1677 and died in 1746; he was the son of Richard Lyman of Lebanon, Conn., born 1647, died 1708; he was the son of Richard Lyman, born 1617 and died 1662 at Northampton, Mass.; he was the son of Richard Lyman, born in High Ongar, England in 1580, and died in Hartford, Conn. in 1640; the date of my father's marriage was September 11th, 1815."

Thus, through a good lineage, accurately traced back two hundred and fifty years to his first American progenitors, came the subject of our sketch; to suffer the trials of infancy and the embarrassments of childhood, make his way among men and mark the course of his footsteps through life in indelible characters which will live forever.

"When but four weeks old," says the autobiography from which we quote, "I was attacked with whooping cough from which complaint I suffered for nine months. My mother told me years afterward that there were eight infants living within a mile and a half of my father's house who took that disease about the same time and that I alone survived its fearful fatality. In my second year I was rescued by my mother from falling into a well, under such circumstances that the shock and exertion completely over-

powered her and she immediately fainted on discovering that I was saved. When I was eleven years of age I received a blow upon my head which rendered me unconscious for three weeks; I suffered many years from its effects." The author concludes this list of youthful experiences, which came so near ending his career before it had fairly begun, with the following: "I was trained strictly in the religion of the Congregational church, of which my father and mother were members, until I was fifteen years of age."

From his earliest years young George A. showed signs of a superior mental organization. His memory which became phenomenal as he grew older was considered remarkable even while he was the merest child. His ways were old fashioned, his movements awkward and his enjoyments out of the ordinary line of pleasures and pastimes, which attract children and readily engaged the attention of his playmates. He was considered good society for old people before he learned to read; and thus became a great favorite with his grandfather Asael Smith, the common ancestor of all branches of the Smith family, which have attained distinction in the Church. It was a common occurrence for George A. to leave his playfellows, and climbing upon his grandfather's knee ask him questions about the Revolutionary War, converse with him upon the incidents of the war of 1812, with which he in this way became familiar, and evince great interest in such scraps of history as his admiring ancestor would favor him with. The story of André would cause him to weep; he would listen breathlessly to an account of the preparations of Washington to attack New York, and the recital of how Cornwallis was besieged at Yorktown sent him off swelling with admiration of the American forces and of the genius of the great commander.

From grandfather Asael the later generations inherited great regard for their ancestral name and lineage. In none was this sentiment more strongly marked than in Brother George A. He loved his kindred, and had an abiding faith in the purity, nobility and worth of his progenitors. He believed in the ancestors of the Prophet of God; and the belief impelled him to seek them out, to gather information respecting them from every source and to do a great work for them, by administering the ordinances of the Gospel in their behalf. Volumes containing the genealogies and interesting historical sketches of his forefathers have been published, by wealthy descendants in the East. These he has invariably procured and added to his library. His correspondence with genealogical agents and historical societies thus became quite extensive, and resulted in making him, probably, the best informed and most accurate authority on the genealogy of the Smith and Lyman families in the country. His interest in this subject seemed to be without bounds. When traveling in the States he always visited the homes of his kindred if practicable; he would institute inquiries and prosecute the search of town registers for the names and dates of relations that might in any way claim vicarious labor at his hands. Even abroad, in foreign lands, he never forgot this duty, which afforded him so much pleasure, and appears, to believers, a sublime expression of faith in the virtue of the eternal principles, by which one man can labor for the salvation of his fellowmen.

On a clear, pleasant day in May, 1873, the writer accompanying President Smith left London, where the latter with his party of Palestine tourists had arrived a few days before on their return journey, and taking a train into Essex sought out the home in the Old World from which the Smiths had been transplanted to American soil. As Topsfield, Essex County, Mass., was the home of the first American progenitors, the supposition that a place of the same name in the mother country would reveal evidences of their former abode, led us to a faithful and somewhat difficult search of county histories and guides for Topsfield, England. But such a place does not exist; the nearest to it being Toppesfield in

Essex County. President Smith was weary after his long continental tour, he was suffering from rheumatism in the shoulders and was being urged by his companions to return home; but his observation on reaching this place, which we soon learned was the one sought for, indicates how much interest he attached to it. He remarked: "I have traveled to Egypt and the Holy Land, have seen the countries of Europe and met many of their most distinguished people, but I have encountered nothing that gives me more satisfaction than being here, in the graveyard of my ancestors—on the ground where they walked and lived and labored three hundred years ago."

We had passed a most delightful afternoon traveling to this revered spot, and stood in the ancient churchyard, in the moonlight, when the above remark was made. The ride by open carriage over the macadamized road had been truly enjoyable. Our way, by the green fields and along the sweetbrier hedges, fragrant with the perfume of primroses and violets, in which the sweet singing birds of England chirped merrily their songs of Spring, was enlivened by many features which combined to make the journey one of interest and pleasure. The quaint old farmhouses of the time of Queen Elizabeth; the farm hands in smock-frocks and iron nailed shoes, a pair of which weigh eight pounds and clatter on the hard road like horses hoofs; a lop-sided dog-cart drawn by a spavined, poor and ancient beast, and loaded with coal and a robust matron, shouting as she came by the laborers' cottages: "Good, clean coals, one and ha' penny a basket!" all these and many other common acessories to the English country road, were met and passed and made the most of. I never saw Brother George A. in better humor. He breathed the country air with a relish, he forgot his rheumatism, his heart seemed gladdened with the freshness of nature all about us, and he became glib and eloquent in his conversation as we journeyed on. When we arrived at Toppesfield the sun was setting. We put up at the "Green Man" inn. I shall never forget the supper we had there, prepared by the hospitable hostess. It consisted of farm products; fresh eggs, milk, a little salt bacon and a plate of lettuce and pepper-grass. The circumstance that makes the meal memorable was Brother George A's. request for me to "pass the forage" alluding to the last named dish. After supper we strolled down to the old church, entering the yard we found our way, as well as possible in the darkness, among the tombstones, stopping before them and, by gazing closely and following the inscriptions with the point of a finger, trying, before retiring for the night, to at least discover one that might be claimed. We at last succeeded, following the lines cut in the stones until they spelled out the name: "Richard Smyth, 1618,"—a generation earlier than the dates in the churchyard at Topsfield, Massachusetts. The prayer that President Smith offered before we laid down to rest that night was full of gratitude and significance. In the morning we entered the church and found on the west wall of the chancel a mural monument of beautiful white marble, curiously carved and inscribed in Latin to the memory of "Guil Smyth" who died December 18th, 1633. She was probably the mother or near relative of the brothers bearing her name who first settled in the New World. In the records which the parish minister showed us are the names of the children born in the parish and the record of deaths since the time of Elizabeth. Brother George A. made arrangements with the minister to obtain a transcript of such names as were connected with his family and we soon after departed on our return to London.

While living on the farm on Rackett river and attending school in the village of Potsdam, George A. grew very rapidly, attaining his full growth several years before he became of age. This gave him an awkward address, as of an overgrown boy; and as children growing fast are usually weak, it was so with him. In addition to these misfortunes for a school boy, he was near sighted, and being contented with his studies, the society of older people and the companionship

of his own thoughts, he paid little attention to cultivating the good will and currying favor with the boys at school. The consequence was that they made fun of him, bullied him more or less and at one time, shortly after a period of illness, carried their fun to such an extreme that George A. resolved on retaliation; but knowing his weakness, at the time, he refrained attempting his revenge then and harbored his strength until a favorable opportunity should be presented. The time came and it developed a phase of his character, which was new to his schoolmates but distinguished him then and ever after. His sensitive nature had been repeatedly outraged, he felt that he had been abused by his schoolmates, that they had taken advantage of him unfairly and that the insult to his honor and manhood demanded reparation. If any of the boys were not guilty of this general arraignment, he did not stop to discriminate in their favor. He felt that *all* were down on him and he determined to whip the school. And he succeeded. He started in and kept at it until he had whipped every boy of his size and age. They never made fun of him after that.

---

HINTS TO WRITERS.—William Cullen Bryant, once gave the following sensible advice to a young man who had offered him an article for the *Evening Post*:

My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well. Call a spade by its name, not a well known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home, and not a residence; a place, not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak, and as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying bladders of strange gasses to breathe; but one will enjoy better health and find more time for business, who lives on common air. Sidney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is."

---

## OBJECTIONS TO THE BOOK OF MORMON.

OBJECTION. That the story told by Joseph Smith with regard to the language in which the Book of Mormon was originally written is absurd, and at variance with the discoveries made relating to the language and writings of the ancient inhabitants of America.

For the sake of brevity, in the above we have condensed the statements of several Anti-Mormon writers, and have simply given the gist of their objection; an objection, by the way, which was much more commonly advanced in earlier years than at present, as later dis-

coveries have tended largely to prove that there is a very close connection between many of the characters used by the more civilized races of the Lamanites of modern times, and the languages and writings of the ancient Egyptians, Phoenecians, Hebrews and kindred races.

Let us enquire first what is the Book of Mormon's own statement on this point. In the very first chapter of the sacred record Nephi states (600 B.C.): "I make a record in the language of my father, which consists of the learning of the Jews, and the language of the Egyptians." (1 Nephi, 1, 2.) Nearly a thousand years later Mormon writes: "And now behold we have written this record according to our knowledge in the characters, which are called among us the reformed Egyptian, being handed down and altered by us, according to our manner of speech. And if our plates had been sufficiently large, we should have written in Hebrew; but the Hebrew hath been altered by us also; and if we could have written in Hebrew, behold, ye would have had no imperfection in our record." (Mormon ix, 32, 33.)

From the above we learn that Nephi wrote his original record in "the language of the Egyptians," but that in the process of time both the language and characters became altered; and that Mormon wrote in the characters known to the Nephites by the name of "the reformed Egyptian."

Some of these characters were transcribed to a piece of paper and shown by Martin Harris to Professors Mitchell and Anthon, of New York. The following is Martin Harris' account of that circumstance, as related by him to the Prophet Joseph on his return from that city:

"I went to the city of New York, and presented the characters which had been translated, with the translation thereof, to Professor Anthon, a gentleman celebrated for his literary attainments. Professor Anthon stated that the translation was correct, more so than any he had before seen translated from the Egyptian. I then showed him those which were not yet translated, and he said they were Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyriac, and Arabic, and he said that they were the true characters. He gave me a certificate, certifying to the people of Palmyra that they were true characters, and that the translation of such of them as had been translated was also correct. I took the certificate and put it into my pocket, and was just leaving the house, when Mr. Anthon called me back, and asked me how the young man found out that there were gold plates in the place where he found them. I answered that an angel of God had revealed it unto him.

"He then said unto me, Let me see that certificate. I accordingly took it out of my pocket and gave it to him, when he took it and tore it to pieces, saying that there was no such thing now as ministering of angels, and that if I would bring the plates to him, he would translate them. I informed him that part of the plates were sealed, and that I was forbidden to bring them; he replied, 'I cannot read a sealed book.' I left him and went to Dr. Mitchell, who sanctioned what Professor Anthon had said respecting both the characters and the translation."

The following statements are from the "Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society," December, 1880. The Landa mentioned therein is Diego de Landa, first bishop of Yucatan. He wrote a history of the Mayas, which was preserved on manuscript in the library of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, the capital of Spain:

"It is astonishing to notice that while Landa's first B is, according to Valentine, respresented by a footprint, and that path and footprint are pronounced *Be* in the Maya's dictionary, the Egyptian sign for B was the human leg.

"Still more surprising is it that the H of Landa's alphabet is a tie of cord, while the Egyptian H is a twisted cord. * * * But the most striking coincidence of all occurs in the coiled or curled line representing Landa's U; *for it is absolutely identical with the Egyptian* curled U."

Mr. I. Donnelly writing on this matter

says: "I have shown that the closest resemblances exist between the Maya alphabet and the Egyptian signs—in the c, h, t, i, k, l, m, n, o, q, and s—eleven letters in all; in some cases as in the n and k, the signs are identical; the k, in both alphabets, is not only a serpent, but a serpent with a protuberance or convolution in the middle! If we add to the above the b and u, referred to in the "Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society," we have thirteen letters out of sixteen in the Maya and Egyptian related to each other. Can any theory of accidental coincidences account for all this? And it must be remembered that these resemblances are found between the *only two phonetic systems of alphabet in the world.*"

*George Reynolds.*

LET ME OFF.—Mr. Howells, in his "Modern Instance," says that everything in Boston is characteristic of the city, and that even a Boston Irishman and a Boston Jew are entirely different from the Irishmen and Jews not favored with a residence in the old Puritan city. This theory, and the occasional humorous assumptions of after-dinner speeches, in styling Boston as the Athens of America, give occasion for wits to indulge themselves in such exaggerations as the following from a New York paper:

A New Yorker came to Boston recently, and as the street-car he wished to take from the depot was crowded, he got upon the front platform with the driver. "Well, what's the news in old Boston?" said the spruce, keen-eyed New Yorker, turning to the driver. "They say," responded the driver, "that the course of lectures at Harvard on Ethnology is attracting no little attention." This rather startled the man from the backwoods of New York City, but after a few moments he recovered sufficiently to be able to ask,—"Where did this Myopia Club, that we read of so much in the papers, get their name from?" "Don't you know?" returned the driver, as he slapped the off-horse with the end of the reins; "why, I'm surprised. Myopia is derived from the Greek, and means near-sighted." "Stop the car and let me get off," said the New Yorker. "I must get into a car where I can sit down for a few moments. I feel faint."

He seems to me most dignified who attains by his virtue a high station.

The countenance is a certain, silent expression of the mind.—*Cicero.*

## PECULIARITIES OF THE MEXICANS.

DECEMBER 1880.—I saw a mail-coach drawn by eight horses; two wheelers, two leaders, and four abreast between. Saw twenty-four donkeys each with two slabs of stone on his back, driven past the hotel. This is the principal means of transport.

Butter is always served without any salt.

Ladies wear no bonnets or hats in the street or at home.

Soap is not furnished in the hotels.

All houses are provided with courts, and have but one entrance for man and beast.

A Mexican shakes hands every time he meets or leaves you; and will embrace you if you have been absent some time.

Women smoke.

Pulque is the principal drink. It is an intoxicant made from the Maguey plant.

Mexican tradesmen always give you a price and then ask you how much you will give.

Funerals are conducted on the street cars, a hearse car being kept for the purpose. No mourners.

Sunday is the principal sales day.

Men wear pants, each leg being half of one color and half of another.

After a certain hour, no person is allowed to carry a parcel on the street.

It is considered a disgrace for a gentleman to carry one at any time.

The same street has different names applied to different blocks; one name applying to one, two or three blocks.

I saw two men playing chess under the portals on the public street.

Lying is the principal trait, immorality next, and excessive outward politeness third.

Ladies salute, as also men, by holding up one hand and wabbling the fingers.

The government will not sell postage stamps. One either has to buy stamped envelopes or carry his letter to the office and have the clerk stamp it. All letters not directed to some particular street or house are listed, and one asks for the number instead of the name. It is quite customary for a person who has taken a letter out by mistake to put up a notice to that effect in the post office, stating where the letter can be obtained, instead of returning the letter to the office. Postage to the United States is only five cents; to any point in Mexico it is twenty-five.

Ladies use powder and paint profusely, though scarcely ever artistically.

Most Mexican ladies have very perceptible mustaches. They, the ladies, are generally very slender in form.

It is fashionable for Mexican gentlemen to take a nap in the middle of the day.

Tortillas are a sort of "flap jack," made of corn, ground on an Indian grind-stone. They are very tough, and are worked into form by patting between the hands and then stretched over the knee. When cooked, they are considered a delicacy by the natives.

Policemen wear a club and a six-shooter. They generally stand in the middle of the street, and all carriages or teams have to turn out for them. At night, a police lantern is placed equidistant from the four corners of each street crossing.

Wooden plows are used by the Mexicans.

Strawberries ripen in December and again in the spring. Peaches ripen in February. During the winter, we have melons, tomatoes, radishes, turnips, green onions, and nearly all kinds of fruit.

Stoves are not used, except a few burning charcoal. They are without pipe or chimney and are used exclusively for cooking.

The moon passes through the zenith, nearly, perhaps a little to the north.

Indians go from Ozumba, eight to twelve miles, hew a tie eight by eight inches by six and a half feet, carry it back on their shoulders, and get from eighteen to twenty-five cents for it. I saw a sleeper being hauled from the canyon by an ox and a donkey, the former having rope tugs running from the sleeper to a stick lashed to his horns, the latter being ahead of the ox and hitched to this stick. The sleeper rested on a running gear of two small solid wheels and axle. Two Indians tried to manage the whole.

Nearly all Indians sleep on board bedsteads, with a rush mattress and sheet for bed clothes.

Whenever a new pulque or butcher shop is opened, as was the case this morning, May 9, 1881, a band plays for some time in front of the new establishment.

Mexicans do not wash in the morning for fear of making themselves sick; at least one of them told us so.

Young men hire a street piano to go and serenade their girls at night.

*Fera. L. Young.*

## THE STARRY HEAVEN.

'Twas a star lit night and Cynthia fair
Over Mother Earth shed her golden hair,
And the steller legions sped away
On the fading track of the King of day.

And as I mused, I sought to trace
God's finger through the depth of space,
Where orbs celestial in grandeur roll
And our Father, God has supreme control.

I stood and gazed with fond delight
On these shining gems in the brow of night,
And I thus exclaimed, O God to Thee,
May I with reverence bow the knee!

I thought of infinite worlds or spheres
Homes of the Gods of former years,
Where countless myriads congregate
And Eloheim presides in state.

Awed by the skill the heavens display
In the spacious infinite far away,
I gazed entranced on those orbs above
Where reigns supreme the God of love.

As through infinitude I stood
Home of the Gods their bright abode,
I caught a glimpse with illumined eye
Of the throne of God, His throne on high.

*Andrew Dalrymple.*

## RAGENBACH.*

Just as the closing Autumn day
Was merging into twilight gray,

The sun had set in a golden sea,
The wandering wind swept o'er the lea,

Sighing as onward it passed to the glade,
"As a leaf, we all do fade—do fade;"

It chanced that some neighbors came dropping in
The friendly doors of Ragenbach Inn,

To spend an hour in social chat,
Talk of the weather, of this, of that,

Nor dreamed a danger lurking near
Should fill each heart with sudden fear.

The smith, a goodly man to see,
Made one of this glad company;

Strong-limbed and powerful, sinewy, tall,
His genial smile o'erbrimmed on all.

But presently wide open swung
The half-closed door. With leaden tongue

Protruding, and with aspect bad,
Stood there a powerful mastiff, mad,

Savagely snapping, left and right,
He barred the only entrance tight;

To pass him surely was to die;
Then rose a great despairing cry,

And groans, and sighs, and tears, and prayer,
Mingled in wild confusion there.

But in that moment, horror-fraught,
Like inspiration came the thought

Unto the blacksmith, strong and tall,
"My death shall be the life of all."

"Back each!" he thundered in a voice
So stern and deep, there seemed no choice

But to obey. "I'll guarantee
The brute shall harm no one but me."

"God help me now!" he cried, nor quailed,
Seized on the foaming beast and nailed

With iron grasp unto the floor,
Till all had safely passed the door.

Then dashed his prisoner swift aside,
And joined his weeping friends outside.

Bleeding and torn and out of breath,
A hero—doomed to awful death.

Then 'mid the people's loud lament,
Straight to his own dear workshop went,

Whose walls, so often and so long,
Had echoed to his cheery song;

His strongest, heaviest chain unwound,
And firmly to his anvil bound;

Then with a skill by none excelled,
About his own strong limbs did weld,

In solemn silence. "'Tis done, 'tis past,
The work is well—it is my last.

"Now bring to me my food each day,
And oh, forget you not to pray

"That if the Father's will be such,
I may not suffer long, or much!"

When nine bright morns had set and risen,
The early watcher sought his prison,

But heard within no moan of pain,
No dismal clanking of a chain.

Stretched cold and lifeless on the ground,
His chain still clasped the anvil round,

But his tried soul had snapped its bond,
And soaring to the bright beyond,

Had left another martyr-name
Emblazoned on the scroll of fame,

Beside which to the end of time,
Will stand no other more sublime.

* A true story.

*Youth's Companion.*

# ETERNAL DURATION OF MATTER.

"THE ELEMENTS ARE ETERNAL."

I.

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful."—*Rev. xxi. 5.*

MATTER and Spirit are the two great principles of all existence. Everything animate and inanimate is composed of one or the other, or both of these eternal principles. I say eternal, because the elements are as durable as the quickening power which exists in them. Matter and spirit are of equal duration; both are self-existent—they never began to exist, and they never can be annihilated. We do not enter upon this boundless subject as a matter of mere speculative philosophy, calculated in its nature merely to charm the imagination, to interest the curious or to please the learned. So far from this, we consider it a subject of deep and thrilling interest to all the human family. A subject equally interesting to Jew and Christian; Mohammedan and Pagan; the wise and the simple; the learned and the ignorant—all—all are journeying swiftly through time, and are bound to eternity. All are lovers of life and happiness; all are looking forward with inexpressible anxiety to the unexplored regions of futurity.

The Jew, as he follows his aged parent, his bosom friend, or his tender offspring to the sepulchre of his fathers, while his bosom heaves with anguish, grief and sorrow, is still comforted with sure and certain hope of their being raised from the dead with the whole of Israel's race, and clothed upon with flesh; and of their being restored again to that land which was given to them and their fathers for an everlasting inheritance; while David takes his seat in the holy city and reigns over the twelve tribes forever and ever.

The modern Christian, when called upon to endure the pangs of grief and sorrow, in following to the grave his nearest friends, is comforted with the hope of a spiritual existence in a world far distant from his native earth; and far beyond the bounds of time and space, where spirits mingle in eternal joy and everlasting song; and although the body should rise from the dead, yet they suppose that the whole will become spirit unconnected with matter, and soar away to worlds on high, free from all the elements of which their nature was composed in this life; and thus enjoy eternal life and happiness, while matter,

Animate and inanimate shall cease to be;
And no more place be found for Heaven, Earth, or Sea.

The Mohammedan is equally subject to all the heart-rending grief and anguish which others feel at the loss of friends; but comforts himself with the thoughts of one day gaining a paradise of sensual pleasures, where, with all his faithful friends, he expects to bask forever in all the enjoyments of sensuality. He dreams of trees loaded with delicious fruits, and bending their branches invitingly to his appetite; and of gardens and pleasure grounds, adorned with pleasant walks, with cooling shades and with blooming sweets which perfume the air, and surrounded with fields of spices more delicious than all the productions of Arabia: while his golden palaces and seraglios are thronged with myriads of delightful virgins, more pure and beautiful than the fairest daughters of Circassia. With these he hopes to spend a life of pleasure forevermore.

The Pagan, too, in turn, when bowed down with grief and sorrow, finds some relief in anticipation of a future existence—some shady forest filled with game—some delightful prairie of blooming flowers—some humble heaven behind the cloud-topped hills, where he hopes to join his wife, his children, his brothers, his fathers; and in their society to spend a peaceful eternity in all the enjoyments of domestic life, while his faithful horse

*Written in prison, at Liberty, Mo.

and dog shall bear him company. These are the hopes and anticipations which serve to dry his tears, to calm his heaving bosom, and to his troubled spirit whisper peace. How desirable then is a just and correct knowledge on this all-important subject. Who does not desire to become acquainted as far as possible with the nature of that eternal state of existence to which we are all hastening? We are dependent alone upon the light of revelation and reason for any just and correct information on this subject. Moses, in his account of the creation, commences thus:

"In the beginning God made (or formed) the heavens and the earth, and the earth she was empty and desolate; and darkness upon the faces of the abyss; and the wind of God was brooding over the faces of the waters."

Moses did not see fit to inform us of what kind of materials the Lord formed the earth, and indeed there was no need of revelation to guide us on that subject; for we see for ourselves that it is composed of the common elements which constitute matter in general, and of course this element or matter already existed, and that, too, in sufficient quantity for the formation of a globe like this. From the Mosaic account of the creation, many have gathered the idea that God created all things out of nonentity—that solid matter sprang from nothing. But this is for want of reflection, or an exercise of reason on the subject; for instance, when a child inquires of its father, saying, father, who made this house? The father replies, the carpenter made it. Again, the child inquires, who made me? the father replies, the Lord made you. Again, the child inquires, who made the earth? The father replies, the Lord made the earth, and all things upon the face thereof. Now the child might suppose that the carpenter created the house without any materials; that he brought it into existence from nothing; and so, with equal propriety, he might suppose that he was formed from nothing; when in fact he was formed of materials which grew out of the earth. And with the same degree of impropriety we might suppose that God made the earth from nothing, when in fact He made it out of self-existing element.

It is impossible for a mechanic to make anything whatever without materials; so it is equally impossible for God to bring forth matter from nonentity, or to originate element from nothing, because this would contradict the law of truth, and destroy himself. We might as well say that God can add two and three together and the sum will be twelve; or that he can substract five from ten and leave eight, as to say that he can originate matter from nonentity; because these are principles of eternal truth, they are laws which cannot be broken: that two and three are five, that five from ten leaves five, and that nought from nought leaves nought; and a hundred noughts added together is nothing still. In all these the product is determined by unchangeable laws, whether the reckoning be calculated by the Almighty, or by man, the result is precisely the same.

Here, then, is mathematical demonstration that it is not in the power of any being to originate matter. Hence we conclude that matter as well as spirit is eternal, uncreated, self-existing. However infinite the variety of its changes, forms and shapes—however vast and varying the parts it has to act in the great theatre of the universe—whatever sphere its several parts may be destined to fill in the boundless organization of infinite wisdom, yet it is there, durable as the throne of Jehovah. And ETERNITY is inscribed in indelible characters on every particle. Revolution may succeed revolution, vegetation may bloom and flourish, and fall again to decay in the revolving seasons; generation upon generation may pass away and others still succeed; empires may fall to ruin, and moulder to the dust and be forgotten; the marble monuments of antiquity may crumble to atoms and mingle in the common ruin; the mightiest works of art, with all their glory, may sink in oblivion and be remembered no more; worlds may startle from their orbits, and, hurling from their spheres, run lawless on each other in inconceivable confusion;

element may war with element in awful majesty, while thunders roll from sky to sky and arrows of lightning break the mountains asunder, scatter the rocks like hailstones, set worlds on fire, and melt the elements with fervent heat, and yet not one grain can be lost, not one particle can be annihilated. All these revolutions and convulsions of nature will only serve to refine, purify, and finally restore and renew the elements upon which they act. And like the sunshine after a storm, or like gold seven times tried in the fire, they will shine forth with additional lustre as they roll in their eternal spheres, in their glory, in the midst of the power of God.

*Parley P. Pratt.*

## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

I.

THE WORD OF WISDOM.

We had a very instructive, impressive and salutary discourse delivered to us in the city of Nauvoo last Sabbath, May 29, 1842, on the above subject, to a large and attentive congregation, by President Hyrum Smith.

He stated that there were many of the commands of God that seemed to be overlooked by this generation, and he was fearful that many of the Latter-day Saints, in this respect, were following their old traditions and former practices of spiritualizing the word of God, and, through a vain philosophy, departing from the pure principles of eternal truth which God had given by revelation for the salvation of the human family; but that every word of God is of importance, whether it be the word contained in the Bible, in the Book of Mormon, or in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, for "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." The principles that are taught in the Bible are pure, and ought to be adhered to; and if people adhere to that teaching, it will prove their salvation. The principles that are taught in the Book of Mormon are also pure, and holy, and righteous, and will, if followed, lead men to God; and the principles that are taught in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants are from God—they are principles of righteousness—they are given for a blessing to the human family, and the salvation, temporal and spiritual, of His Saints; and that man who wantonly departs from any of the revelations of Jehovah, and treats lightly the word of God, whether contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, the Book of Mormon, or the Bible, is void of understanding; he is not wise concerning the doings of the Lord, the plan of salvation, the past dealings, present designs, or future purposes of the Almighty. The God of the armies of Israel is a wise God, He comprehended the end from the beginning, and adapted His plans, His designs and teachings to the peculiar wants, the local situations, the exigencies of mankind, and the present and future good of the human family; and everything that He has deigned to notice by way of instruction to the children of men, is given by infinite wisdom, by the intelligence of Jehovah; and if obeyed, when His designs shall be fully unraveled, it will be seen that there was wisdom in it beyond the comprehension of man in his present state.

When God first made man upon the earth, he was a different being entirely to what he now is; his body was strong, athletic, robust and healthy; his days were prolonged upon the earth—he lived nearly one thousand years, his mind was vigorous and active, and his intellectual faculties clear and comprehensive; but he has become degenerated, his life has dwindled to a span, disease preys upon his system, his body is enervated and enfeebled, and his mental and intellectual faculties are impaired and weakened; and man is not now the
nified, noble, majestic
mighty being
pro-

The Lord has, in His wise designs, revealed unto us His will; He has made known unto us His future purposes; He has told us, as He did His ancient Prophets, that the "earth shall be redeemed—that the curse shall be removed from it—that the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together—that the lion shall eat straw like the ox—and that they shall not hurt nor destroy; that the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea"—that man's days shall be as "the days of a tree," that he shall again live one thousand years on the earth. This is the "time of the restoration of all things," and this has got to be brought about by the wisdom and power of God, and the wisdom, obedience and faith of man combined.

Everything has become degenerated from what it was in its primitive state. "God made man pure, but he has found out many inventions;" his vices have become innumerable, and his diseases multiplied; his taste has become vitiated, and his judgment impaired; he has fallen, *fallen*, FALLEN from that dignified state that he once occupied on the earth, and it needs a restorative that man has not in his possession—wisdom which is beyond the reach of human intellect—and power which human philosophy, talent and ingenuity cannot control. God only is acquainted with the fountain of action, and the mainspring of human events; he knows where disease is seated, and what is the cause of it; He is also acquainted with the spring of health, the balm of Gilead of life; He knows what course to pursue to restore mankind to their pristine excellence, and primitive vigor and health; and He has appointed the Word of Wisdom as one of the engines to bring about this thing, to remove the beastly appetites, the murderous disposition and the vitiated taste of man; to restore his body to health and vigor, promote peace between him and the brute creation; and, as one of the little wheels in God's designs, to help to regulate the great machinery which shall eventually revolutionize the earth, and bring about the restoration of all things; and when they are restored He will plant "the tree of life, whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations."

The Lord has told us what is good for us to eat and drink, and what is pernicious; and some of our wise philosophers, and some of our Elders, too, pay no regard to it; they think it too little, too foolish for wise men to regard. Fools! Where is their wisdom, philosophy and intelligence? From whence did they obtain their superior light? Their capacity and power of reasoning was given them by the great Jehovah; if they have any wisdom they obtained it from Him. And have they grown so much wiser than God that they are going to instruct Him in the path of duty, and to tell Him what is wise and what is foolish? They think it too small for Him to condescend to tell men what will be nutritious, or what will be unhealthy. Who made the corn, the wheat, the rye, and all the vegetable substances? And who was it that organized man and constituted him as he is found? Who made his stomach, and his digestive organs, and prepared proper nutriment for his system, that the juices of his body might be supplied, and his form be invigorated by that kind of food which the laws of nature and the laws of God have said would be good for man? And has God made his food, and provided it for the use of man, and shall He be ashamed to speak of the work of His hands? Has He become so fantastical, so foolish, so weak and effeminate, that it has become impolitic for Him to tell what is the best distribution to make of the work of His hands? Oh, shame! let it not be heard among the Saints; let that man who inculcates such principles hide his face. We are told by some that circumstances alter the revelations of God. Tell me what circumstances would alter the ten commandments; they were given by revelation—given as a law to the children of Israel. Who has a right to alter that law? Some think that they are too small for us to notice; they are not too small for God to notice; and have we got so high, so bloated out, that we cannot condescend to notice things that God has ordained for our benefit? Or have we

got so weak that we are not fit to be called Saints? For the Word of Wisdom is adapted to the capacity of all that "are or can be called Saints." Listen not to the teaching of any man, or any Elder, who says the word of wisdom is of no moment; for such a man will eventually be overthrown. These are principles that I have always acted upon, that I have always practiced; and they are what my family practices; they are what brother Hyrum has always contended for, and what I now contend for; and I know that nothing but an unwavering, undeviating course can save a man in the kingdom of God.

The Lord has told us that "strong drinks are not good;" who is it that will say they are, when the Lord says they are not? That man who says, "I can drink wine or strong drink, and it not hurt me," is not wise. But some will say, "I know that it did me good, for I was fatigued and feeble on a certain occasion, and it revived me, and I was invigorated thereby, and that is sufficient proof for me." It may be for you, but it would not be for a wise man; for every spirit of this kind will only produce a greater languor when its effects cease to operate upon the human body. But you know that you are benefited; yes, so does the man who has mortgaged his property know that he is relieved from his present embarrassment; but his temporary relief only binds the cords of bondage more severely around him. The Lord has not ordained strong drink for the belly, "but for the washing of your bodies." And again, "tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly; and it is not good for man, but as an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill." Tobacco is a nauseous, stinking, abominable thing, and I am surprised that any human being should think of using it; for an Elder especially to eat or smoke it, is a disgrace to him; he is not fit for the office; he ought first to learn to keep the Word of Wisdom and then to teach others. God will not prosper the man who uses it. And again, "hot drinks are not for the body or belly;" there are many who wonder what this can mean, whether it refers to tea or coffee, or not. I say it does refer to tea and coffee. Why is it that we are frequently so dull and languid? It is because we break the Word of Wisdom: disease preys upon our systems, our understandings are darkened, and we do not comprehend the things of God; the devil takes advantage of us, and we fall into temptation. Not only are they injurious in their tendency, and baneful in their effects, but the importation of foreign products might be the means of thousands of our people being poisoned at a future time, through the advantage that an enemy might take of us, if we made use of these things that are thus spoken of as being evil; and be it remembered that this instruction is given "in consequence of evils that do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men."

"And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man; every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof. All these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving. Yea, flesh also of beasts, and of the fowls of the air, I the Lord have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless, they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used, only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine. All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts; to be the staff of life, not only for man, but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth; and these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine, and excess of hunger."

Let men attend to these instructions, let them use the things ordained of God, let them be sparing of the life of animals. "It is pleasing, saith the Lord, that flesh be used only in times of winter or of famine." And why to be used in famine? Because all domesticated animals would naturally die, and may as well be made use of by man as not.

"All grain is good for the food of man, as also the fruit of the vine—that which

yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground. Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field; and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain. And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones, and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint. And I the Lord give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

Let these things be adhered to—let the Saints be wise—let us lay aside our folly and abide by the commandments of God, so shall we be blessed of the great Jehovah in time and in eternity; we shall be healthy, strong and vigorous; we shall be enabled to resist disease, and wisdom will crown our councils, and our bodies will become strong and powerful: our progeny will become mighty, and will rise up and call us blessed; the daughters of Zion will be beautiful, and her sons the joy of the whole earth; we shall prepare ourselves for the purposes of Jehovah—for the kingdom of God—for the appearance of Jesus in His glory, "out of Zion, the perfection of beauty; God will shine—Zion will be exalted, and become the praise of the whole earth."

Thus spake the man of God, fired with heavenly, holy zeal for the welfare of the Saints of the Most High who were assembled around him, in breathless silence listening to the gracious words that fell from his lips, which we feel ourselves utterly incapable of doing justice to in this brief sketch, and can only say that with boldness and firmness he expatiated freely and fully upon those principles, opposing vice and error in its various forms. We are persuaded that his instructions will be indellibly engraven on the memories of thousands who listened to his discourse. Firm and unwavering in his principles, he has ever been the advocate of sterling integrity, righteousness and truth; and when we saw him exerting all his energies to impress upon the minds of the audience the importance of the thing that he advocated, it reminded us of the sayings of one of the ancient servants of God—"I will declare thy righteousness in the great congregation."

## GREAT SALT LAKE.

BETWEEN the Wasatch and Sierra Nevada mountains there was evidently at one time a large body of fresh water. It extended, according to Professor Gilbert, from Oxford, Oneida County, Idaho, three hundred and fifty miles south, and from the Wasatch mountains one hundred and forty miles west, covering an area of about nineteen thousand square miles. Its depth was over one thousand feet. High up the sides of the mountains, its waves dashed against the rocks and dirt, forming terraces and watermarks, which to-day are evidences of its existence. Irregular in shape, this body of water formed promontories and bays, and afforded, doubtless, excellent places for harbors. Its shore-line was almost a labyrinth of curves, and was sufficiently long to surround a body of water ten times as great as the one it did encompass.

This ancient body of water has been named Lake Bonneville. It was named after Colonel Bonneville, of the United States army, who, as far back as 1832, explored and surveyed the Great Salt Lake. Lake Bonneville now no longer exists, but in the lowest part of its basin is situated Great Salt Lake; for which reason, along with others, the latter is supposed to be the remnant of the former. For instance, we find from analyses of the water of Great Salt Lake,

made at different times, that the amount of solid matter contained in it varied with the elevation of the lake. When the lake is low and the volume of water is small, the amount of solid matter the water contains is greater than it is when the lake is high and the volume of water has been increased. The sands on the lakeshore in many places are made up mostly of carbonate of lime surrounding small particles of organic matter or silicious grains. Such is found to be the fact, on examination, with respect to the sands on the terraces supposed to be made by the waves of Lake Bonneville. An analysis of the soil some distance from the shore, and between Black Rock and Salt Lake City, has shown the soluble matter to be similar in composition to the solid matter in the lake. Watermarks of every description are seen in different places in the region considered to have been at one time occupied by Lake Bonneville. According to Professor Gilbert, Lake Bonneville contained about four hundred times as much water as Great Salt Lake does at present. Now, if the water of Great Salt Lake be diluted four hundred times, it would contain only a small per cent. of solid matter and could be classed with water considered fresh. From these evidences, and from others, we cannot do otherwise than conclude, until evidences of an opposite character are adduced, that Great Salt Lake is the result of the decline of Lake Bonneville. Further, that the latter was a body of fresh water, and the streams which once fed it dwindled away, until the quantity of water evaporated from its surface exceeded the amount supplied by the streams.

Lake Bonneville, according to Professor Gilbert, had an outlet into the Pacific ocean by the way of the Columbia River. Great Salt Lake has no outlet, not even a subterranean one so far as is known. If it be true, therefore, that Great Salt Lake is the remains of Lake Bonneville, then the latter must have been fed by streams that were probably large at one time, but finally diminished to such an extent that the quantity of water supplied by them became less than the amount evaporated from the surface of the lake. The streams, too, must have been capable for some time of supplying even more water than that evapar ated from the surface of the lake, from the fact that there are evidences, not only of an outlet, but of water running through this outlet for quite a length of time. As soon as these streams began to wane, the lake began to decline, and there followed an increase in the amount of solid matter in the lake. This increase of solid matter must have been accelerated when the water fell below the outlet; for substances which were constantly brought into the lake by its tributaries, were not wholly nor partly carried away as they were before, but all or most all were retained in the lake; and along with the evaporation of water which incessantly went on, a very little, if any, solid matter escaped. Again, as the lake grew smaller the evaporations of water must have constantly exceeded the supply. A concentration of water, therefore, took place, and continued until Lake Bonneville became the Great Salt Lake.

From time to time during the decline of Lake Bonneville and the formation of Great Salt Lake, solid matter was deposited, as evidenced from analysis and examination of the soil. It seems that whenever the water would become saturated with any of the constituents of the solid matter it contained, a deposit of that constituent would soon follow; and hence, soil is found not far from the shore containing soluble substances similar to those in the lake.

Great Salt Lake, in the early days of the settlement of Utah, was probably fourteen or fifteen feet lower than in 1875. It rose from that early time about fourteen and a half feet before it began to decline. There was, however, during this gradual rise, a constant oscillation. The lake rose and fell, but in most cases each rise exceeded each fall, and the result was an elevation of fourteen and a half feet as given.

The lake is about eighty miles long and thirty-two miles wide, and embraces

an area of over two thousand three hundred and sixty square miles. In 1849, according to Stansbury's survey, the lake covered an area of seventeen hundred square miles; and in 1869, a survey by Clarence King's party made the area of the lake, excluding the islands in it, two thousand three hundred and sixty square miles. The lake, therefore, in twenty years almost doubled its domain, inundating, in some places, fertile lands previously cultivated as farms and meadows.

Great Salt Lake is a shallow body of water, and is dotted here and there with mountainous islands. Its water is extremely limpid and buoyant, and possesses medicinal properties of great value. In July and August of each year, the lake affords a great deal of pleasure and benefit to the citizens, especially of Salt Lake City, who every day make excursions on the Nevada and Salt Lake Railway to its shores, and bathe in its beautiful and invigorating water. It is becoming quite common, now, for families to spend a few days or weeks, in hot weather, at the lake, to bathe in it and to receive the benefit of the health-restoring and cool breezes that come gently over its surface. Not far distant is the day when others besides the citizens of Salt Lake City, and even of Utah Territory, will participate in the luxuries it affords. Persons from great distances will be anxiously waiting for the winter months to hasten on and summer months to come, that they may repair to the shores of Great Salt Lake, and receive, along with others, the benefits of the medicinal properties of its water, and of its bracing and agreeable breezes.

The islands in the lake, as already mentioned, are mountainous, and some are quite rough and rugged. Antelope and Stansbury islands are the principal ones, and Freemont, Carrington, Gunnison, Dolphin, Mud, Egg, Hat and a few others unnamed are the minor or less important ones.

When the pioneers came into Utah, the lake did not entirely surround Antelope Island. This island could be easily reached with teams on dry land, but now there are four or five feet of water intervening it and the shore. The lake is deepest in a valley running from Black Rock between Antelope and Stansbury Islands, and west of the promontory extending into the lake on its north side. Here, in 1869 it was fifty feet in depth, and now it is probably somewhat deeper. In some places the lake has a beautiful sandy bottom, which is more even than the surrounding valleys.

Analyses of the water have been made at different times, which go to show the lake to be one of the most salty bodies of water yet discovered, and, also, that the density of the water varies as it increases and diminishes in volume. Within the memory of some of the oldest settlers of Salt Lake Valley, the solid matter in the lake was so great that one barrel of salt could be obtained quite easily from three barrels of water. It was at that time more salty than the Dead Sea, by a difference of about ten per cent. According to an examination made by Stansbury in 1849, the water contained twenty-two and four tenths per cent. of solid matter. In 1869 Professor O. D. Allen, by chemical analysis, found that the water contained nearly fifteen per cent. of solid matter, or that one thousand parts held one hundred and forty-eight and two hundred and fifty-one thousandths (148.251) parts of solid matter in solution.

In 1879 I examined the water, and found it contained nearly seventeen per cent. of solid matter. According to my analysis, one hundred parts of water evaporated to dryness left sixteen and eighty-nine hundredths (16.89) parts of solid matter, composed of the following constituents:

| | *Parts.* |
|---|---|
| Chloride of Sodium (common salt), | 12.707 |
| Chloride of Magnesium, | 1.607 |
| Sulphate of Soda (Glauber's salt) | 1.065 |
| Sulphate of Potassa, | .408 |
| Sulphate of Lime (Gypsum), | .141 |
| Excess of Chlorine, | .088 |
| Total, | 16.016 |

Calculating the amount of each con-

stituent in one hundred parts of the solid matter, there would be:

| | |
|---|---|
| Chloride of Sodium (common salt), | 79.33 |
| Chloride of Magnesium, | 10.04 |
| Sulphate of Soda (Glauber's salt), | 6.65 |
| Sulphate of Potassa, | 2.55 |
| Sulphate of Lime (Gypsum), | .88 |
| Excess of Chlorine, | .55 |
| Total, | 100.00 |

Great Salt Lake is not incapable of supporting animal life, although, from the analysis above given, that such is the case seems impossible. There are creatures that live and even thrive in that extremely salt water. They are beings of diminutive size, and some discovered by Mr. Sereno Watson are described by Professor A. E. Verrill as *Artemia fertilis* of the crustacean class of animals. Also larvæ and pupæ of insects that live in the lake are found in great abundance on the shore in different places.

Great Salt Lake is certainly of great interest to the scientist, community and pleasure and health seekers. To the scientist it affords matter for chemical and geological investigation, to the community a commodity of the greatest importance, and to the pleasure and health seeker a place of fine resort, bathing of a pleasant and invigorating character, and an atmosphere of health.

*Joseph T. Kingsbury.*

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ORIGIN OF HAT-RAISING.—In primitive states, the conquered man surrenders himself, his weapons and whatever of his clothing is worth having; hence, stripping becomes a mark of submission. Cook, for instance, relates of some Tahitians, "they took off a great part of their clothes and put them on us." In another tribe this ceremony is abridged to the presentation of the girdle only. In Abyssinia inferiors strip to the girdle before superiors. A further abridgment is found among the natives of the Gold Coast, who salute Europeans by slightly removing their robe from the left shoulder; but even there special respect is shown by completely uncovering the shoulder. In other tribes they also doff the cap. Hence it seems that "the removal of the hat, among European peoples, often reduced among ourselves to touching the hat, is a remnant of that process of unclothing himself by which in early times the captive expressed the yielding up of all he had."

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## IN THE WAKE OF THE CHURCH.

### THE HILL CUMORAH.

NEW YORK is a great city, with its down-town streets filled with stages, elevated railways, drays, mail wagons, hospital vans and elegant equipages nervously striving to thread a way through those throbbing veins of commerce; and its down-town sidewalks, packed with a jostling, hurrying multitude of men from every clime of the world, and from every walk of life. A thousand phases of existence crowd and push you as you seek your way along the lower streets of New York! Up town, where commerce has not made extensive inroads, we find the brown stone and marble palaces of the wealthy; here the elegant carriage replaces the ponderous dray, and instead of the greasy clothes and broad hand of the porter, we see the tall hat and the broadcloth suit, the patent leather shoes and the black kids of the social man of leisure.

Taking a New York Central train at the Grand Central depot, you are sped along through the tunnels that lead under the streets for several miles, and finally emerge into the open country in the vicinity of Harlem. The Dutch names that cling to the towns, rivers and mountains of the Hudson Valley recall the old days of Knickerbockers, and the pleasant old Dutch traditions of this region, which Washington Irving has invested with so much interest.

There is Spuyten Duyvil, recently th

scene of a heartrending railway accident, and Sleepy Hollow, and the Palisades, and the pretty mountains of the Highlands, some of which, as the Donderberg, Crow Nest, Anthony's Nose and Storm King, are familiar in name to every boy in the land. Then there is Sing Sing, with its suggested thoughts of a very different nature, and Tarrytown, King's Ferry and West Point, associated in memory with the black conspiracy of Benedict Arnold—and Stony Point, the scene of General Anthony Wayne's brilliant achievement at a time when the days of the Patriots were darkest—and Sunnyside, the home of Irving, and Idlewild, farther up, the picturesque residence of the poet Willis. Then, as the flying train speeds us along towards Albany, we see dimly outlined against the evening sky, the blue crests of the Catskills. As the evening shadows gather, and the mountains become wrapped in a purple and obscuring haze, it is no difficult matter to people anew these twilight hills and dales with the shadowy forms of Rip Van Winkle's days. Leaning back upon the seat, with your eyes buried in the blue, shadowy depths of these mountains, rising abruptly from the general level of the country across the river, Rip and his warlike spouse, Dame Van Winkle, and Nicholas Vedder and the demons of the mountains live again.

Nor is the interest which one finds in this beautiful river and its historic banks due alone to the fascinations of the past—to-day we see its broad surface dotted with every kind of craft known to commerce. The heavy, towing steamer, or the nervous tug, ploughs its way laboriously along, pulling a peopled village of canal boats—the palace steamboat, plying between New York and Albany, with streamers and flags flying, and crowded decks, skims along at the rate of twenty-three miles an hour—and then the sailing craft, depending upon the wind and tide for their progress, either creep lazily along the placid river if the wind be gentle, or plough their way speedily through the white-capped waves if a strong breeze blows down the valley.

Albany reached, you are at the head of navigation, and the Hudson has become a much smaller and less imposing stream than when it cut its broad way through the Highlands, or widened out to two miles at Tappan Zee. It is difficult to leave the beautiful Hudson, its verdure-covered banks and nestling towns; you know it has often been called the Rhine of America, but of late years the Rhine has been awarded the second place in beauty, and is itself called the Hudson of Europe. Taking the train at Albany, about 9 a. m., for the West, my friend and myself found ourselves at Palmyra at three in the afternoon. The town, which is about the size of Logan, is situated south of the station, just across a small stream; the Erie Canal runs near by. Near the station house, and a little to the north and east of it, are an inn and livery stable, both often patronized by members of our Church who have visited the Hill Cumorah. The proprietor's name is Quaife, and in him you will find a gentleman willing to accommodate you and desirous of imparting whatever information he has regarding the object of your visit. His charges are very moderate, indeed they seem ridiculously small to a Western person. Upon asking him what our bill was, after using one of his buggies for several hours, and taking supper at his table, he remarked, "Well, I don't suppose two and a half would be too much." And, to digress for a moment, we met a similar experience, amusing and certainly not unpleasant, at Mentor, Ohio. After driving for three hours, out to Kirtland and back, we wished to know what we owed the owner of the buggy for his accommodation, he replied that he usually charged fifty cents, but he supposed we would not think a dollar extortionate, as we had been somewhat longer than usual. We cheerfully paid him.

To find the Hill Cumorah we were directed to cross the stream and canal, turn to the right, or west, continue down the main street until a street crossing was reached each of whose four corners contained a church; then by turning to

the south we would be on the Canadaigua road, which leads to the "Mormon" or "Golden Bible" hill.

Before taking this road, however, we visited the home of Major John H. Gilbert, a former printer in the establishment of Mr. Grandin, the first publisher of the Book of Mormon. Major Gilbert, who is now some eighty-five years old, claims to have set up by far the greater portion of type for the Book of Mormon. It was very interesting to listen to the conversation of this old gentleman, who had met, in the first days of the Church, those who were called to bring it forth. He describes how the manuscript was brought down to the office in the morning and taken away at night each day, just enough for the day's work. An unbound copy of the book still in his possession draws you closer to those now distant events. Glad to have met the old gentleman, we bade him goodbye, with a wish that his older years might prove his best, and sought the Canandaigua road.

We were informed that the object of our visit lay about three miles down this road—that it was on the left side, and was by far the most commanding hill in the vicinity. However, after traveling a couple of miles, we were in doubt as to several hills which rose in more or less prominence on our left. It is a geological feature of this country that long ridges gradually rise from the general level, becoming higher as you go from south to north, until they end abruptly in an elevated hill; this feature is seen in the Hill Cumorah, and is repeated in every other ridge in the vicinity. But since there was doubt in our minds as to several of these abrupt points, we concluded to go on until we found a hill which would impress us as the one we sought. And so, upon reaching the summit of a swell, we saw lying before us a commanding eminence, which struck us at once as the station of Moroni in the great slaughter of the fifth century. Upon inquiry it proved to be so. It is at its north extremity without any verdure larger than the natural weeds, flowers and grasses, except a solitary tree on the left declivity, about a third of the distance down. It impresses you at once with its baldness and sharpness—indeed, it is so sharp you are astonished that its ridge has not been worn away by the incessant action of the elements.

Just before reaching the hill a gate opens in the fence, to a road cut partly from the face of the hill, which leads to a house at the eastern foot—a wire fence cuts across the west slope near the foot. When you have made the ascent, there is stretched before you a view which is unsurpassed in loveliness and interest. Its beauty consists of level plains crossed by wooded ridges, and growing crops freshened by a shower just over, and seen in all the varied hues with which nature in her prolixity is capable of dressing her favored spots. Never was there a fresher or more sparkling green, and never such a mellow, golden sea of ripening grain—and the sky was filled with patches of white clouds that chased each other across the blue background, throwing deep shadows in the fields below, which, following their principals above, were romping over the fields and up and down the ridges. We were indeed favored with a delightful day—it was, moreover, a June day, and June is Queen Nature's month.

The hill is so situated that a greater stretch of country can be seen from its crest than from any point for miles around. There seem to be a combination of openings between the ridges, which give the vision a wider sweep. My companion, a person of considerable military training and instinct, exclaimed: "In my view, this location is a strong evidence of the truth of the Book of Mormon—I have never seen a more natural battlefield!" And so it impresses you. Look to the west, there is a broad plain, surrounded by slopes and ridges—natural positions of strength, from which an army could either make or receive an attack. Of course there are no evidences at present of where the plates came from. As described, they were buried near the top on the west side, and not far from the point; so, farther than an approximate location, you know nothing.

A look at the hill itself discloses the facts that it gradually lessens in altitude, becomes timbered as you go south, and finally, at a half mile from the point, loses itself in the general but somewhat elevated level of that vicinity.

I presume no Latter-day Saint has ever visited the Hill Cumorah but that he felt impressed to thank God for the principles which came forth from it.

In returning to Palmyra, we turned off to visit the house occupied by the Smith family in the days of the first revelations to the Prophet Joseph. The place is a half mile west of the Canandaigua road and two miles south of the town; I have forgotten the names of the present owners. Upon knocking at the door, a young lady, evidently of better education than the majority of her rustic neighbors, appeared, and in answer to an inquiry stated that the rear two rooms of the house were a portion of the Smith residence, and asked if we wished to view them. We found them well preserved, the wood work and floor being the same that were there in the first quarter of the century. The ceilings were not high. In the vicinity were several extensive patches of woods, one of which was doubtless the scene of the supplications of the boy Joseph. We asked if there were any relics of the Smiths around the premises, and the young lady said so far as she knew there was nothing except a couple of cannon balls, found some years ago when digging the foundation for the new part of the house; one of these they had given to Judge Richards, of Ogden. She could offer no suggestion as to their former use. To many of our "exposers" these revolutionary relics would furnish unanswerable proof that the Smith family were incorrigible "sheep stealers."

While passing through the town on our return, the old building occupied by Mr. Grandin, where he published the Book of Mormon, was pointed out to us. Having paid the landlord, we took the express train for the west—Kirtland being our next destination.

*R. W. Young.*

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Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.—*George Eliot.*

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## THE THIRD EPISTLE OF ST. PETER.

In the year 755, when Stephen II. occupied the papal chair, Rome was besieged by the Lombards, a people whom the king of the Franks had brought under subjection. Pepin, the king, was about to return into his own country from Italy, after having made several conquests, when Pope Stephen entreated him to remain until the ceded provinces should be placed in the actual possession of the pope. But Pepin, thinking he had done sufficient in being the cause of the transfer to the papal chair of a goodly portion of the conquered territory, paid no attention to the entreaty, and returned at the head of his armies into his own country. Again, Stephen entreated the Frankish king to restore to the pontifical authority the territory now wrested forcibly from it by the Lombards, this time sending a letter to him and his sons, addressed in the following terms: "We pray you, most excellent sons of the Lord, to take compassion on the holy church of God and of St. Peter, and *put her in possession of all* that by your donation you are firmly tied and bound to render. Remember, and in your hearts' core hold fast by the promises you have made to the keeper of the gates of the kingdom of heaven. * * * Hasten to expedite the delivery of your donation, that you may not mourn your remissness to all eternity." But still the king and his sons were in no way inclined to accede to the requests of the pope. Stephen wrote again, urging by every conceivable means to hasten to his deliverance, but with no better success.

During this time the Lombards, under Astolph, were not idle; his troops ad-

vanced through the country surrounding Rome, and for two months laid it waste, sparing neither church nor shrine, and in the early part of the year 755, as before stated, besieged Rome. "In this extremity," says Abbe Fleury, the Catholic historian, "the pope sent into France by sea Bishop George, Count Tomeric and Abbot Vernier, with two letters, one addressed to King Pepin, the other to the princes,his sons, and to all the French, both ecclesiastics and laymen, in his own name and that of the Roman people." Notwithstanding this was the fourth entreaty made by Stephen to the Frankish king for assistance, the latter showed no inclination to render it, and the Lombards continued their siege of Rome and the destruction of life and property in the surrounding country. "The pope at last," continues the Abbe Fleury, in this extremity, made use of an artifice without example, either before or afterwards, in the whole history of the church. He wrote a letter to the king of the French *in the name of St. Peter*, making him speak himself as though he were still on earth. The title was like the canonical epistles, and begins thus: 'Peter, called of the Apostleship of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God.'" Following is a part of the text of the renowned Third Epistle of St. Peter, an acknowledged forgery, written by Stephen II in the year 755:

"I, Peter the Apostle, when I was called by Christ, the Son of the living God, by the will of the Supreme Clemency, was pre-ordained by His power as the illuminator of the whole world, the Lord our God confirming it—'Go, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' And again, 'Receive the Holy Spirit; whosoever sins you remit they are remitted unto them.' And commending His sheep severally to me, His humble servant, and called Apostle, He says, 'Feed my sheep,' 'Feed my lambs.' And again, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I give unto you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' Wherefore, all who hearing have fulfilled my preaching, let them indeed believe that their sins are relaxed in this world, by the precept of God, and they will go clean and without spot into the future life. For since the illumination of the Spirit has shone in your refulgent hearts, and you are become lovers of the holy and undivided Trinity, by the word of Gospel preaching which you have received, truly your hope of future reward is firmly bound up in this Apostolic Roman Church committed to us.

"And therefore I, Peter, the Apostle of God, who have you as my adopted sons, appealing to the love of you all, exhort you to defend from the hand of the adversaries of this Roman State, and the people by God committed to me, and also to rescue the house where I rest, according to the flesh, from the contamination of the Gentiles, and in a word, beseeching I admonish you to liberate the Church of God committed to me by the divine power, because they suffer the greatest afflictions and oppressions from the most wicked nation of the Lombards. Neither suppose otherwise, most beloved, but trust for certain that I, myself, stand before you as if alive in the flesh, and constrain and oblige you with earnest adjuration. Because, according to the promise that we have received from the same Lord God and our Savior, we have all you, the people of the Franks, as our own among all nations; therefore, I beseech and admonish you, as if in an inigma, and by a strong obligation, I conjure you, most Christian King Pepin, Charles Carloman and all priests, bishops, abbots, presbyters, even all religious monks, and all judges, also dukes, courts and all the people of the Franks, and as if standing present alive before you in the flesh, I, Peter, the Apostle of God, plead with you; wherefore, firmly believe that I address you by the word of exhortation, for though I am absent in the flesh, yet spiritually I am not absent. Since it is written. 'Whosoever shall receive a pro-

phet in the name of a prophet, shall receive a reward.' * * *

"Behold, most beloved sons, preaching I have admonished you, if you obey quickly it will bring you a great reward, both to be assisted with my suffrages, and conquering all your enemies in this life, and living long, ye shall eat the goods of the earth, and without doubt you shall enjoy everlasting life; but if—which we do not believe—you make any delay, or fine device, less quickly, to fulfil this, my exhortation, to liberate this, my Roman State, and the people dwelling in it, and the Holy Apostolic Church of God committed by the Lord to me, and also its prelate; know ye from the authority of the holy and undivided Trinity, through the grace of the Apostleship, which is given to us by Christ the Lord, that for your transgression of my exhortation, you are alienated from the kingdom of God and eternal life.

"But God and our Lord Jesus Christ, who redeeming us by His precious blood, has brought us to the light of truth, and has appointed us the preachers and illuminators of the whole world, give you to know and understand these things, and to settle them very quickly, that ye may speedily hasten to search out this Roman State and her people, or the Holy Church of God committed to me; so that my suffrages intervening for you as for the faithful of His power, He may command to preserve you, long-lived, prosperous and victorious in this life; may cause you tenfold to deserve the gifts of His reward in the life which is to come with His saints and His elect. Fare ye well."

It is evident that when King Pepin received this epistle, he, in his ignorance and the darkness of the age, supposed it to be a veritable revelation from heaven, sent by the Apostle Peter himself. Consequently he lost no time to fulfil the terms of the "eternal contract." Summoning all his armies, the king marched toward Rome, and encamping upon the plains of Lombardy, threatened the capital of the enemy with immediate destruction. Rome was now reduced to great distress, having been besieged for over two months. On the appearance of the Frankish armies, Astolph withdrew his forces and hastened to the protection of the threatened city Pavia, as he was conscious his army was not sufficiently strong to cope with the opposing forces. Overtures of peace were soon made by Astolph, and agreed to by the Franks, in which the Lombards delivered up all the ceded provinces, paid one-third of the treasure of their kingdom to Pepin, and agreed to give security for the performance of these contracts.

*Edward E. Brain.*

## MUSIC.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

## DESOLATE SHORES.

A BURNING sun, high in heaven, flinging his fierce shafts upon a parched and fruitless earth; his rays, reflected a hundred times from a broad watery expanse that gleams also upon the hot land; hills, white, rocky and bare; dismal hollows dotted with cedars—a few living weakly amidst a ghostly concourse of their dead fellows, whose stark and ashen limbs writhe grimly about their shattered trunks; a grimy beach, darkened with millions of decaying larvæ and strewn with clumsy crumbling boulders; the silence of a desert.

Such are the common aspects of the mountainous islands of the Great Salt

Lake. They are elements of scenes fraught with melancholy, death and utter desolation. To wander along these dreary shores, silent and alone, is to commune with nature in her bitterest moods, and to hunger and thirst for the beauties she so lavishly displays elsewhere. There are surely no other places on the face of the earth so devoid of every charm, so totally lacking in human interest or association. The deserts of Asia and America have their histories—dreary enough, it is true, but yet associated with human experiences, even though they be of suffering and travail; but these wild and wind-swept shores have risen from the surface of a bitter sea, and have never, till now, known the tread of human foot or sound of human voice.

Whosoever has desire to witness the earth's poverty and degradation, let him traverse these gray wastes one single summer's day, when all the outer world is smiling and fruitful, and let him contrast what meets his senses with God's munificence in other places. Toiling wearily over rotted rocks, whose unshapely hulks have been scooped out and hollowed into a thousand caverns by centuries of salt sea winds, he will come at intervals upon ragged plains where the only plant that thrives is the thorny sage—not the comparatively cheerful sage of the great plains, but a dark and prickly bush, which shows no signs of life except on close examination. He will see this straggling vegetation stretch from the hills down to the beach, growing among the crevices of the rocks even to the water's edge, and there, where the salt crusts upon its branches, he will see it set upon by swarms of great black spiders, who weave their nets of filmy white over it all, and lie in wait for the myriad gnats, their prey; and then he will be where the lazy surf flings feebly in its flakes of soiled foam, skimmed from distant shoals to be strewn along this dreary beach. From these sights he will turn with sinking heart and wander on his way, scorched with the blaze from sea and sky, impatient for relief, yet finding none. No grateful shade, no limpid spring, varies the hot march or offers chance to slake his burning thirst; a vast sea stretches to the horizon, mocking his desire, for he dare not lave in its depths, nor taste its poisonous waters. Lizards hasten across his path, and stay upon a rocky crest to watch him with their glittering eyes, mosquitoes swarm to his annoyance, and he hastens on to avoid the pains they would inflict. At last, weary and depressed, he may find a hollow in the hills of the wilderness, where a feeble spring of warm and brackish water seeps from the rocks, flows a few feet and sinks again in the thirsty soil. Here he will rest, despondent and alone, surrounded by the frail skeletons of coyotes, less fortunate than he, that have wandered hither to perish when even this weak spring was dry.

Now, what magic power shall compass these desolate shores to transform them into realms of beauty and delight? Naught but the power which can touch with omnipotent wand the bleak and barren sands and turn them into gold. That scene which at noon was most drear, may become rich and glorious in the changing phases of the day. It is God's providence to bestow upon the desert in the evening a flood of radiant beauty, in compensation for the emptiness of mid-day. Trembling vapors which the hot sun has distilled, now hover over the land to catch the sunset hues, filling the shady hollows of the hills with purple and blue, and reddening the shafts of light that are cast upon the mountain tops. Low to the West, on the distant lake, lie streaks of amethyst and amber, through which the sun shall descend, alternately kindling these islands into a golden blaze, its flames vibrating on every twig and rocky edge; or immersing them in a purple shadow, whose depths are yet again colored by reflected lights from rosy clouds that are scattered across the sky. Then, many a summer evening, the Wasatch Mountains, in compassion for the sterility of these shores, will send forth a company of water-bearers to their relief; and these will come trooping overhead from the East,

their breasts flushed with faint and opalescent tints that are soon to develop through a glorious scale of saffron, scarlet and crimson, and bathe with a ruddy glow the whole sea and sky and land. They cross the heavens a grand and thrilling spectacle, curtains of fire that flow towards the sun and droop to cover his face with a veil of scarlet and gold. Fold after fold passes rapidly onward, blotting out all the glory in the West, except a great red ball that slowly sinks through the gathering mist, and all grows gray. The color has faded from the heavens and gloom is settling over the land.

For a few minutes the peace and quiet of cool twilight is broken only by the sad cry of the moaning dove and a lazy lapping of the waves along the beach. Then, from far out at sea, comes a faint sound like the distant roar of a multitude of voices; it increases in depth and volume with every instant, and from the northwest there sweeps a wild blast, that gathers up the sands of the beach and drives them whirling along the shore. The surface of the lake quivers for a moment, as though struck by a mighty hand, then sends a succession of swelling waves, that gather strength as they approach and break upon the land. Soon the white caps come rolling in from afar, running a mad race landward, bringing with them a flock of screaming gulls, white as the foam itself, and whose erratic flight carries them now through the hollow of a wave and now vaulting upwards to the skies. There is grand commotion where the steep reefs extend out into the sea, for ponderous billows are rolling in upon them and crashing against their sides with a tumult that is deafening. The foam gleams pale in the gathering night, as the breakers leap among the rocks, streams down their drenched sides in a thousand tiny torrents, and mingles with the restless surf that booms in upon the beach in ever-increasing strength and fury. And so the day closes among whistling winds and driving clouds along these bleak and desolate shores.

*H. L. A. C.*

## INCONSISTENCIES OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

It is a cardinal principle of the faith of the Latter-day Saints, that Jesus Christ, by His death and suffering, atoned unconditionally for the transgression of Adam, even as it is written, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." 1 Cor., xv, 22. And that all mankind, whether they be Christian, Pagan or Jew, will be redeemed from the consequences of the fall, and resurrected from the dead, without the performance of any works on their part, or the exercise of any faith by them, in Jesus Christ; but that the individual sins of mankind are only remitted, first, by the exercise of faith in His vicarious atonement; second, by true repentance, which means a turning away from sin; and thirdly, by being baptized in water, by immersion, for the remission of sins, this ordinance being performed by one having authority.

All the Protestant churches of the world also believe that Christ atoned unconditionally for the transgression of Adam, but they go still further and claim that He likewise atoned for the individual sins of all mankind who simply exercise faith in Him, without accepting the other principles of the Gospel, or receiving the ordinances of baptism at the hands of one having authority. They claim that faith is the all-essential and sole redeeming principle of the law, and that baptism, if admitted at all (and some do not observe it in any form), is simply performed to fulfil a law of righteousness, and to initiate persons into the church, and *not* for the remission of sins. They say in substance, as Christ was baptized to fulfil a law of righteousness, so also may we be baptized to fulfil a law of righteousness; but as our sins are already remitted by the simple exercise of faith alone, they cannot be again remitted by the ordinance of baptism.

To substantiate and justify their absurd views upon this all-important point, they will quote the saying of Jesus; "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John, iii, 16. They entirely overlook the beautiful and forcible instructions of the Apostle James, in the second chapter of his writings, wherein he says, beginning with the twenty-sixth verse: "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works. For, as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also. Thou believest there is one God; thou doest well; the devils also believe and tremble."

In the last passage James shows conclusively, and desires to forcibly impress it upon his brethren, that if faith alone will exempt a person from sin, and consequently save him, that even the devils in hell would receive immunity from the consequences of their transgressions, and thereby be saved effectually in the kingdom of God; for they indeed not only *believed* in Jesus, but upon many occasions when He was upon the earth, recognized Him and called Him by name, as, for instance, when He met the two men possessed of devils at the tombs, recorded in the eighth chapter of Matthew: "Coming out of the tombs exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass that way; and they cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us before our time?" They also entirely overlook and set aside the saying of Jesus to Nicodemus: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, unless a man be born of the water and the Spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of God." John, iii, 5. No student of Scripture who understands what he reads will deny that Jesus meant, by being "born of the water and the Spirit," the baptism to which John referred, "I indeed baptize you with water, but He (referring to Jesus) will baptize you with the Holy Ghost." Mark, i, 8.

They will also quote the saying of Jesus to the thief upon the cross: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," Luke xxiii, 43, and aver that because the thief went direct to Paradise with Jesus by simply exercising faith in Him, as indicated by his calling Him "Lord, etc.," that therefore nothing more is necessary for us but to exercise a similar faith, and, though we be as wicked as the thief, we also will go at once to Paradise, which in the blindness of their minds they interpret to mean Heaven. The fallacy of this reasoning is also very conclusively shown by reference to the saying of Jesus to Mary, three days after He had made the above statement to the penitent thief: "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father, but go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and unto your Father, and to my God and to your God." John, xx, 17. From these two passages we clearly learn that Heaven and Paradise are two distinct and separate places. The one Jesus went immediately to while His body rested in the tomb, but the other He did not visit until His spirit was again united with His body in the resurrection, which occurred on the third day after His death.

As to the nature of Christ's mission to Paradise during the period intervening between His death and resurrection, Peter says: "Christ hath also once suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit, by which He also went and preached to the spirits in prison, which sometimes were disobedient in the days of Noah when the long suffering of God waited." Peter, iii, 8. He also again refers to the same subject: "For this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might he judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." Peter, vi, 4. Jesus also says: "Verily, verily I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they that hear shall live." John, v, 25.

These passages taken in connection with the question of Paul, 1 Cor., xv, 29.

"Else what shall they do that are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not?" give a very clear and lucid meaning to the saying of Jesus to the thief, and enable us to comprehend to some extent the great and glorious mission which He performed to the spirits of men who had either rejected the Gospel in this life or had not had an opportunity to hear it, and in consequence were in an unsaved condition.

To still further prove the fallacy of the Christian doctrine that Christ grants us immunity from our individual sins by the simple exercise of faith, and that baptism is not an essential ordinance for the remission of sins, I will quote a passage relative to the labors and teachings of John the Baptist, than whom Jesus said, "there was not a greater prophet born of woman." Luke, i, 4, reads as follows: "John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." But lest this might be met with the argument that this passage related to a period anterior to the great atonement of Christ, and would not therefore apply to the period after it, I will also quote from the Acts of the Apostles. In the second chapter, beginning with the thirty-ninth verse, it is recorded that Peter and his associates, when together on the day of Pentecost, were asked by the multitude what they should do to be saved, and that Peter answered them, saying; "*Repent and be baptized* every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, *for the remission of your sins*, and you shall receive the Gift of the Holy Ghost." If, therefore, by the simple exercise of faith in Jesus we receive immunity from our sins, as Christian divines will tell us, why did Peter command the multitude, who already had faith in Jesus as conclusively shown by the inquiry itself, to repent of their sins and be baptized for the remission of them? The very absurdity and unscriptural inconsistency of such a doctrine is made plainly apparent by this one remark by the great Apostle Paul, but as the position cannot be weakened, but only strengthened, by other references, I will make a few more quotations relating to this important subject.

Paul, who had obtained faith in Jesus Christ, was commanded of Ananias, Acts, xxii, 16: "Arise and wash away thy sins, calling upon the name of the Lord." Ephesians v, 25, 26, reads as follows: "Christ gave Himself for the Church, that He might sanctify and *cleanse it* with the *washing of water*" and in Titus iii, 5, it says: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He has saved us by the washing of regeneration."

Therefore, all who believe in the Bible must conclude that the atonement of Jesus Christ was for the transgression of Adam unconditionally, and for the individual sins of mankind only upon the express condition that they would accept the Gospel and receive the ordinances thereof. That baptism is an ordinance for the remission of sins, and no person's sins outside the pale of the Gospel can be remitted in any other way; and that the doctrines of Protestant ministers upon these points are both unreasonable and unscriptural, and I might add positively wicked and immoral in their tendency.

So long as man can be made to believe that he can shoulder all his sins upon Jesus by simply acknowledging Him to be the Christ, a very easy thing to do in the passive way that it is required by Christian divines, the moral restraints of a true religion are relaxed and almost entirely removed, and men take the liberty to practice all kinds of iniquity, fearing only the slow promptings of a calloused conscience, or the rigors and penalties of the civil law. Hence we find that wickedness of the most flagrant character often exists in holy—I should say high places, and many men who occupy the positions fear not to do any evil that the law of the land does not punish, and that can be kept secreted from the attention of the ignorant or intelligent and confiding multitude, to whom they are the pretended teachers of righteousness. In consequence of their acceptance of such pernicious principles, the discipline of all their churches is shamefully lax,

and men are held in good standing, no matter what crimes they are guilty of, so long as they pay liberally of church offerings for the support of the clergy. Some Christian ministers will even go so far as to pretend to absolve a murderer upon the gallows from the consequences of his crime, receive him into their church in good standing, and promise him a safe and ready passport to heaven, by his simple acknowledgment of Jesus Christ and his acceptance of their iniquitous doctrines.

*Jos. A. West.*

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In a Hurry.—General Harney was a very dignified man, and was punctilious in regard to all matters of drill and etiquette. One evening, when in camp at Camp Verde, in Texas, just before dress parade, he found he had forgotten his handkerchief, and told an orderly to hurry back to his quarters and get it.

The orderly touched his cap and started for the quarters, several hundred yards distant. After he had proceeded a short distance, remembering that there was no time to lose, he broke into a trot.

"See that scoundrel running as if the Indians were after him. If there is anything I hate, it is to see a soldier running instead of marching properly. Here, my man," continued Harney to another soldier, "go after that fellow, and tell him I say to walk."

The second soldier started after the first, but as the first one kept on running, the second one saw his only chance to deliver the message was to hurry up, so he, too, broke into a run.

"Here, sergeant, go after that man, and tell him if he don't stop running I'll hang him up by the thumbs."

The sergeant started out in a brisk walk, but as his predecessor had a good start, he, too, began to run as hard as he could.

"If all three of the scoundrels aint running like jack rabbits!" ejaculated Harney. "I'll show 'em," and tucking his sword under his arm, he started in pursuit as fast as he could run, but suddenly remembering his dignity, he came to a halt, and walked stifly and slowly back to the place where the dress parade was to come off.

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## THE ECHO CANYON WAR.

### I.

### LOT SMITH'S NARRATIVE.

After our encounter with the two trains on the old Mormon road, which we left in a blaze, we proceeded to the bluffs of Green River. From there I started an express to General Wells with details of our maneuvres up to date. I told the man selected to carry these dispatches that he must go alone as I could not spare any one to go with him, and that he must look out for the troops, which by this time would be on the alert to capture or kill any of our men they might meet. He said they were welcome to him if they caught him, and started away. He got through all right.

We camped on the banks of the Sandy that night, getting a little sleep, which, considering the night work of the previous week, was very grateful to us all. On the morning following we met another train at a place that has ever since been known as Simpson's hollow. I asked for the captain and being told that he was out after cattle, we disarmed the teamsters, and I rode out and met him about half a mile away. I told him that I came on business. He inquired the nature of it when I demanded his pistols. He replied: "By G—d, sir, no man ever took them yet, and if you think you can, without killing me, try it." We were all the time riding towards the train, with our noses about as close together as two Scotch terriers would have held theirs—his eyes flashing fire; I could'nt see mine—I told him that I admired a brave man, but that I did'nt like blood—you insist on my killing you, which will only take a minute, but I don't want to do it. We had by this time reached the train. He,

seeing that his men were under guard, surrendered, saying: "I see you have me at a disadvantage my men being disarmed." I replied that I did'nt need the advantage, and asked him what he would do if we should give them their arms. "I'll fight you!" "Then," says I, "we know something about that too—take up your arms!" His men exclaimed, "Not by a d—n sight! We came out here to whack bulls, not to fight." "What do you say to that, Simpson?" I asked. "Damnation," he replied, grinding his teeth in the most violent manner, "if I had been here before and they had refused to fight, I would have killed every man of them."

Captain Simpson was the bravest man I met during the campaign. He was a son-in-law of Mr. Majors, a large contractor for government freighting. He was terribly exercised over the capture of his train, and wanted to know what kind of a report he could make to the commander, and what he could do with his crowd of cowardly teamsters left on the plains to starve. I told him that I would give him a wagon loaded with provisions. "You will give me two, I know it by your looks!" I told them to hurry up and get their things out, and take their two wagons for we wanted to go on. Simpson begged me not to burn the train while he was in sight, and said that it would ruin his reputation as a wagon master. I told him not to be squeamish, that the trains burned very nicely, I had seen them before, and that we had'nt time to be ceremonious. We then supplied ourselves with provisions, set the wagons afire and rode on about two miles from the stream to rest. I expected any moment to be overtaken by troops from the camp, and fired my pistol to call in our picket guard.

They hurriedly came to the place where we were resting, a place that will always be remembered as the scene of the most distressing event which occurred on the expedition. While I was reloading my pistol, and as the guards came in from picket duty, one of the guns—a United States yauger—was discharged. The heavy ball passed through Orson P. Arnold's thigh, breaking the bone in a fearful manner, struck Philo Dibble in the side of the head, and went through Samuel Bateman's hat just missing his head and pulling his hair. I sprang up and caught young Arnold, straightening him out, for he fell with his leg under him, the jagged points of the broken bone sticking out, while the blood streamed from the awful wound. It looked as though he would bleed to death in five minutes. We laid our hands upon him according to the order of the Church, and asked our Father to preserve him for we knew that we could not.

I immediately sent two men to the Sandy for poles with which to make a litter. We calculated that the distance to a safe place on Green River was not less than thirty miles, and that we must carry our wounded comrade there as soon and as comfortably as possible. While engaged setting the broken bone, a picket guard came running into camp and reported two hundred cavalry close upon us. Under the circumstances nothing could have produced greater consternation. One of the men moved that we surrender. I told them that I would say when to do that. He then proposed that we *run*. I replied that I would kill the man that made that motion, myself, if he dared to try it. Then I made my first war speech. I told the men that we were not out here of our own choice, on our own business. Our people and their rights were being assailed. It was the Lord's work that they were engaged in, and we were called by Him to protect our homes and our religion. If he suffered those troops to come near us, we would trust in Him and whip them, no matter about their numbers. The boys gathered around me and said that I had spoken right, that they would stand by me if I would stand. I was well repaid for stiffening my knees, for poor Orson looked up and said he knew I would'nt run away and leave him to die. Poor boy! The first words he spoke were: "I shall always be a cripple, and will never be able to fight soldiers any more."

Then came the tug of war! We took up our wounded man and carried him

on poles for thirty miles. Talk about mules with sore shoulders! Ours equalled anything of that kind ever heard of. Our way lay across a trackless desert the whole distance, with no water on the road but what we carried in our canteens, and a wounded man burning with fever and inflammation constantly wants water.

A curious incident happened during the journey across this desert plane. By night we ran short of water, the men were tired out and I advised all to stop and lie down to rest until morning. But some of the men proposed, if I would consent, that they go on for water, and that the rest carry the litter until they returned and overtook us. The proposition was agreed to and they started, but the carrying party failed in less than a mile. One of the poles broke and we nearly let the other fall to the ground. Orson had slept during most of the night, and when this accident happened made the first sign of pain. He must have suffered fearfully. I told the rest of the boys they would have to go now for water; that it was at least eight miles and to hurry back. They went and thought it fully that far, but they came back making the journey in the dark, and met us in the plain, without fire, road or any land mark to guide them. I only know of one way to account for the incident. We had to have the water or the boy would die, and a Power greater than we *knew* it. When we, at last, all gave out the men lopped over, one by one, and were fast asleep as soon as they touched the ground. I went around and took off the saddles, arms, etc., and watched the horses, until feeling too tired to remain awake longer, I thought of a little fellow, who being too short to carry the litter, was fresh compared to the rest of us. I woke him up, and asked him to look after the horses. In a moment I was asleep, and unable to rouse myself, though conscious that the short fellow I had called, had only turned over and had not got up. The next time I wanted him up to stand guard I had him on his feet before leaving him.

Before daylight we were again on the march. When we came in sight of the river, the same man that had reported the two hundred cavalry, came back and said there were soldiers on the banks and advised us to make a circuit of about five miles to strike the river below. I told him that I was in no mood to prolong our journey. That all could do so who wished, but that I was going to a small grove of cottonwoods on the river bottom, to which I pointed, and that it would take a right smart lot of soldiers to get me out of it. We left the wounded boy in charge of two men on the bluffs, but they took him down in a ravine where he came near suffocating. He begged them to take him on the hill and let him die, to leave him and look out for themselves. When we reached the river I sent out scouts to look up the soldiers that had been seen, at the same time climbing a large tree to survey the situation myself. A man soon rushed into the grove saying that two of our men were running this way, chased by two soldiers. Without thought I sprang down, caught up my gun and ran; my men following me. In a minute or two I stopped short, and asked him if he said that two of our men were being chased by *two* soldiers. He said "yes." "Then I hope they will catch them, I don't want any two men that any other two can chase." They all laughed. We soon found out the truth. Two of our men were after a couple of mountaineers. When they overtook them the latter slung off their canteens in double quick time and offered the boys a drink. We made arrangements with these mountaineers to take charge of our helpless comrade, and they kept him ten days, doing the best they could for him, until General Wells sent a team to convey him home. He however suffered extremely, but we were told by the surgeon that no one could have set the broken leg better under the circumstances, than we had done. When we came upon the soldiers that our picket guard, who was a good man but with eyes that would magnify, had reported, we found them to consist of Captain Haight and company, and were very glad to meet friends again instead of enemies.

# PHILOSOPHY IN THE GOSPEL.

THERE is a condition of mental and spiritual development—an infantile condition, so to speak—where teachers have to be more or less dogmatic in the presentation of either simple or more vital truths, and where obedience is suggested or enforced mainly upon the predicated authority of such truth or the authority of those presenting the same. This is met in the marital relation, in the scholastic, judicial and ecclesiastical powers which everywhere direct or control the uninformed and measurably passive subjects of these separate powers. In the acquisition of knowledge from any source, there is usually, on the part of the student, enough respect for the teacher and confidence in his or her experience to compel attention and final aptitude in the using of tools, thoughts, principles, etc., for personal ends and aims.

Nevertheless, there are everywhere those who are dull scholars; they need continuous teaching and direction, "ever learning," in a sense," but "never coming to a knowledge of the truth;" they do not appropriate to themselves that which they hear, they may be believers—they do not know. After all, if respect for persons or authority operates to the good of the obedient it is vastly better that it should be so; but the plane and platform of such is infinitely lower than is that of those who discern "cause and effect," who reflect and reason upon and so far apprehend the innate power of given truth as to love it, and put it into practice from assurances of its own intrinsic importance and necessity. When so received and assimilated, truth becomes its own authority, it carries weight of itself, and not because of its teacher; it brings with it its own testimony, and mental and spiritual independence is the fruit thereof.

Now this philosophy is not only applicable to trade, art, science and positive knowledge in countless directions, but it is equally applicable in regard to so-called religious truths; these have the same origin as similar and scientific truths, and are as susceptible as those are of such demonstration as amounts to knowledge. In an age of growing scepticism, this may be disbelieved; indeed, the strict application of scientific formula and process to many popular dogmas and creeds is the best antidote fot the poison of superstition, tradition, priestcraft and church custom and authority; yet the religious sentiment in man exists, and as there are physical, social and mental truths to meet the necessities of man's organization, so also there must be religious truths which are not empirical, but which are of necessity fundamental and eternal, containing within themselves powers of demonstration such as when applied must as effectually annihilate scepticism and create testimony as this is accomplished in regard to other intellectual features, necessaries and characteristics of man.

There may be many who have not comprehended this position in regard to the principles of the Gospel; they may have had a certain assurance of the truths comprised in that order, but there has been no realizing appreciation of any philosophy, of any certain and inevitable connection of "cause and effect" in regard to the principles thereof. They have been satisfied that these were revealed, and that while obedience would bring blessing, disobedience would entail penalty; but that there was anything inherent in the principles themselves for good or evil, there has been but little conception. Revelation was supposed to be arbitrary; the obedience required was mainly supposed to come from acknowledged authority, when the facts are, that apprehended or unapprehended, there cannot be nor is there any requirement made of man in the Gospel, but what has been required of all advanced intelligences when in similar conditions to those in which the lower may for the moment be called upon to act.

Man with limited knowledge and with unused powers may not be able to dis-

cern "the whys and wherefores" of ordinance and commandment; he may not always be able to see the connection between things or to discover the intimacy of "cause and effect," but that these are eternal and grow from eternal order and arrangement there can not be a shadow of doubt. Some see no connection between praying and the answer thereof, science scouts the idea that Omnipotence gives or witholds at the instance of fervent and righteous petition, yet the spiritual history of man is full of phenomena as the result of prayer, and it is probable that in individuals there are forces generated in this act which compels the blessing, any way, it is written that though the Almighty may know what His children need, "yet," says He, "I will be enquired of for all these things by the house of Israel, to do them."

Between that "Godly repentance which needeth not to be repented of," and the condition of mind created by it, there is also surely enough of divine philosophy linking together in the chemistry of things inevitable results of which all may be assured; while in that simple, yet expressive and eternal ordinance of baptism, in connection with the atonement of the Cross, and the figurative death, burial and resurrection of the subject thereof (established as it was by divine example, precept and commandment), there must be the action of other forces, whether revealed or unrevealed, whether comprehended or not of man, such philosophy and results as are comprehended by the heavens.

The ordinance of "the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost" may be considered fanatical, incomprehensible or supersensuous by the philosopher, but outside of the analysis of schools, and uncounted among the mechanical forms of science, there is a subtle influence in connection with the Gospel to which thousands upon thousands can testify; they know it by the manifestations, in the impulses which it creates, in the intelligence which it brings, in the power which it gives; these know that it is a living force, one that can be increased or otherwise, as it may be wooed, neglected or resisted; many, in the early stages of their experience in connection with it, have been rendered mechanical or automatic by its action, going hither and thither under its direction, and doing the right thing without the exercise of judgment or reason; these being for the moment or for a season partially suspended; however, this was not intended to be continuous, "the spirit helps our infirmities;" its office is to suggest, to encourage, prompting and stimulating the functions of the individual spirit for the increase of knowledge and understanding. Training will cause the spirit of man to respond more and more freely to the intuitions and whisperings of the Holy Ghost, until it will become a man's constant companion, realizing what one of old called, "God working in us to will and to do of His good pleasure." That order of things called "the gathering," among the Saints, is truly one of the manifestations of the power of that spirit; under its influence all those who are its recipients seek to congregate together, not because "like cleaveth to like" alone, but because in the order of God there are educational purposes to be subserved by this "pushing of the people together." The assimilating power of the Gospel is comparatively small in a scattered condition; concentration gives opportunity to the teacher, and compels attention by the taught, and it would be just as impossible for a professional teacher to become a success in creating scholars, if they were in the public streets and lounging on store steps, or being attracted by every passing street car, team, bands of music or individual movement, but gathering them into the school-room, subjecting them to discipline, concentrating their attention, exercising over them the magnetism of the teacher in time makes even of unpromising pupils fairly accomplished scholars.

We have in the "Word of Wisdom" as accepted by the Saints another illustration of "cause and effect" which is not always apprehended; some conclude that the obedience to this includes the

sacrifice of something which is really enjoyable, desirable and beneficial; but reflection and experience proves this to be erroneous, the blessings are not predicated upon sacrifice, but upon abstinence from that which is really injurious to the well being of the physical and, as a consequence of sympathy, to the spiritual man. To avoid the use of intoxicating drinks, of tobacco, of tea and coffee, of animal food save under exceptional circumstances is in accord with physiological truths which at the time the revelation was given were but very little understood; now scientific men, statesmen, divines aud thoughtful men in many ranks of life everywhere, are bearing unwitting testimony to the strictly scientific and philosophic character of an often slighted revelation.

In the establishment of the patriarchal order of marriage was another illustration of conclusive philosophy; none can deny the importance of the marriage relationship, nor the influence which it exerts as it may be used or abused; sex is eternal, and the propagation of life is its highest function, if the revelation of plural marriage had done violence to the organization of man or woman the falsity of its assumptions would have been readily apparent; but it is in wonderful harmony with the powers of manhood, and it everywhere honors, preserves and sustains the functions of woman; the thoughts which it gives, the understanding which it imparts, the restraint which it suggests, are salvation to wifehood and maternity; posterity is preserved by it, man's powers are given scope by it, and if any conclude that it was not normal, yet under the present condition of degenerate man and suffering woman there is health, life, salvation and philosophy in the observance of that revelation.

The Word of Wisdom is an adjunct to this life, it tones down the passional organization, the base brain forced to abnormal activity by stimulants and narcotics, through obedience becomes soothed; the irritating accessories of fashion and habit, and Babylonish life are in education curbed, restrained and finally annihilated; the divided allegiance of the man, sanctifying the wife is felt upon the posterity, and that overmastering desire which finds vent in riot and lasciviousness, the enevitable product of unrestrained monogamy—becomes reduced, and must under the silent operation of law, continue to more and more decrease.

There is wondrous philosophy and far reaching chain of thought, also, in regard to another principle which to some is considered quite a hardship and by many dishonestly estimated or evaded. The principle to which allusion is made is the law of tithing, but who is there honestly meeting this requirement, who does not see in it a recognition of the existence and government of God? Who fails of this class to see in such a law a continuous acknowledgment of primal right to the earth and all its enshrined resources, powers and capabilities? The earth is the Lord's, the air, the water, with all their tribes of life, are His, man is His, and the blessing of the Creator as exhibited in health, strength, ability to labor, to create, to use, are from God; the ingenuity, the power of discovery, the will to apply, are all from Him, and to show this feeling in obedience to a requirement of law, is to feel dependence, to realize that He gives or withholds, that He is the primal source and fountain of supply.

Other illustrations might be adduced and each separate principle of the Gospel might be thus analyzed and the result would be the same. It would be discovered that revelation and commandment coming from God is not arbritary, nor is its teaching as a rule dogmatic. Under and behind all requirement there is philosophy, divine science, which if not always on the surface is yet demonstrable by the spirit and by enlightened reason, and generally by the unlooked for deductions of science through physiological discovery as in the case of the "word of wisdom" and socalled "patriarchal marriage."

Each of these divisions is rich in wealth of reflection, and much might be said in elaboration, but the thoughtful

have the lines, and they will most surely discover the eternal harmony and fitness of things. None of these principles or any other of the Gospel can be supplanted or set aside, *they are the best*, nothing can ever take their place, and the desired results cannot be accomplished by any other method; this dictum is eternal because the truths themselves are eternal.

Paul's advice to the early Christians was to "beware of *vain* philosophy;" and certainly this implied that there was a philosophy against which they needed not to fortify themselves, an understanding of this was to understand "the mystery of Godliness;" to fully grasp it was to be "a perfect man in Christ Jesus;" to put it into practice was to participate in its spirit, and to rejoice in its testimony; it was an abnegation of self such as was not presented in the regime of the law. "*Do this and live*," was its motto, but the Gospel motto is now and ever shall be in its grandest inspiration, "*Do this because it is right!*" *H. W. Naisbitt.*

ANECDOTE OF AGASSIZ.—The father of the famous naturalist was quite impatient at his son's devotion to frogs, snakes and fishes, for he wanted Louis to be a merchant. But the boy would spend his vacations traveling on foot through Europe, and carefully examining every species of natural history that he could find. Once he reached London when there was to be a meeting of the Royal Society, and having a letter of introduction to one of the members, was permitted to be present. The gentleman said, "I have a young friend here from Switzerland who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much, I have a fancy to try. There is, under this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish that existed long before man." After describing it still further, he said to Agassiz: "Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?" The boy took the chalk and drew an outline of the fish, correct in every bone. The grave old doctors burst into loud applause, and Agassiz said it was the proudest moment of his life.

As deepest waves with darkest volume flow,
Though gems lie glittering in their depths below,
So wisest thoughts will oft the dullest seem,
While wit's bright bubbles gild the shallow stream.—*O. F. W.*

## MY LITTLE CORNER ROCKING CHAIR.

My memory thou hast precious things,
Beneath the covers of thy wings;
No gems of rare or priceless worth,
Can match those sacred things of earth;
One simple thing—one valued thing,
I dream of thee and willing bring,
My tribute to thy silent care,
"My little corner rocking-chair!"

When tired or sad, when full of thought,
Thou wast my friend for comfort sought;
And when with peace or joy inspired,
A constant friend who never tired!
Loved, when thy swinging rockers sped,
Loved, as my homeward track I tread;
Silent—yet ready—ever there,
"My little corner rocking-chair!"

E'en when thy frame was taxed with two,
Rebellion ne'er was heard, I vow;
Perhaps my pleasure gave no heed,
To jar, or strain, or creaking need?
If this unnoticed was, I ween,
'Twas simply that—thou wast unseen!
For then I knew thy friendly care,
"My little corner rocking-chair!"

E'en when my arm would sweep around,
Or lip met lip with crispy sound,
When love in subtle ways would tell
In beaming eye, or pulses swell;
When all of rapture life could give
Was centered there to "Love and Live"—
No jealous feeling thou didst share
"My little corner rocking-chair!"

Farewell, old friend, my clustering thought
Associates thy use which taught,
That humble things may bar our way,
Or aid to gild our brightest day;
When once again I press thy frame
May love still burn with holiest flame;
For e'er thou shalt our friendship share
"My little corner rocking-chair!" *H. W. N.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER, 1882.


## EFFECT OF PERSECUTION.

"The world can do nothing against us; but for us."—*Albert Carrington.*

THE new crusade against the people of the Territory of Utah will have one effect, if it is presisted in, which has long been looked for. It will try the faith and test the integrity of young Mormondom. That something would come predestined for this purpose has been the expectation of the sons and daughters of Zion all their lives. We have vivid recollections of the days of childhood when, listening at our parent's knees to the thrilling narrative of their drivings and mobbings, house burnings and other persecutions for their religions' sake, we felt that those trials sanctified and made heroic their lives and wondered if we would ever have similar opportunities to prove our fidelity to the principles of truth.

We were assured then and have been ever since that something would occur in due time to prove us, and that we would meet difficulties and encounter obstacles and suffer persecutions at the hands of the wicked if we expect to be counted among the Saints of God. These things have always been associated with the practice of the Gospel of Christ and the children of the Latter-day Saints have been trained up to view them as inseparable until the day of victory shall declare the Adversary of the souls of men, as bound and imprisoned for a thousand years.

The trial of faith before us at the present time comes in a different form to any in the past. At no time in our history have the people been situated as they are now. When they were driven from Missouri they were but few in number occupying a small district of country and very poor. They had increased in numbers, consolidated their interests, and built a beautiful temple and city, while wealth had increased among them, when the relentless spirit of mobocracy drove them forth from Illinois. On the banks of the Missouri the draft of five hundred able-bodied men from their ranks, to serve the country in the war with Mexico, left the remainder a comparatively small and weak band to pioneer their way across the trackless desert and take care of and conduct their women and children to a safe retreat in the mountains. But they always gained strength by every move the enemy has compelled them to make. We now number nearly two hundred thousand people and occupy hundreds of miles of territory. The political control of a portion of this domain is the present bone of contention.

In Missouri the quiet industry and temperance of the people provoked the enmity of their indolent, semi-barbaric neighbors. In Illinois the building of a temple in which to perform the sacred rites of revealed religion exasperated the unhallowed throng that could not tolerate the prosperity with which a few years of peace had crowned the people's labors. The cry in both persecutions was "No more revelation, false prophets!" etc., but the real cause of the jealousy was the perfect organization and the love and confidence among its members which characterized the Church then and does now. To-day the cry is; "Down with polygamy!" But the real cause of apprehension is that the Priesthood may have authority and exercise some power and that the work they are engaged in will prosper and increase. The spirit of intolerance, bigotry and murder was the conspicuous influence which led the mobs in earlier days. It is the same spirit controlling the minds of evil men to-day, which seeks to do us injury.

In Missouri they stole and laid waste the people's lands and houses, goods and chattels. The attempt now is to steal that which is of greater worth. Our liberties are assailed and our peaceful and quiet homes are threatened.

Our right to observe the precepts of the Gospel, to honor the God of the Bible, to respect the pure teachings of our parents, who already are disfranchised for the exercise of these rights, is disputed by a great national sentiment that has been nurtured in ignorance and fed by falsehood until it has become a great intolerant, relentless, impatient demand for the extirpation of the purest faith, the best organization and the most virtuous and honest people in the land. Briefly and plainly expressed this is what is meant by the "demand of the country." Of course it cannot be complied with. There exist certain truths revealed from heaven, not by the solicitation nor desire of men, perhaps, but, in the wisdom of the Almighty, for the advancement of His purposes on the earth. Our fathers were made partakers of those truths and were commissioned to live by them and to propagate them among their fellow men. For doing so some were slain, others imprisoned and treated inhumanly by their opposers, and all have been driven from their homes, ostracized by their kindred, cast out and stigmatized by society, and yet upheld by God, who has never failed to prosper the cause thay were engaged in and to comfort them in the hour of their direst affliction. We, the youth of Zion, inherit this commission from heaven, to maintain with our lives the pure principles of the Gospel of salvation as revealed in our generation from the throne of God. Angels came to restore and establish the Truth and we have received their message and administration. The trial before us is to face the united effort being made to crush out our religion and relying upon our Father prove to the world how vain their efforts are to counteract the purposes of the Lord and to hinder the progress of His work.

The opportunity will be presented to show that we are the sons and daughters of Prophets and Apostles and of holy men of God, whose example in life we cherish and approve, and propose to follow. The world is forcing us to the point where we will be compelled to take refuge in the faith that the spirit within them is so bitterly opposed to; a point that will develop testimony and power which, sailing down the unruffled stream of prosperity and peace, we would never attain.

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WHAT RELATION?—We often hear Congressmen accused of ignorance of the Scriptures, but that even ministers are sometimes caught napping in some of the minor matters presented in the sacred book, is shown by the following story told by one who was on a fishing excursion with Rev. Robert Collyer and some other ministers.

I cannot refrain, he says, from telling a conundrum that was propounded to the four ministers when the party went ashore and took their picnic dinner under the shade of a fisherman's hut. It was; "If Solomon was the son of David, and Joab was the son of Zeruiah, what relation was Zeruiah to Joab?" Every man among the clergymen said "father," and when assured that the answer was wrong, there was much curiosity excited.

"Will you state that again?" asked Mr. Collyer, laying down his fork. It was restated.

"Well," said he, "David and Solomon had nothing to do with it, but Zeruiah was Joab's father."

"No; guess again," was the reply.

The clergymen all insisted that the answer was right, and Mr. Collyer said, "He certainly must have been his father, and I won't eat another mouthful till you tell me where the catch is."

When told that "Zeruiah was Joab's mother," he was much amused, and expressed his surprise that his brethren of his cloth didn't know their Bible better.

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WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.—The wealth of the United States has multiplied twelvefold during the past forty years, and if it were equally distributed among the inhabitants, each

would have nine hundred and ninety dollars. In the same time the wealth of England has only doubled, and from being five times greater than that of this country, it is now smaller by six millions of dollars.

While the influx of emigrants has increased the aggregate, the rapid rise of population has kept down the ratio of wealth for each inhabitant.

There are $5,205,000,000 invested in railways, or one hundred and four dollars for each person, and if the agricultural interests of the country were divided, each person would raise fifty-two bushels of grain a year; the value of all his crops would be forty dollars, and his share of the cattle would be thirty-six. Every day of the year, excepting Sundays, the increase of public wealth in railways is one million dollars.

Manufactures have increased fivefold in value since 1850, and the most remarkable increase during the past ten years has been in the production of iron and cotton, the former having risen from 1,580,000 to 4,160,000 tons, and the consumption of raw fibre used in cotton having increased from 530,000 to 911,000,000 pounds.

Shipping has, of course, fallen off, and while there were seventeen tons for each inhabitant in 1860, there are now only nine tons. There has, nevertheless, been a steady increase of trade, the value of imports and exports having doubled since 1860, and multiplied tenfold since 1830. The capital value of the commerce of the country, distributed equally among all the inhabitants, would be for 1880, thirty dollars.

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The Creator, in obliging man to eat to live, invited him by appetite and rewarded him by pleasure.

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## THE GYPSIES OF SEVILLE.

WHEREVER there is a ruin in Spain there is a gypsy. The visitor to Grenada remembers the feeling he had when suddenly surrounded by a hundred or two brown-skinned people, who stole mysteriously upon him from some shadowy corner of the crumbling arches, and who made him pay tribute not by means of violent threats, but by a soft, insinuating persistence, which was in itself as persuasive as an absolute demand for money.

The gypsies around Seville are legion; they come from the north, south, east and west. They camp in the hollows about the hills, and in the little vineyards on the ledges of olive groves, where they are secure from observation for a day or two. They smother the smoke of their campfires, steal a kid from a flock, fruit from a tree, and a weapon from its nail, and are off to a fresh field before the law can put its hand on them. These nomads are as absolutely indifferent to the progress of events around them as human beings can possibly be and exist. They take no note of time or politics, the changes of government, or the failure or success of harvests. Their roof is the sky, and their bed is the ground. They want little, and they steal what they want.

The great number of well-to-do planters and farmers in the vicinity of Seville prompts the gypsy to put in a frequent appearance among them. When the *gendarme*, a magnificent creature, more formidable in his prim uniform than his French brother is, lays his hand on the neck of the brown vagabond, he submits with truly Oriental resignation, and dons his prison garb very gracefully. The gypsies rarely commit capital crimes; they would murder if driven to it, but they never shed blood if they can help it. Their most abominable misdeed is the abduction of children, which is still kept up in the good old fashion with which we were familiarized when we were children, in the sensational romances of the early masters of fiction. Now and then a girl, who is tired of the sober round of duty in the cigarette factory

is suddenly missing, and nothing is heard of her for six months, or a year, when she reappears with a demand for her old place once more. She has been tramping afield, over half Spain, with some gypsy crew, fulfilling her instinct for wandering and for petty plunder. These gypsies seem entirely incapable of civilization. They laugh at the efforts to confine them into the narrow bounds of ordinary society; and they slip out from under all restraint, except that of stone walls, with a dexterity which provokes a smile.

In April, the people of Seville give their attention to the "fairs," which are very famous, and which attract from all parts of Spain immense crowds bent on pleasure and profit. The famous religious processions of "Holy Week" come about the same time, and the hapless stranger who should arrive, without having engaged apartments, on one of these days would find himself compelled to sleep in the street. About the middle of April, the meadow of San Sebastian, through which the railway to Cadiz now cuts its path, but which was once a lovely pastoral spot, shaded with ancient trees and adorned with swiftly running streams, is invaded by all the inhabitants of Seville, even those of the aristocratic class, who set up tents and who live outside of the town for several days. The municipal authorities have one corner of the camp; the Duke of Montpensier establishes a splendid *marquée* to which he transfers his luxurious furniture, carpets and tapestries from his palace of "San Telmo," and all the principal families vie with each other in the magnificence of their canvas homes.

Each night the great camp is illuminated with torches and with myriads of oil lamps and Chinese lanterns, and a veritable "fashionable season" is inaugurated in the open air. The exquisite purity of the atmosphere, the beauty of the nights, and the rarity of storms render this fashion *al fresco* possible in Spain, but it would be quite out of the question in any more northern country. For days before the opening of this strange fair, all the roads leading to Seville are crowded with troops of gaily harnessed mules and horses, bearing merchandise from all the provinces of Spain.

The gypsies arrive from the four corners of the peninsula, and their *gitanas*, accompanying them, are eager to turn a penny by telling fortunes, or by exhibiting their skill in the gypsy dance. These children of the sun are banished at night into a corner of the camp by themselves, as their abilities in the pilfering line are thoroughly understood by the more respectable campers-out.

The origin of this fair is said to be found in the pious desire to imitate the Christian army, which camped outside the city walls before the taking of Seville by St. Ferdinand. Everything in Spain has a saint for its patron and defender, and it is not strange that this gay festival should possess one. The avenues, or streets as they may be called, of the camp are laid out in regular order, and in the cool of the evening they are thronged by ladies in brilliant toilets, and by gentlemen mounted on fine horses. Flirtation in the good old Southern fashion goes on until midnight. The recent fairs have been illuminated with the electric light, which would probably much astonish the ghost of St. Ferdinand if he should happen to walk abroad in these times. A visitor who had not been warned of the nature of this peculiar festival would fancy that the people of Seville had gone mad, or that some pestilence in their town had driven them out of it to the fresh air and the green fields. The *fete* is pretty and Arcadian, and furnishes a pleasant testimonial to the simplicity and grace of the Spanish character. There is no rioting or misconduct. The police of the camp are quite as strict as that of the city; in fact, it *is* the city police, simply transferred to the town of tents. *Selected.*

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ARABI.—Ahmed Arabi—the Egyptian rebel—just now fills the central place in the public eye, yet little is known of the man personally. We find in an exchange an authentic account of him, which may interest our readers. Arabi is the son of

a fellah, or Egyptian peasant, in Lower Egypt. He was enlisted in the army when very young, and was marched to his regiment with the other fellahs from his district, his hands tied to a long rope. He happened to please Said Pasha, was promoted from the ranks and rose rapidly. One day the Khedive became enraged at him, ordered him to be bastinadoed and dismissed on half pay. Arabi then betook himself to a religious college at Cairo, where he studied languages, the holy books and Mussulman laws. After some time he was received into public favor, re-entered the army with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and married the daughter of a courtier, a woman of wealth and influence. Arabi is a tall man, finely formed. His movements are deliberate, "as of one," says an observer, "who is persuaded that time will wait for him." His features are regular but massive, the forehead high and retreating, the jaw square. His eyes are large, soft and melancholy, but under thorough control. They never speak for their master, and his words betray little more of his actual thoughts or purposes. His memory is extraordinary. He never forgets a name or a face—an invaluable trait in a public leader, and one which gives great personal power.

It is curious how little we feel the burdens we put on the shoulders of others.—*George Eliot.*

## ARCHITECTURE.

I CANNOT recall anything that so entirely elevates the human mind as contemplating those sublime and mighty temples, which have been raised by grand and mighty minds, inspired most assuredly by the great Architect of the universe, wherein to worship Him "in the beauty of holiness!" We stand in silent awe beneath them, and feel—in form—the veriest pigmies, compared with their height and mightiness. And our wandering and admiring intellect at once bows beneath the broad and expanded brain, the immortal mind that conceived and then made palpable, such noble and stupendous structures! It seems to me that buildings of modern centuries cannot compare in grandeur with those of remote and ancient times.

The wondrous pyramid of Gizeh, which may not inaptly be called the Temple of the Universe presents itself first before me; its time of erection is of so remote a date, that only by analogy can it be conjectured; probably it was somewhere about the call of Abraham, and there it has stood through all these ages, firm and unimpaired by time, a veritable "Sermon in Stone" to the whole world; and in its silent and mysterious grandeur, a voice is heard issuing from it, in this 19th century—this age of scepticism—bearing testimony that its architect was the mighty and Eternal Framer of the universe! The Savior said that under certain circumstances, the stones should rise up and bear testimony; here we see that prophecy verified.

Now we come to the marvellous structures portrayed in the Bible—"The Tower of Babel" I pass—pass on to Solomon's Temple. Those who say with all coolness and assumption, as though there was something complimentary to themselves in the assertion, "I have never read the Bible, it is so dry," (I presume the aridness lies in their own minds) might be interested by reading the elaborate account of the building of this House of God—of its Mosaic and Jewish dispensations—the dictator and the architect being God Himself.

We now pass down to more modern but still remote ages—St. Peter's at Rome, Notre Dame, of France, and Westminster Abbey, of England. All these tell their own history in a silence that speaks; which, if written, would fill volumes enough to form a marvellous library of startling and thrilling information; an eye witness could alone be the historian, The architecture of each is surpassingly

grand and sublime. It would be vain to attempt to elaborate these interesting subjects, but I desire to close my brief article with an extract from the "Memoirs" of that elegant and graphic writer, Alphonse de Lamartine, on St. Peter's, at Rome.

"The architects of the Gothic cathedrals were sublime barbarians. Michael Angelo alone is a philosopher in his conceptions. St. Peter's is philosophical Christianity, from which the divine architect banishes superstition and shadows, and into which he introduces space, beauty, symmetry and floods of inextinguishable light. The incomparable beauty of St. Peter's consists in its being a temple which may be used by all worshipers—a Godlike temple, if I may venture to employ the word in relation to stone. It seems destined to clothe the idea of deity in all the splendor of which it is capable.

"Were Christianity to perish, St. Peter's would still remain a universal, eternal and rational temple of whatever religion should succeed to the worship of Christ, provided that religion were worthy of humanity and of God! When a visitor enters it, he knows not whether he is entering an ancient or a modern temple; no details obstruct the eye, no symbols distract the thoughts; men of all sects and creeds enter it with the same respect. They feel it is a temple which can only be inhabited by the idea of God, and which no other idea could fill. Change the priest, take away the altar, pull down the pictures, carry off the statues, nothing is changed, it is still the house of God or rather St. Peter's is in itself alone a grand symbol and type of that eternal Christianity, which in its morality and its holiness possesses that germ of the successive developments of the religious ideas of all ages, and of all men, expands along with human reason in proportion as God develops it; collects all nations into the unity of one adoration, every day more and more rational, shapes out of all divine forms one God alone, and out of all nations one only humanity.

"Michael Angelo is the Moses of architectural Catholicism, and as such he will one day be understood. He has erected an imperishable ark for future times, a Pantheon of reason, purified and rendered divine."

And now, in the desert of the far west, in the centre of the Great Basin, as fast as human hands and human means can raise it, is looming up the temple of the last dispensation, when "all things shall be gathered in one." A temple collossal, mysterious and unique, into which a people preparing for the coming of their Lord and Savior will enter and receive blessings and endowments that no other, however grand, has witnessed. Lamartine has passed away to the great beyond, with his beautiful, comprehensive and appreciative mind, but such an one must be somewhere among the blessed! I had been reading many of his translated works that had just issued from his gifted pen, when the Gospel in its fulness was laid before me, and often I exclaimed; "I would walk barefoot forty miles to lay my acquired knowledge before him," believing he would have embraced it." *Hannah T. King.*

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

THE ROLL AND RECORD BOOK.

Should be procured at once by every Y. M. M. I. Association in the Church. It is expressly designed to record the proceedings from the beginning to the close of the season, and should be in the hands of the secretaries at the opening meeting of the Associations. It is expected by the General Superintendency that all of the Associations will resume meetings during the present month, and that they will adopt and use the record book now provided. It will produce uniformity in the reports and do much towards systematizing the exercises. They may be procured by addressing

or calling upon the General Secretary, Nephi W. Clayton, at the Auditor's office, Salt Lake City.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.—LOGAN.

THE Y. M. M. I. A. Conference of Cache Valley Stake, convened in the Logan tabernacle, Sunday, October 1, 1882. Supt. Lyman R. Martineau, presiding.

10 a. m. The roll being called, representative officers of twenty Associations responded. Remarks were then made, indicating the determination of the Associations to at once resume meetings for the season, by Supt. Martineau and the following officers: Nicholas Crookston, Logan, 4th Ward; J. E. Wilson, 1st Ward; Christian Larsen, 5th Ward; Jos. A. Smith, Providence; W. M. Daines, Hyde Park; W. H. Jackson, Richmond; H. M. Rawlins, Lewiston; Peter Nielson, Smithfield; J. W. Dawson, Weston; John Jenkins, Newton, and Seth Langton, counselor to the Stake Superintendent, who delivered a very spirited and instructive address.

2 p. m. The minutes of the preceding conference were read and approved, the sacrament administered and the Stake officers sustained as follows: Lyman R. Martineau, Superintendent; Seth Langton, 1st Counselor; H. E. Hatch, Corresponding Secretary; R. S. Campbell, Recording Secretary; B. F. Cummings, Jr., Treasurer. Reports were then made by the following officers: Newel Kimball, Logan, 2nd Ward; Jos. E. Cowley, 3d Ward; William Neves, Millville; O. M. Wilson, Hyrum; Jens Jensen, Mendon; Alma Hale, Mormon; Nels Graham, Mink Creek; W. D. Williams, Benson; L. C. Parkinson, Franklin, and Wm. Henderson, Marsh Valley. The remainder of the time was occupied by Elder Junius F. Wells and President W. B. Preston, each of whom spoke of the favorable reports made by the previous speakers, and delivered counsel and instruction which was timely and interesting. Appointments for district meetings were announced, and the conference adjourned for three months. The officers remained after meeting, received copies of the new Roll and Record Book, were instructed how to keep it and dispersed, feeling renewed interest in the cause, and with the determination to make the forthcoming season more interesting and successful than any in the past.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

GEOMETRY AND FAITH: By Thos. Hill. A beautifully printed volume of sixteen chapters and one hundred and nine pages. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This is a peculiar scientific work which will be read with interest by those who endeavor to harmonize Science and Religion. It opens with the following observation: "The universe is composed of four elements, spirit, matter, space and time, which are by no alchemy transmutable into each other." The purpose of the work is briefly set forth in the following extract from the writings of John Dee of London, 1570, which adorns the preface page: "No man, therefore, can doubt, but toward the attaining of knowledge incomparable and Heavenly wisdom, mathematical speculations, both of Numbers and Magnitudes are means, aids and guides; ready, certain and necessary."

THE CALIFORNIAN AND OVERLAND MONTHLY. Published by the Californian Printing Co., San Francisco. The first number of this magazine, under the new management by which it is intended to resurrect the old favorite Overland Monthly with all its train of able contributors, taken as an index to the succeeding numbers, must encourage all who delight in the progress and prosperity of Western literature. It already takes rank with the standard monthlies and affords a large and varied amount of entertaining reading matter.

Thou canst not change one little drop
That heaven hath mixed for thee:
However bitter be the cup,
It may thy healing be;
And in its dregs thy sweetest hope,
Thy soul at last may see.

*From the Greek.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1882. NO. 2.

## GEORGE A. SMITH.

II.

BAPTISM.—ZION'S CAMP.

IN the winter of 1828, Father John Smith received a letter from his nephew Joseph, who then lived in western New York, in which a very striking prediction occurred, foretelling awful judgments upon the present generation because of wickedness and unbelief. The letter made a deep impression upon the mind of George A., who, but a boy of eleven years, was capable of appreciating the statements it contained, which he treasured in his memory. His father observed on reading them: "That Joseph writes like a prophet!"

In August, 1830, the father of the Prophet and his brother Don Carlos visited their relatives in Potsdam and vicinity. They brought with them a copy of the Book of Mormon, which they left with Brother George A's father, while they went on to visit Father Asael Smith and family. During their absence George A. and his mother read a great deal in the strange new book or "Golden Bible" as it was popularly called. The neighbors, who often came in and heard portions of it read, ridiculed it and offered many objections to its contents. These, young George A. soon found himself trying to answer, and although he professed no belief in the book himself, having in fact noted many serious objections to it, he was so successful in refuting the charges the neighbors brought against it that they generally turned from the argument discomfited, with the observation to his mother that her boy was a little too smart for them.

When his uncle and Don Carlos returned, George A. laid before them his objections, which he believed to be unanswerable. His uncle took them up carefully, quoted the Scriptures upon the subject, showed the reasonableness of the Record and was so successful as to entirely remove every objection and to convince him that it was just what it purported to be. George A. from that time ever after advocated the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon. He was also convinced of the necessity of religion, and not being sufficiently instructed by his relatives how to obtain it, after they had left, he attended a protracted series of Congregational revival meetings. These lasted seventeen days and effected the conversion of every sinner in Potsdam who attended them, except George A., who went to the meetings regularly, sat in the gallery listening attentively, but waited in vain for the sensation of religion, which should bring him down to the anxious bench. Finally prayers and exhortations having failed, the minister, Rev. Frederick E. Cannon, pronounced him reprobate and sealed him up unto eternal damnation, saying, "Thy blood be upon thine own head!" Nine times he thus delivered this inoffensive but unsatisfied seeker for religion to the buffetings of Satan and the burning of an endless hell.

During this time George A's father had become convinced of the truth; two Elders having visited the neighborhood and preached the restoration of the Gospel and of the Holy Priesthood.

On January 9th, 1832, he was baptized, having to get up from a bed of sickness for that purpose. He had been afflicted for a long time, being unable to even walk as far as the barn near his house, and when he proposed to go out into the cold and be baptized, the neighbors freely predicted that the water would kill him. George A. cut the ice in the river and cleared a path through two feet of frozen snow for a distance of forty rods, to facilitate the performance of the ceremony, which he witnessed. From the time of his baptism under these circumstances his father improved in health, was soon after ordained an Elder and began to preach. This change in the life of one, who had been so faithful and dutiful a member of the Congregational church, called out great opposition to him. Ministers followed him about in the field of his missionary labors and attempted to refute his testimony and overthrow his arguments. But their efforts to destroy only developed the ability of Elder Smith to prove his ground and substantiate the truth he was commissioned to proclaim. Finally he arranged for meetings in his own village and astonished his neighbors and friends with the display of Scripture lore he had acquired and the fluency of his reasoning.

A certain Methodist minister named Hall, attempted to reply to the discourse that had been delivered. The people of Potsdam had all been invited to be present, except John Smith's family. However, George A., then fifteen years old, went to the meeting. Among other things Mr. Hall assailed was modern revelation. He quoted Revelation, xxii, 18, and wildly denounced any one who should proclaim the possibility of new revelation being added to the sacred word. He said that after John wrote that Revelation the canon of Scripture was full and that nothing had been revealed from heaven since. He also stated that the Book of Revelation was the last which John wrote. At this assertion George A. leaned forward and looked the minister very closely in the eye, causing him to blush deeply and to stammer out the remainder of his discourse with much hesitation and confusion. At the close of the services about forty of the congregation gathered around George A., and asked him what he thought of the sermon. He replied: "I am surprised that a man like Mr. Hall should so deliberately lie about a matter that everybody can know by looking in their family Bibles. It is shown by the chronology and is a notorious fact that the three epistles and also the gospel of St. John were written long after the Revelation."

"A few days after Mr. Hall's meeting," says our autobiography, "Mr. John Dorothy, an influential and wealthy member of the Presbyterian or Congregational church proposed to me that if I would leave my father and pledge myself never to become a Mormon and commence immediately to go to school, he would warrant me seven years education without its costing me a dollar, that he was authorized to assure me that there should be no failure, as the Young Men's Educational Society wished me to study divinity and become a Presbyterian minister. I told him that Mr. Cannon, his minister, had sealed me up unto eternal damnation and I would consequently be unfit for a minister. He replied, that would make no difference. I told him the reason why it would make no difference was that Mr. Cannon had no authority from God and I would not preach without authority as the Presbyterian ministers did. He then said I might choose my profession and I should have the education anyway, if I would agree never to join the Mormons. I had always desired a liberal education but I told him that my father was sick and that the Fifth Commandment required me to honor my father and mother and it was my duty to stay and take care of them as I was their only dependence. He replied: "Your father and mother have dishonored themselves by becoming Mormons. Take my advice and I will insure you a liberal education, and you may become a member of Congress. I will guarantee that you shall have as good an education as can be got, without its costing you a

farthing but your time in getting it, and the wealthiest members of the church are ready to back me up in what I am saying!"

This was a great temptation to a young man whose mind was bright and who had already learned enough to know the value of a thorough education and to desire it. But George A. had been impressed with the necessity of getting a knowledge of religious truth. He had been counselled by his uncle and his parents to pray for it, and had already acquired the habit of praying secretly. Until he should learn the will of God concerning himself he was not willing to make any such engagement as was proposed by his philanthropic friends. He continued his prayers and was finally convinced that he should be baptized. Therefore, on the tenth of September, 1832, he was led into the water by Elder Joseph H. Wakefield, and received that ordinance, and was confirmed by Elder Solomon Humphrey. These same Elders had administered the ordinances to his parents.

For two years George A. had performed the greater part of the labor on his father's farm, but in the winter of 1832-3, he attended school, and gave considerable attention to studying the Gospel and its requirements. He had many temptations during this period. The spirit of the evil one harrassed him continually, trying to break down his faith and to create doubts respecting the rightfulness of his obedience to the ordinances of the Gospel. These feelings he manfully struggled against, sought the Lord in prayer, and finally conquered. On the first of May, 1833, he started with his parents to Kirtland, Ohio, the gathering place of the Saints. They arrived on the twenty-fifth of that month, and were warmly welcomed by the Prophet Joseph and by the Saints who had gathered there, numbering about five hundred.

On the journey, a man that had been baptized, and that Brother John Smith was assisting to gather with him, apostatized because one of his horses died. He said he did not think God would permit his horse to die on the way if it was His will for them to gather to Kirtland. Soon after their arrival, another family left the Church on equally valid grounds. They had been invited to reside, temporarily, with the Prophet's family, and Joseph's wife had offered them a cup of tea at supper time. They said they had seen the Prophet come down from the room where revelations were given, and drink tea and coffee, contrary to the Word of Wisdom. They assigned this as the chief reason for their apostacy.

Immediately on reaching Kirtland, George A. became interested in affairs of the Church. He was delighted with his cousin, the Prophet, whom he had never seen before. He was on hand for any duty required, and spent many nights guarding the houses of the brethren who were in much danger from mobs. His days were occupied as follows: "I was engaged during the summer and fall quarrying and hauling rock for the Kirtland Temple, attending masons and performing other labor about its walls. It was built of bluish sandstone, and the basement story, corners, windows, caps and sills were of neatly cut stone. The body of the building was carried up with rough stone, and afterwards, cemented and finished off to match the basement. The first two loads of rock taken to the Temple ground, were hauled from Stanard's quarry by Harvey Stanley and myself."

Soon after arriving in Kirtland, Father John Smith purchased a small farm about two miles from the Temple. He cleared ten acres of the heavily timbered land, and built a log house for the accommodation of his family. In the spring of 1834, this house was finished by Brigham Young, who had been employed to lay the floors and do some other carpenter work on it. While thus occupied, George A. first met and became acquainted with the man, whom he was destined to be associated with in a long career, characterized by some of the most trying scenes and thrilling events which ever fall to the lot of men.

In the spring of 1834, the first event in

Bro. George A's life, of great historical importance occurred. It was his journey with "Zion's Camp" to Missouri. The following extracts from his autobiography contain an account of interesting incidents which marked that memorable pilgrimage:

"I was selected by President Joseph Smith, Jr., to accompany him to Missouri, in fulfilment of the revelation concerning Zion, given in Kirtland, February, 1834, being then in my seventeenth year. My father furnished me with a musket generally known as a Queen's Arm, a pair of pantaloons made of bed ticking, a pair of common cotton shirts, a straw hat, cloth coat and vest, a blanket, a pair of new boots and an extra shirt and a pair of pantaloons, which my mother packed up in a knapsack made of apron check. In this fit out, May 5, 1834, I started with my brethren in the company called Zion's Camp. I was large for my age, my eyes, which were always very weak, were inflamed. The first day we traveled twenty-seven miles; I slept in the barn of Mr. Ford in the town of Streetsborough; my new boots blistered my feet severely, and Joseph gave me a pair of his own, which were a great relief to me. * * *

"On Friday, the 16th, I got into the wagon to ride a short distance with Presidents Joseph and Hyrum Smith and Brother Ezra Thayre. We were traveling through a thicket of small timber of recent growth—Brother Joseph said: 'I feel much depressed in spirits, there has been a great deal of bloodshed here at some time. When a man of God passes through a place where much blood has been shed he will feel depressed in spirits and feel lonesome and uncomfortable.' We soon came out of the timber where a large farm had been cleared, and to the left of the road was a mound sixty feet high, occupying about an acre of ground, set all over with apple trees, which were growing in a very thrifty manner. We went to the mound, found that holes had been dug into it, which disclosed the fact that it was filled with human bones. Hyrum said he believed that a great army had sometime been slain and piled up and covered with earth—an ancient manner of burying the dead from a battlefield. The country for miles around was level. * * *

"Saturday, the 17th, we camped in the township of Wayne, in Indiana; myself and many of the brethren were much fatigued and sore footed, and our stockings wet with blood, we having traveled forty miles. I called at a house and drank the first buttermilk I ever drank in my life. I told the company what I had been drinking, when they produced a bucket and desired me to get them some. I went and got a bucket full. They all drank heartily until it came to R—— O——, who complained that the bucket was one which the horses drank out of. I told him if he had seen the churn he would not complain of the bucket. I need not say they drank all the buttermilk and sent for more. * *

"Tuesday, June 3d. During our noon halt near the place where the town of Pittsfield now stands, Joseph stood on a wagon wheel and made a speech to the Camp. He said the Lord was displeased with us, that our murmuring and faultfinding and want of humility had kindled the anger of the Lord against us, and that a severe scourge would come upon the Camp, and many would die like sheep with the rot. He said, 'I cannot help it, it must come, but by repentance and humility and the prayer of faith, the chastisement may be alleviated, but cannot be entirely turned away, for as the Lord lives, this Camp must suffer a severe scourge for their wickedness and rebellion. I say it in the name of the Lord.'

"This prophesy struck me to the heart. I thought we should probably get into a battle with the mob and some of us get killed. Little thought I that within four weeks a dozen of my brethren would be laid in the ground without coffins by the fell hand of the plague; but so it was, and I learned ever after to heed the counsels of the Prophet and not murmur at the dispensations of Providence. * *

"June 25th. Last night, many of the brethren were violently attacked with

cholera, their moans were truly terrific, some falling to the ground while they were on guard. Joseph and Hyrum attempted to administer and rebuke the disease, but they were also seized with the cramp; to use Hyrum's description: 'It seized us like the talons of a hawk.' The Prophet Joseph took a full share of the fatigues of the entire journey, in addition to the care of providing for the Camp and presiding over it, he walked most of the time, and had a full proportion of blistered, bloody and sore feet, which was the natural result of walking from twenty-five to forty miles a day in a hot season of the year; but during the entire trip he never uttered a murmur or complaint, while most of the men in the Camp complained to him of sore toes, blistered feet, long drives, scanty supply of provisions, poor quality of bread, bad corndodger, frouzy butter, strong honey, maggotty bacon and cheese, etc. Even a dog could not bark at some of the men without their murmuring at Joseph; if they had to camp with bad water, it would nearly cause rebellion; yet we were the Camp of Zion, and many of us were prayerless, thoughtless, careless, heedless, foolish or devilish, and yet we did not know it. Joseph had to bear with us and tutor us like children. There were many, however, in the Camp, who never murmured and were always ready and willing to do as our leader desired."

On arriving at their destination, this celebrated Camp dispersed, the members receiving honorable discharges signed by the commanding officers. Bro. George A's was dated July 3d, 1834, signed by Lyman Wight, Major General.

## CONTINUOUS REVELATION.

THE self styled orthodox churches of our day take shelter under the comfortable conclusion that no more revelation is needed, and that no more revelation is permitted by the ancient scriptures; and, further, that those who have the presumption to claim the blessing of present revelation, render themselves liable to all the plagues written in the Revelation of St. John the Divine. With these views inculcated in their minds from youth up, by their parents and preachers, however honest and pure of heart they may be, they cannot believe in a divine record like the Book of Mormon, or any other modern revelation, until they are made to see the error of this false notion. Hence it is plainly to be seen that the necessity of present revelation is the first point upon which honest inquirers must be satisfied, before they can feel at liberty to believe the great truths connected with the ushering in of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

The fact that no doctrine of the Gospel is so fully explained in the Bible that all people understand it correctly and alike, is one of the strongest reasons for the necessity of present revelation. But as no reason, however strong, can be sufficiently so if it is prohibited by the word of God, let us see whether there really exists any prohibition in the word of God to His giving more of His will to man. The scripture which bears the strongest appearance of this is found in Revelation, twenty-second chapter and eighteenth verse: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." Now, what book was here meant to which nothing was to be added? Was it the Bible? No, for there was no such book in existence at that time as the Bible, nor until many years after this injunction was given. Some of the Epistles now contained in the New Testament were scattered among all the churches of Asia and Palestine, while others were not yet written, so that it could not be the Bible that was meant by John when he said, "Whoso addeth to the words of this book," etc., but it must have been that particular book, the Revelation, which he was then completing, that was contemplated in the commandment.

If it were possible that the Lord intended there should be no more Scriptures given after the writing of that Revelation, then the Gospel of St. John must be rejected, because it was written several years after the Revelation, and John was liable to have all the plagues which were written in that book added to him, because of adding his Gospel after the Revelation was written; but the fact that he wrote his Gospel afterwards, is good and sufficient proof that it was not meant there should be no more revelation given, no more scriptures written, or that the Lord would do no more great things in the earth, but only to prohibit any addition to that particular Revelation.

The same may also be said of the Lord's commandment to Israel through Moses, in Deuteronomy, fourth chapter and second verse: "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it," etc. It is evident that the Lord intended this to prohibit any addition to the law only, and not to prohibit all further prophesyings, for if so, all the prophecies of the Old Testament, as well as the New, would have to be set aside as forbidden, and no sane person could take this view of it.

So very far were Moses and John from taking the view that the schools, professors, and Christians of the present day take of the discontinuance of revelations and prophecies, that Moses said he "would to God that all the Lord's people were Prophets," and prophesied himself that the Lord would raise up a Prophet like unto him, meaning Christ; and John, some eight or ten years after the Revelation, wrote his Gospel, knowing there was no good reason why he should not, for it had been given in the Revelation itself, tenth chapter and eleventh verse: "Thou must prophesy again before many peoples and nations, and tongues, and kings." From these sayings we see plainly that Moses and John considered the way was perfectly clear for more revelations and prophesyings, as indeed it was, and is to-day, and ever will be.

The Bible is replete in every part with promises of revelations, prophecies, visions, and marvellous wonders to be wrought in the latter times. Jesus said, Matthew, twenty-fourth chapter, fourteenth verse: "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." Paul, also, in contemplating this great latter-day work, wrote to the Ephesians, first chapter, tenth verse: "That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth; even in Him." John, also, in the famous Revelation which Christians believe forbids more revelations, in the fourteenth chapter, sixth verse, teaches that another angel was to come, "having the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," and this was not to be in his day, nor in any previous time, but as is stated in the first verse of the fourth chapter, "which must be hereafter," alluding evidently to the day in which we live.

From the foregoing, we see unmistakably that instead of these great Prophets and Apostles declaring anything against further revelations, they all taught that there was to be revelation, ministering of angels, and a restoration of the Gospel of the Kingdom, which Kingdom is now set up, and the Gospel thereof is being preached to the nations of the earth, and one of the greatest obstacles the Elders of the Church have to meet and carefully remove, is the popular opinion that the canon of Scripture is full, and that there is to be no more revelation.

Another supposed objection to further revelation is contained in Paul's words to Timothy, second epistle, third chapter, fifteenth verse: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation." Let us inquire how could the law of Moses and the prophecies of the Old Testament, which were the scriptures that Timothy had known from his youth up, make him wise unto salvation? Sim-

ply by showing him that Christ was to come, and by directing his attention to the new dispensation, so that he might discern it when it should come. Certainly the Scriptures could not baptize Timothy for the remission of his sins, nor confirm upon him the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. They could only be to him a "sure word of prophecy" unto which he, and all others who are seeking after truth, would do well that they take heed until "the day dawn, and the day star arise in their hearts." If, indeed, as Christians would have all believe, that the Old Testament Scriptures were able to save Timothy, they could save us as well. Then what would be the use of the writings of Paul and the other Apostles, which are now considered quite as good Scriptures, and rather better than those which Timothy had? Take whatever view we may, from the Bible, of the proposition that there is to be no more revelation, it turns out in every way ridiculously absurd. There is no such sentiment contained or conveyed therein; on the contrary, the book abounds in every part with predictions and promises of further revelations, the most definite and extensive, which are fulfilling and are yet to be fulfilled.

Having seen that there is no Bible reason for rejecting continuous revelation, I would urge the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR, and especially that portion of them who are being sent forth from time time to preach the Gospel, that they seek diligently for the knowledge of God, which comes by faith, through the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, and the study of the Scriptures contained in the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, with other good books, until, like the well instructed scribe, you are abundantly able to give a reason for the hope that is within you; and this not because it is written in the books, but because it has been revealed unto you, and you are commanded to testify of it to others, by the authority of the holy Priesthood and the power of the Holy Spirit. Therefore, as has been committed unto us, so we deliver to you, that you believe in, and teach the importance of continuous revelation.

*F. D. Richards.*

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It is a certain spot or blot of the age to envy merit.

We are inclined by nature to love mankind.

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## THE ECHO CANYON WAR.

II.

LOT SMITH'S NARRATIVE.

The express sent from the bluffs of Green River, reporting progress of my labors, was carried by Edwin Booth. It was a hazardous undertaking for a single horseman, liable to run upon the enemy at any hour, but he was courageous and discreet, and meant every word of it when he said they were welcome to him if they caught him. He reached headquarters all right and delivered the dispatch. The following communication was received in response:

Headquarters Eastern Expedition,

Camp Yellow Creek, Oct. 14, 1857.

*Major Lot Smith:*

I am glad to hear so good an account of your success on your mission, and trust you will continue to be blessed in carrying out instructions given. I wish you to keep a good look out on your rear as well as ahead, so as not to be surprised by any fresh arrival of troops. Furnish your men and as many others as you conveniently can with supplies of clothing and food from any of the trains when you have a good chance. Remain in the rear of the enemy's camp till you receive further orders, not neglecting every opportunity to burn their trains, stampede their stock, and keep them under arms by night surprises, so that they will be worn out. I have sent a spring wagon to Bridger for the wounded

man. Draw on Callister for supplies as you may need. Keep up communication with Major McAllister, who has gone out on the Oregon road. May the Lord God of Israel bless you and help you to hedge up the way of our enemies, and cause them to leave our Territory. If we could learn of a surety that they purposed making winter quarters at Fort Hall, we would cease molesting them.

Your brother in Christ,

(Signed) *Daniel H. Wells.*

P.S.—Let Livingston & Kinkead's and Gilbert & Gerrish's trains, with goods intended for the city, pass. Treat Perry's as any other Government train, unless they turn and go back. Make no difference in your operations because of any prisoners the troops may have. *D.H.W.*

After meeting Captain Haight and company, W. H. Hickman came to me and reported that a large herd of cattle was located near Mountaineer Fort, where we had burned the first trains. We went up there and found the teamsters of the three trains which had been destroyed. They asked me if we had come to take the cattle. I told them we wanted a few, and gathering up about a hundred and fifty head, Hickman took them into the valley. He was accompanied by several of the train men, who said they had enough government bull-whacking to last them for the rest of their lives. I was glad to find my brave friend Simpson again, for we had run short of supplies, and I could reasonably expect that he would treat us generously, as we had given him a fair show when we burnt his train. He said they were going to run short of flour and bacon, but for us to help ourselves. We took such supplies as we needed, but left them all the flour but ten sacks, and we only took two of bacon. Here I met a man who was a prisoner at Bridger when I left there. He reminded me of the fact, and said that he saw me and my command there, and that we were a fine lot of men. I asked him how many. He replied that he would estimate them at five hundred. General Wells had told us that our numbers would be magnified in the eyes of the enemy, and it proved to be so. We passed during all the fall for from five hundred to a thousand men, while in fact the whole number never exceeded at any time one hundred, and generally was not half that many.

I suppose that after we left them the teamsters took all the stock remaining to Ham's fork. We returned to the Sandy to see if other trains were coming, but fortunately for them and for us also we met no more trains. Our success had warmed our blood and the boys were only too eager for an encounter. President Young said it was providential for all parties, for if we had burned another train we would have been compelled before the end of winter to feed the enemy to keep them from starving.

From Sandy we started toward their main camp but stopped on Black's fork. I proposed to my bed-fellow, Mark Bigler, that we go early in the morning to a neighboring high peak known as "the look out" to take observations. The morning was foggy and we got within three hundred yards of the summit when we discovered some men there before us. We took them for the enemy, for their action indicated that they were not as composed as Saints ought to be, and we started to retreat. The distance to camp, being three miles, was too far to run, so we concluded to make the best of it and walk. We were soon overtaken, but found that instead of troops the early risers were O. P. Rockwell and Thomas Rich with about thirty men. This reinforcement increased my command to nearly eighty men. With these we felt ready to proceed on up the river to Ham's fork and reconnoitre the situation of the army and see what the troops were doing. Rockwell and I were good friends, on the following basis: I did as I pleased and he, regularly, damned me for it. When we arrived within sight of the camp, I discovered a herd of cattle numbering about fourteen hundred head on the bottom lands below. We were on the bluff. I told Porter we would take those cattle. He said that was just like me. The stock was left there as a trap laid on purpose to catch me. The

troops had found out what a damphool I was, and that I didn't know any better than to put my foot into that kind of a trap. The willows were full of artillery, and the minute I exposed myself among the stock they would blow me and my command higher than Gilderoy's kite. I told him to sit down and I would go and take the cattle myself. He replied very roughly that he would see me in "limbo" first, and said that he had waited forty years for such a chance, and now I wanted to spoil it. While he stopped to survey the situation with his glass, I started down the bluff, only about one-third of the men being able to keep up as we rushed down the steep descent. Porter came on in a terrible rage, swearing at me for going so fast, and at the men for being so slow. He wanted me to wait for them all to catch up. There was, however, no time to wait. We had to run about two miles to reach the cattle, and by the time we got to them the guards had yoked up teams to three wagons and started with the herd at doublequick pace for camp. We intercepted them, unyoked the cattle and turned their heads the other way, so that the poor cattle which had been in the rear were now in front. The boys then gave a shout, such as imported steers never heard before, and the latter started away pell mell, trodding many of the poorer under their feet and killing half a dozen of them. The guards were frightened as badly as the cattle and looked as pale as death. They came to me and asked me if we were going to take the stock. I replied that it looked a little as if we would. Captain Roupe, the head wagon master (the same man that had sworn the teamsters should have no pay because they would not fight when the trains were burned) was with this company of guards and appeared to be as badly scared as any of them. When he recovered a little from his fright, he asked me to let him have enough cattle with which to take his wagons to camp. We followed the stock and found the poorer ones were all in the rear again. I gave him about twenty head, and when we returned to where his men were, they made what appeared to me at the time a most singular request. They wanted to know if I would give them their arms back. As we hadn't seen their arms, this request led to an inquiry, when we found that on seeing us coming down the bluff, so much like a lot of wild men, they threw their guns away, some one saying if we found them unarmed we would spare their lives. I told the men they could go and get their guns as we had all we wanted. They did so, and several of them fired their weapons off to see if they were all right. In less time than it takes to tell it, about fifteen of our men came back over the bluff where they were following the cattle, as if they had been greased, thinking that Porter and I had got into a fight. When they found us all right, they returned about as fast. Rockwell told Roupe to tell the Colonel when he got to camp that we had commenced in earnest, and would kill every man of them if he didn't liberate his prisoners, there being three of our men in his custody at that time. The guards then started for camp. They were the worst frightened men I ever saw. They ran the three teams until some of the cattle dropped dead, but they never stopped until they got within the lines.

We rode on and soon overtook our men with the stock. We divided the cattle into suitable herds and drove all night, Porter and I piloting the way. As we rode along in the darkness together, he thoroughly enjoyed reflecting upon the events of the day. He would repeat what he had said to the guards and chuckle to himself over their discomfiture until his sides ached. I reminded him of what he had said about attacking the herd, but he didn't care to hear anything about that.. All was well with him that turned out well.

During the whole of the time while we were engaged driving off this herd and fitting out the guards, a company of two or three hundred soldiers was visible on the bluff. I have never been able to account for their inactivity. They appeared to be interested in our movements, but they made no attempt to

interrupt or help us. In the drove were several hundred head of good beef cattle which had been bought of mountaineers. Nothing could have been more acceptable, and I believe we were all thankful for it, even if we had borrowed them from Uncle Sam. Rockwell went in with the cattle, very much to my regret. I never found many men like him. I think our officers were afraid that he and I could not get along together. But we could. *Vaux.*

WELLINGTON'S HORSE. — "Copenhagen," the charger ridden by the Duke of Wellington the entire day at the battle of Waterloo, was born in 1808, passed his last years in a little paddock on the estate in Strathfieldsaye, receiving, it is said, a daily allowance of bread from the hand of the duchess, who wore a bracelet made of his hair; he died and was buried with military honors in 1834, and has a massive memorial stone with appropriate inscription.

## THE AUTUMN.

Ah! this is the saddest time of the year,
Methinks I have heard, that the poets sing,
When the days are gloomy, and landscape drear,
And the birds of passage are on the wing;
For the woods are brown, and the fields are bare,
And the chill of Autumn is ev'rywhere.

I'll hie me away to some cozy nook,
'Mong the mossy rocks and falling leaves,
And study awhile "Dame Nature's book"
And gather a few of her choicest sheaves;
For this is her mellowest harvest time—
The season of sentiment, most sublime.

The hills are crowned with foliage gay,
Rich royal purple, brown, yellow and red;
But the skies are leaden, and dull and gray
And the summer flow'rs are lying dead;
Pale, withered garlands are round us strewn,
Yet a mantle of beauty is o'er them thrown.

We think of the lov'd ones gone like the flow'rs,
Whose fragrance still lingers around the place;
And pensive and lonely are the hours,
As memory's delicate lines we trace;
And the sere and yellow leaf entwine;
And lay the chaplet upon love's shrine.

Oh, fanciful visions so far away,
Over the hills and the mountains too;
Farther and farther my footsteps stray,
And quicker my heart doth the way pursue;
For the sunlight guides, and the shadows flee,
And the beautiful vista, is fair to see.

And I haste as it were with charmed feet,
While my heart beats high with passion wild,
List! I hear the music so soft and sweet,
I heard when a winsome, innocent child;
'Tis the rustle of leaves, and the sighing breeze,
And the murmur of voices 'mong the trees.

They whisper to me, and I answer too—
Though never a sound escapes from my lips
Yet I know the message they bring is true
And I feel it thrill to my finger-tips;
Ev'ry sense I possess affirms its truth,
And echoes back to the days of my youth.

Yes, the past with its gleams of love and light,
Its sunshine and shadow its smiles and tears,
Has a rainbow of promise ever bright,
That lightens the path of my future years;
And my faith grows stronger as time rolls by,
That the goal I'm seeking is drawing nigh.

But I've flown so far in my dreamy flight,
That perhaps 'tis time to retrace my way;
I fear the present is lost to my sight,
Better come back to the scenes of to-day;
For mortals must deal with the things that are real,
Tho' poets oft wander 'mid the ideal.

What's this I've been dreaming here by the fire,
While in fancy I flew far o'er the hills?
What symphony grand did my soul inspire,
While a magic elixir my bosom thrills?
'Tis night and I'm sitting here quite alone,
And the beautiful visions I saw have flown.

I hear only the weird and tragic wind,
As it whistles and shrieks and moans and sighs;
Ah, this is the potent power I find
Which brought me the *genii*, so wondrous wise;
That opened the realm of poetic thought
And tender branches of evergreen sought.

These were remembrances, loving and true,
Scattered at intervals over life's way,
The pleasures we shared, and the friends we *knew*,
That are fresh and green in our hearts to-day;
Fragments of beauty from out the dead past,
Which over our lives have a halo cast.

*Emmeline B. Wells.*

# ETERNAL DURATION OF MATTER.

II.

When in the progress of the endless works of Deity, the full time had arrived for Infinite Wisdom to organize this sphere, and its attendant worlds, and to set them in motion in their order amid the vast machinery of the universe,—when first the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, at the grand occasion of the acquisition of a new system to the boundless variety of His works, all was pronounced very good. The waters, obedient to His word, retired within their respective limits, and filled with the quickening, or life-giving principle, which we call spirit, they produced living creatures in abundance, and very soon the vast deep was found teeming with animal life in countless variety, and in regular gradation, from the monster Leviathan to the shell-fish; or descending down the scale of existence to the minutest speck, which is only to be discerned by the aid of powerful glasses. The air swarmed with an almost infinite variety of animal life, from the lofty and aspiring eagle, which soars on high and seems to dip his wing in ether blue, to the humming-bird which darts from flower to flower, and hides itself amid the blooming sweets of Spring; or, descending still, to the puny nations of insects which swarm in clouds of blue on the summer breath of morn: all, all the air seemed life and happiness!

The dry land, organized in its own proper sphere, presented a surface every where well watered, abounding in springs, streams and rivulets, and uninterrupted by any of the rough, broken rugged deformities which now present themselves on every side. Its surface was smooth, or gently undulating, and delightfully varied. Its soil enriched by the dew of heaven, and impregnated with the spirit of animal and vegetable life,soon poured forth a luxuriant growth, not of noxious weeds, and thorns and thistles, but of fruit trees, and herbs, all useful for the food of man or animal, fowl or creeping thing. And soon, too, it brought forth from its bosom every varied species of the animal race, from the ponderous mammoth or the mighty elephant, down to the mole; or descending still in the scale of existence, to the smallest creeping thing that specks the surface of the rock, or mantles the standing pool with varied life.

Its climate, free, alike from the noxious vapors and melting heats of the torrid zone, and the chilling blasts of the polar regions, was delightfully varied by the moderate changes of heat and cold which only tended to crown the varied year with the greater variety of productions. Streams of life, and odors of healthful sweets came floating on every breeze. Thus earth, so lately a vast scene of emptiness and desolation, burst from its solitude arrayed in its robes of splendor; and where silence had reigned through the vast expanse, innumerable sounds now reverberated on the air; and melting strains of music re-echoing in the distant groves, stole upon the ears of admiring angels, and proclaimed the gladsome news of a new world of animated life and joy.

Thus all was prepared and finished, and creation complete. All save the great masterpiece, the head and governor, who was destined to rule or preside over this new kingdom. This personage, designed as the noblest of all the works of Deity, was formed of earth by the immediate hand of God; being fashioned in the express likeness and image of the Father and the Son, while the breath of the Almighty breathed into his nostrils, quickened him with life and animation. Thus formed of noble principles, and bearing in his Godlike features the emblems of authority and dominion, he was placed on the throne of power, in the midst of the paradise of God, and to him was committed power, and glory, and dominion, and the kingdom, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven. From the bosom of this noble being, or rather from his side ema-

nated woman. She being composed or fashioned from his bone and from his flesh, and undergoing another process of refinement in her formation, she became more exquisitely fine, beautiful and delightsome; combining in her person and features the noble and majestic expression of manhood, with the soft and gentle, the modest and retiring graces of angelic sweetness and purity, as if destined to grace the dignity of manhood—to heighten the charms of domestic life—to delight the heart of her lord, and to share with him the enjoyments of life, as well as to nourish and sustain the embryo and rear the tender offspring of her species, and thus fill the earth with myriads of happy and intelligent beings. O reader! contemplate with me the beauty, the glory, the excellence, the perfection of the works of creation as they rolled from the hand of Omnipotent Power and Wisdom, and were pronounced good—very good, by Him whose hand had formed them, and whose eye surveyed them at a single glance. Tell me, O man! which of all these works was formed for decay? and which in themselves possessed the seeds of mortality, the principles of dissolution and destruction? Tell me, was there any curse, or poison, or death inherent in or appertaining to any department of existing matter? Tell me, were any of these works so calculated in their physical construction as to be incapable of eternal duration? Was there any death, or sorrow, pain or sickness, sighing, groaning, tears or weeping? Was there anything to hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain? The answer to all these questions is plain, positive and definite, if the sacred writings may be relied on as decisive evidence. We are informed in scripture that sin entered into the world, and DEATH by sin. That by one man came death, and that the devil had the power of death. We are also informed that the ground was cursed for man's sake, and its productions materially changed. In short, the great head and ruler, with his fair consort were subjected to many curses and troubles while in life, and with them all the productions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, together with the earth itself, were subjected to the dominion of the curse. Thus creation felt the blow to its utmost verge, and has groaned in pain for deliverance until now. From all these declarations of holy writ, and from many other proofs which might easily be adduced, we feel ourselves safe in saying that SIN is the sole cause of decay, or death. If there had been no sin, there would have been no death, no dissolution, no disorganization, no decay, no sorrow and groaning, tears or weeping; neither would there have been any pain, but creation would have continued in the same state to an endless duration. *P. P. Pratt.*

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It is the part of justice not to injure mankind, of modesty not to offend them.

A true friend loves himself no more than he does his friend.

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## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

### ELIAS, ELIJAH AND MESSIAH.

THERE is a difference between the spirit and office of Elias and Elijah. It is the spirit of Elias I wish first to speak of; and in order to come at the subject I will bring some of the testimony from the Scripture and give my own.

In the first place, suffice it to say, I went into the woods to inquire of the Lord, by prayer, His will concerning me, and I saw an angel, and he laid his hands upon my head, and ordained me to be a Priest after the order of Aaron, and to hold the keys of this Priesthood, which office was to preach repentance and baptism for the remission of sins, and also to baptize. But I was informed that this office did not extend to the laying on of hands for the giving of the Holy Ghost;

that that office was a greater work, and was to be given afterward; but that my ordination was a preparatory work, or a going before, which was the spirit of Elias; for the spirit of Elias was a going before, to prepare the way for the greater, which was the case with John the Baptist. He came bawling through the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make His paths straight." And they were informed, if they could receive it, it was the spirit of Elias; and John was very particular to tell the people "he was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light." He told the people that his mission was to preach repentance and baptize with water; but it was He that should come after him that should baptize with fire and the Holy Ghost. If he had been an impostor, he might have gone to work beyond his bounds, and undertook to have performed ordinances which did not belong to that office and calling; under the spirit of Elias.

The spirit of Elias is to prepare the way for a greater revelation of God, which is the Priesthood of Elias, or the Priesthood that Aaron was ordained unto. And when God sends a man into the world to prepare for a greater work, holding the keys of the power of Elias, it was called the doctrine of Elias, even from the early ages of the world. John's mission was limited to preaching and baptizing; but what he did was legal; and when Jesus Christ came to any of John's disciples, He baptized them with fire and the Holy Ghost.

We find the Apostles endowed with greater power than John: their office was more under the spirit and power of Elijah than Elias. In the case of Philip when he went down to Samaria, when he was under the spirit of Elias, he baptized both men and women. When Peter and John heard of it, they went down and laid hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost. This shows the distinction between the two powers.

When Paul came to certain disciples, he asked if they had received the Holy Ghost? They said, No. Who baptized you, then? We were baptized unto John's baptism. No, you were not baptized unto John's baptism, or you would have been baptized by John. And so Paul went and baptized them, for he knew what the true doctrine was, and he knew that John had not baptized them. And these principles are strange to me, that men who have read the scriptures of the New Testament are so far from it.

What I want to impress upon your minds is the difference of power in the different parts of the Priesthood, so that when any man comes among you, saying, "I have the spirit of Elias," you can know whether he be true or false; for any man that comes, having the spirit and power of Elias, he will not transcend his bounds. John did not transcend his bounds, but faithfully performed that part belonging to his office; and every portion of the great building should be prepared right and assigned to its proper place; and it is necessary to know who holds the keys of power, and who does not, or we may be likely to be deceived.

That person who holds the keys of Elias hath a preparatory work. But if I spend much more time in conversing about the spirit of Elias, I shall not have time to do justice to the spirit and power of Elijah. This is the Elias spoken of in the last days, and here is the rock upon which many split, thinking the time was past in the days of John and Christ, and no more to be. But the spirit of Elias was revealed to me, and I know it is true; therefore I speak with boldness, for I know verily my doctrine is true.

Now for Elijah. The spirit, power and calling of Elijah is that ye have power to hold the keys of the revelations, ordinances, oracles, powers and endowments of the fulness of the Melchisedec Priesthood and of the kingdom of God on the earth; and to receive, obtain and perform all the ordinances belonging to the kingdom of God, even unto the turning of the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and the hearts of the children unto the fathers, even those who are in heaven. Malachi says, "I will send Elijah before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come, and he shall turn the hearts

of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Now, what I am after is the knowledge of God, and I take my own course to obtain it. What are we to understand by this in the last days? In the days of Noah, God destroyed the world by a flood, and He has promised to destroy it by fire in the last days: but before it took place, Elijah should first come and turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, etc. Now comes the point. What is this office and work of Elijah? It is one of the greatest and most important subjects that God has revealed. He should send Elijah to seal the children to the fathers, and the fathers to the children. Now was this merely confined to the living; to settle difficulties with families on earth? By no means. It was a far greater work. Elijah, what would you do if you were here? Would you confine your work to the living alone? No; I would refer you to the Scriptures, where the subject is manifest: that is, without us they could not be made perfect, nor we without them; the fathers without the children, nor the children without the fathers.

I wish you to understand this subject, for it is important; and if you will receive it, this is the spirit of Elijah, that we redeem our dead, and connect ourselves with our fathers which are in heaven, and seal up our dead to come forth in the first resurrection; and here we want the power of Elijah *to seal those who dwell on earth to those who dwell in heaven.* This is the power of Elijah and the keys of the kingdom of Jehovah. Let us suppose a case. Suppose the great God who dwells in heaven should reveal Himself to Father Cutler here, by the opening of the heavens, and tell him, "I offer up a decree that whatsoever you seal on earth with your decree, I will seal it in heaven;" you have power then: can it be taken off? No. Then what you seal on earth, by the keys of Elijah, is sealed in heaven; and this is the power of Elijah, and this is the difference between the spirit and power of Elias and Elijah; for while the spirit of Elias is a forerunner, the power of Elijah is sufficient to make our calling and election sure; and the same doctrine, where we are exhorted to go on to perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, but of laying on of hands, resurrection of the dead, etc. We cannot be perfect without the fathers. We must have revelations from them, and we can see that the doctrine of REVELATION as far tronscends the doctrine of NO REVELATION as knowledge is above ignorance; for one truth revealed from heaven is worth all the sectarian notions in existence.

This spirit of Elijah was manifest in the days of the Apostles, in delivering certain ones to the buffetings of Satan, that they might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. They were sealed by the spirit of Elijah unto the damnation of hell until the day of the Lord, or revelation of Jesus Christ. Here is the doctrine of election that the world has quarrelled so much about; but they do not know anything about it. The doctrine that the Presbyterians and Methodists have quarrelled so much about—once in grace always in grace, or falling away from grace, I will say a word about. They are both wrong. Truth takes a road between them both; for while the Presbyterian says, "Once in grace you cannot fall," the Methodist says, "You can have grace to-day, fall from it to-morrow, next day have grace again, and so follow on changing continually." But the doctrine of the Scriptures and the spirit of Elijah would show them both false, and take a road between them both; for according to the Scriptures, if men have received the good word of God, and tasted of the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, it is impossible to renew them again, seeing they have crucified the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame; so there is a possibility of falling away; you could not be renewed again, and the power of Elijah cannot seal against this sin, for this is a reserve made in the seals and power of the Priesthood.

I will make every doctrine plain that I present, and it shall stand upon a firm

basis, and I am at the defiance of the world, for I will take shelter under the broad cover of the wings of the work in which I am engaged. It matters not to me if all hell boils over; I regard it only as I would the crackling of the thorns under a pot. A murderer, for instance, one that sheds innocent blood, cannot have forgiveness. David sought repentance at the hand of God carefully, with tears, for the murder of Uriah; but he could only get it through hell: he got a promise that his soul should not be left in hell. Although David was a king, he never did obtain the spirit and power of Elijah and the fulness of the Priesthood; and the Priesthood that he received, and the throne and kingdom of David is to be taken from him and given to another by the name of David in the last days, raised up out of his lineage.

Peter referred to the same subject on the day of Pentecost, but the multitude did not get the endowment that Peter had; but several days after, the people asked "What shall we do?" Peter says, "I would ye had done it ignorantly," speaking of crucifying the Lord, etc. He did not say to them, "Repent, and be baptized for the remission of your sins," but he said, "Repent, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Acts iii, 19. This is the case with murderers. They could not be baptized for the remission of sins, for they had shed innocent blood.

Again: The doctrine or sealing power of Elijah is as follows:—If you have power to seal on earth and in heaven, then we should be crafty. The first thing you do, go and seal on earth your sons and daughters unto yourself, and yourself unto your fathers in eternal glory; and go a-head, and not go back, but use a little craftiness, and seal all you can; and when you get to heaven, tell your Father that what you seal on earth should be sealed in heaven, according to His promise. I will walk through the gate of heaven and claim what I seal, and those that follow me and my counsel. The Lord once told me that what I asked for I should have. I have been afraid to ask God to kill my enemies, lest some of them should, peradventure, repent. I asked a short time since for the Lord to deliver me out of the hands of the Governor of Missouri; and if it needs must be to accomplish it, to take him away; and the next news that came pouring down from there was, that *Governor Reynolds had shot himself.* And I would now say, "Beware, O earth, how you fight against the Saints of God and shed innocent blood; for, in the days of Elijah, his enemies came upon him, and fire was called down from heaven and destroyed them."

The spirit of Elias is first, Elijah second, and Messiah last. Elias is a forerunner to prepare the way, and the spirit and power of Elijah is to come after, holding the keys of power, building the Temple to the capstone, placing the seals of the Melchisedec Priesthood upon the house of Israel, and making all things ready; then Messiah comes to His Temple, which is last of all. Messiah is above the spirit and power of Elijah, for He made the world, and was that spiritual rock unto Moses in the wilderness. Elijah was to come and prepare the way and build up the kingdom before the coming of the great day of the Lord, although the spirit of Elias might begin it.

I have asked of the Lord concerning His coming; and while asking the Lord, He gave me a sign and said, "In the days of Noah I set a bow in the heavens as a sign and token that in any year that the bow should be seen the Lord would not come; but there should be seed time and harvest during that year: but whenever you see the bow withdrawn, it shall be a token that there shall be famine, pestilence and great distress among the nations, and that the coming of the Messiah is not far distant." But I will take the responsibility upon myself to prophesy in the name of the Lord, that Christ will not come this year, as Father Miller has prophesied, for we have seen the bow; and I also prophesy, in the name of the Lord, that Christ WILL NOT COME IN FORTY YEARS; and if God ever

spoke by my mouth, He will not come in that length of time. Brethren, when you go home, write this down, that it may be remembered.

Jesus Christ never did reveal to any man the precise time that He would come. Go and read the Scriptures, and you cannot find anything that specifies the exact hour He would come; and all that say so are false teachers. There are some important things concerning the office of the Messiah in the organization of the world, which I will speak of hereafter. May God Almighty bless you and pour out His Spirit upon you, is the prayer of your unworthy servant. Amen.

Philosophy is content with few judges.

## "1847."

A SHORT distance below the mouth of Emigration Canyon is a slight elevation of the table land, generally designated, in the early days of Salt Lake City, as "The Hog Back," which hides the valley from the traveler until the top of it is reached. From this point the Pioneers had their first good view of the object of their tedious journey across the plains—the valley of the Great Salt Lake. It needs no stretch of the imagination to comprehend that a feeling of exhilaration, of joy and thankfulness filled the hearts of these weary pilgrims. President Young, still feeble from the effects of his late illness, was riding under the cover of his wagon. As the teams halted, he came to the front and took a general survey of the country before him. Then uncovering his head, he swung his hat and shouted, "*Hurrah!* HURRAH!" Then turning to Brother Heber C. Kimball, who was near him, he exclaimed, "Brother Heber, THIS IS THE PLACE!" The circumstances emphasized the expression with a world of meaning. President Young followed the wagon tracks of those who had preceded him a day or two before into the valley. He found their camp by some cottonwood trees, on the banks of one branch of City Creek, which then ran straggling in a southwesterly direction from the mouth of the canyon.

Dark spots, indicating forests, were visible in the distant inaccessible mountain tops. The timber, afterwards utilized by the colony, was hidden from sight in the deep canyons which debouch into the valley. Only a few scrub cedars were scattered here and there on some of the foot hills. No cooling forest's shade, no green savannahs relieved the monotony of desolation. There were only a very few cottonwood trees and a clump or two of willows along City Creek. The most prominent vegetation consisted of wild sunflowers, with their large yellow blossoms, and a species of dwarf thistle. These grew thick on the dry table lands, contending with the wild sage for the scanty nourishment afforded by the arid soil. Vegetation was everywhere loaded with hideous crickets, their black and brown bodies forming anything but a pleasant contrast to their surroundings. As these ugly ogling-eyed insects grew and fattened on the juice of the sunflowers and thistles, the plants themselves were in a withered, dying condition. The ground was dry and parched, and the sky cloudless. The air was rarified and almost painfully clear. There was none of the haziness of lower altitudes to modify the sun's rays. There was no cool, refreshing shade; no shelter except tents and wagon covers.

After the arrival of President Young, and towards evening, the Indian chief, Wanship, who with his people occupied a portion of Salt Lake Valley, came into camp; twelve or fifteen braves accompanied him. Probably few or none of them had before seen a white man, except mountaineers, who assimilated to the Indians in many of their habits. These barbarians not only had a human

curiosity to gratify, but they had a right to learn something of their new neighbors. A few ideas were exchanged between the Pioneers and the Indians, and a little bread was distributed to the cricket-eaters of the desert. While matters were thus progressing, one of Wanship's sons went to where he and his companions had left their horses. Suddenly he gave a tremendous yell, which must have had a peculiar significance, for immediately every Indian in the camp sprang to their feet. It appears that Little Chief, brother of Wanship, lived, with his band, at the foot of Utah Lake, and that his sons had come up to visit their uncle and cousins. All had gone to the Pioneer camp together; but while Wanship's boys were engaged in camp, their three cousins mounted two of their horses, two on one and one on the other, and rode off. The yell given by young Wanship, when the theft was discovered, signified to his friends that something was wrong. The band was soon mounted and pell mell in pursuit, the fastest horses leading out at full speed. In about an hour, the most of the band returned with one of the stolen horses. They overtook the two Indians that were on one horse, three or four miles from camp, going south, and killed them. Two or three of the pursuers continued after the other thief several miles, but he escaped. When Wanship's men returned and reported the affair, two young men of the Pioneer camp mounted their horses, followed the trail of the Indians and found the facts to be as stated. These incidents unmistakably indicated to the Pioneers the character of the barbarians who were to be their future neighbors.

The following day, July 25, Elder Lorenzo D. Young went up City Creek, to a little scrubby oak tree, which stood near where the bridge now crosses the creek, at the northeast corner of the Temple Block. As the locality appeared to be more desirable for a camp ground than the one then occupied, he returned to camp, and, by permission, moved his wagons to that spot. President Young soon after came along, and, being also pleased with the place, directed the whole camp to move to it. The season was already far advanced, and those who had brought seeds lost no time in putting them into the ground. When the Pioneers left the Missouri river, they did not expect to raise much of a crop the same season, but planting some seeds they hoped to learn something of the soil and climate of the new location. There was also a possible chance of producing a little seed for the ensuing season, and it would, at least, be some satisfaction to know that food-producing plants would grow at all. While some were engaged in plowing the virgin soil, putting in seeds, and taking their first lessons in the art of irrigation, others explored the country and reported the information obtained. Before laying out a city, a thorough examination of the locality was necessary. The Pioneers had never before seen a country like it, in many of its prominent characteristics. If it contained the elements of future wealth, a different experience was necessary to develop that wealth than they had acquired on the rich bottom lands and undulating prairies of Illinois and Iowa.

On the 25th of July, President B. Young, Apostles Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, and Elder L. D. Young, walked to the top of Ensign Peak, a prominent land mark a little north of Salt Lake City. There they killed a rattlesnake—the first they had seen in the valley. From the top of Ensign Peak they had an excellent view of the country lying west and south. Its appearance and apparent facilities were freely discussed from that standpoint. The party then descended to the camp, where a team was brought into requisition, and, driven by Lorenzo D. Young, they visited various points to obtain a more definite idea of their surroundings. They particularly examined the ground now known as the Temple Block. Walking to what is now the southeast corner of the Block, President Young made a mark on the ground with his cane and emphatically said, "We will make this the initial point for the survey of the

country." Before the survey of the city was commenced, he and those associated with him determined the size of the city plat, of the blocks and of the lots, and the width of its streets; and what it is now in these respects, it was then decided that it should be.

The Pioneers came into the desert to found a state that should be the outgrowth of a religious faith. The ruling idea was manifest in partitioning the soil. Ten acres were first surveyed on which to erect buildings for sacred purposes. The ultimate design was the erection of a grand temple—a suitable place for the performance of the higher rites and ordinances of their religion. Continuing the survey from the Temple Block, the city plat was soon completed. The Saints had located among the wild tribes of the desert, a thousand miles from a civilization which had cast them out, and from the representatives of which they could expect neither sympathy nor assistance. Wisdom dictated that they should assume the best possible position for defence. For this purpose, half a mile southwest of the Temple Block, and included in the city survey, a block of ten acres was selected. This was surrounded by an adobe wall eight feet high and three feet thick, near the surface of the ground, and gradually decreasing in thickness to the top. This outside wall formed one side of the houses which were built inside. The roofs of these cabins were constructed by laying poles on the walls and covering with willows and canes from the low grounds along the river Jordan. The roof was completed with a covering of several inches of dirt. After the arrival of the season's immigration, other forts were constructed in a similar manner, for the general security of the infant colony. *James A. Little.*

## MINERAL SPRINGS.

Along the side of the mountains just north of Salt Lake City, there is a number of mineral springs. The extreme ones are about one mile and a half distant from each other. They all contain a considerable quantity of common salt, together with other substances. Most of them are warm and hot water springs, ranging in temperature from below blood heat to 126° F. All discharge more or less carbonic acid gas, and all except the cold water ones, are characterized with sulphuretted hydrogen, which is constantly being eliminated from them, and diffused throughout the atmosphere to a distance of at least a couple of miles. The region of these springs escapes the notice of hardly any one, as the sulphuretted hydrogen with its strong and characteristic oder of rotten eggs attracts one's attention sufficiently long, at least for him to take cognizance of the fact that such a region does exist. Of all these springs only two are very well known. These are the Hot Spring at the point of the mountain and the Warm Spring whose water is now utilized by Salt Lake City for bathing purposes.

The Hot Spring is a large and beautiful one, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and one or two feet deep. It is charged with considerable free carbonic acid gas, and free sulphuretted hydrogen, which are constantly arising in small bubbles, and occasionally large ones, to the surface of the water, and discharging themselves into the surrounding atmosphere. Ornamented with a slimy mineral matter similar to vegetation, the spring presents an appearance of cold rather than hot water, and a spring favorable to the growth of plants, rather than one wholly incapable of supporting vegetable life. This mineral substance has beautiful colors of green, yellow and dark brown, and is seen here and there projecting from the rocks. It is produced, no doubt, by compounds held in solution, being precipitated through the escape of carbonic acid gas and the decomposition of sulphuretted hydrogen.

This spring is situated at the base of a large mass of impure limestone, from which the water quite rapidly emerges. In coming from the rocks the water has formed a small cavern with two branches running from each other at right-angles. These branches extend into the rocks five or six feet, and come together just before the water, emerging from them, is exposed to an open view. They are lined with deposits of various kinds. Beautiful needle-shaped crystals of native sulphur, carbonate of lime and magnesia and deposits of other mineral matter ornament these small openings and add a grotesqueness and beauty to their appearance.

Although the temperature of this spring is quite high, it is far below that entertained by many persons living even in Salt Lake City. The highest temperature that could be obtained by immersing the thermometer into the spring, on the sixteenth of September of this year, was 126° F. The spring is, therefore, too low in temperature to boil an egg, and at least seemingly contradicts the story that a certain party sometime since had no trouble in cooking eggs in it for lunch; or the present temperature adds one more proof to the fact that hot water springs gradually become cold. Hence, it was probably much hotter twenty or thirty years ago than at the present time. A complete analysis of its water has not yet been made, and consequently its value is unknown.

It is quite commonly told in allusion to the great heat of this spring, that several years ago, in the days of stage coaches, when travel from the north passed more slowly around the mountain point by this spring, that a certain Montana miner, on reaching it exclaimed: "Hello! here's the hot spring where the Mormons wash. I reckon it'll do to take off the first coat of dirt of even a Montanaian." With this he stripped and approaching the spring thrust his hand into the water. Withdrawing it very quickly he remarked that it seemed pretty hot. But he had prepared for a bath, and observing that he guessed he could stand it to wash in anything that a d—n Mormon could, plunged into the middle of the spring. With frantic cries he immediately sprang out of the water, in a par boiled condition, with the reflection that Mormons who could bathe in that water could stand more of h—l than it would take to consume him.

The Warm Spring, whose water is now used by the city for bathing purposes, is the best known and most noted one of all. It has been covered up for eight or ten years and the water conveyed away through conduits to bath houses. Before changed in any way by the city, it was probably twelve or fourteen feet in diameter and from one to two feet deep. The water was seen to come flowing out quite rapidly, from a formation of conglomerate rocks, in a considerable quantity and to run away toward the low marshy land between the spring and Jordan River, depositing in its course that slimy mineral matter which accompanies the greater part of the water of this region. It was then a great place of resort to lovers of bathing and was constantly frequented by them. Persons living four and five miles away would often repair to it for baths and never regret the journey when made even on foot. It produces at first, from the sudden change experienced on plunging into it, an unpleasant sensation which, however, soon passes away and is succeeded by a feeling of comfort far surpassing that excited while bathing in cold water. In summer the temperature of this spring is about 98° while in winter it reaches at least 104°. At the present time, October 5th, its temperature is 102°. An analysis of the water made in 1881 gave the following results:

One thousand (1000) parts of water contained ten and two thousand seven hundred and sixty ten thousandths (10.2760) parts of solid matter, consisting of the substances given below with the proportionate amount of each:

| | |
|---|---|
| Soda, | 4.0935 |
| Potassa, | .2139 |
| Lime, | .7488 |
| Magnesia, | .2295 |
| Silica, | .0213 |
| Peroxide of Iron, | .0007 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Carbonic acid, | .3248 |
| Sulphuric acid, | .8040 |
| Chlorine, | 4.9680 |
| Alumina, | Trace |
| Total, | 11.4045 |
| Less oxygen corresponding to chlorine, | 1.1200 |
| Remainder, | 10.2845 |

Combining acids and bases gives:

| | |
|---|---|
| Chloride of Sodium (common salt), | 7.7248 |
| Chloride of Potassium, | .3388 |
| Chloride of Magnesium, | .1588 |
| Carbonate of Lime, | .3321 |
| Carbonate of Magnesia, | .3412 |
| Sulphate of Lime, | 1.3668 |
| Silica, | .0213 |
| Peroxide of Iron, | .0007 |
| Alumina, | Trace |
| Total, | 10.2845 |

The water was charged with considerable free sulphuretted hydrogen and a little free carbonic acid gas. On being exposed to the atmosphere the former gas is acted upon by oxygen, through which a portion is decomposed and sulphur eliminated and the remainder converted into sulphuric acid. As the pressure upon the water is removed, on emerging from beneath the mountains, the latter gas rises to the surface and escapes, leaving the water incapable of retaining the carbonates of lime and magnesia in solution. The carbonate of iron, in which state the iron exists before the water loses its carbonic acid gas, is decomposed and converted into iron rust through the oxidizing power of the air. Thus, there is a precipitation of all these substances, carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia and peroxide of iron or iron rust.

The water on coming to the surface of the earth is not immediately freed from all of either one of these gases, but it retains a portion of them for a long time, and probably in many instances until the water finds its way to the ocean and is evaporated. However, as the carbonic acid gas diminishes in quantity the solvent power of the water decreases and the carbonates and iron gradually go out of solution. When the whole of the gas escapes the whole of these substances are deposited.

The solubility of water through the agency of carbonic acid gas may be nicely illustrated by the following experiment: Through a glass tube breathe into a vessel of lime water and artificially make carbonate of lime, which will present itself as a white powdered substance. After the carbonate of lime has thus been produced, breathe again into the lime water and the white powdered compound at first formed will, by constantly conveying breath into the water, finally disappear or go into solution. Now boil the solution and drive off the excess of carbonic acid gas and the carbonate of lime will again appear. In breathing, carbonic acid gas is exhaled, which in the first place unites with the lime to form carbonate of lime and afterward saturates the water, making it a solvent for this substance.

The water of the Warm Spring is highly medicinal and has been proved to be a very efficient remedy in several diseases. It may be taken internally in some cases and applied externally for nearly all complaints.

All the other warm and hot water springs in this neighborhood bear a close resemblance to this one, and no doubt vary but slightly from it with respect to the mineral substances held in solution. The region of these springs is at the margin of an immense fault in the crust of the earth and is a place where much information can be obtained by persons interested in geology and chemistry.

*Jos. T. Kingsbury.*

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The progress of knowledge is like that of the sun, so slow that we cannot see it, but sure to change night into day.

The man who goes through life with an uncertain doctrine, not knowing what he believes—what a poor powerless creature he is! He goes around through the world as a man goes down the street with a poor, wounded arm, forever dodging people he meets on the street for fear they may touch him.— *Phillips Brooks.*

# THE SEASONS.

First comes blustering old white-haired Winter, followed by a courtly train. Did we not shout "Winter is King!" when we were children and bounded out of the schoolroom with sparkling eyes and eager hearts to see who could first gain the pond where Jack Frost had spread a glistening sheet of ice? "Winter is King!" we murmur now more softly as we bow our heads submissively beneath his tyranny and smile upon his fair young cavaliers as they go prancing by upon their fleet chargers, the white, graceful snow-flakes. Yes, we admit, Winter is king, and he bears his kingly crown of storm-clouds with a royal dignity; shuts from our gaze the sweet, fair face of heaven; bids us seek our firesides for comfort for he will afford no other; bows the hearts of the widow and orphans in lonely, silent grief; robs the bright, warm earth of her green beauty, and forces us to acknowledge his power by depriving us of those endearing scenes which we so love to behold.

But hark! As you sit in mournful contemplation of the Destroyer and listen to the winds sighing in the chimney-top, clamoring at the window and perchance gently sweeping over your Æolian harp with a weird, touching cadence, cannot you hear the clarion voice of a distressed and restless spirit? Perhaps the winds are trying to be gay like the happy snow-flakes, but through their wild mirth we detect the voice of a spirit and its story is so strange, its laughter so wild and thrilling and its song so fantastic that we are absorbed and can listen to nothing else. "What are the wild winds saying?" Listen well and heed the lesson they speak in low and mysterious tones, for their words have a hidden meaning:

"We have seen many things;" they say, "we have visited secret chambers, veiled from the gaze of the world, where human hearts lie faint and weary of life's dark and heavy burden. We have swept over battlefields and heard the groans of the dying, mingled with the roar of cannon and shouts of victory. Will man never cease to take his brother's life! We have seen the warrior's widow and helpless child, in the bitterness of grief, call down curses upon the heads of those who plunged them into woe and loneliness. We have seen fierce struggles between man and man, between right and wrong, between light and darkness. Thou cans't never know the deep tide of earth's dark miseries, but be assured it is great. True we have seen the everlasting love of God poured out upon all His children; but, O Man! though

> 'Some flowers of Eden ye still inherit
> The trail of the serpent is over them all!'

We have swept over the graves of your departed and have sung a solemn requiem in the branches of cypress and weeping willow which overshadows their last, low homes—We have swept over sick and blighted lives of millions of earth's fair but fallen sons.

"Yes," they whistle, "We see so many woes in many lands 'that we bid you be contented with *your* lot.' Be content, though it be but lowly, and if you sigh, sigh for the many miseries of earth; for the blind, deluded souls who find not God; for the corroding worm—despair—which eats the heart of the young, fresh fruit, for the fair young flower plucked by careless hands then left to fade and die; sigh for the poor, tired hearts which seek for rest and rest can never find; for the many lips that quiver, the eyes that ever flow and the hearts that are sore and bruised. *We* see it! We know it!—Be thou content! *Thy* lot is blest and God will give thee strength. 'Doth not He who made thee know the limits of thy strength?' Be content; or, if thy soul be restless, rest not before thou hast alleviated, in some measure, the sufferings of mankind."

This is what the winds say, but we turn from them wearily to the pleasures of our cheerful firesides, and, obeying the wind's low moan, we are "content."

But Winter dies and in his footsteps follows a bright, fair form wearing the smooth, unwrinkled brow, the light, hopeful heart, the noble, unsullied soul of youth. He strews the earth with flowers and foliage and decks the world with beauty. He dimples the faces of little children with happy smiles and causes the old to feel again the cheerful ardor of youth; and as he passes, Nature awakes, smiles and lifts up her head and the little birds warble forth their praise and thanksgiving to their Maker. Even old huts feel the enlivening influence of his sunny warmth and, bathed in sunlight, laugh out to every passer-by. Insects awake and fill the air with busy noises, brooks gurgle and laugh and dance; men go forth to till the ground, and everywhere we see the awakening, busy joyousness and loveliness of life.

But Spring, too, must die, and in his stead comes the fiery, angry yet beautiful King of Summer riding in a chariot of fire, but, unlike Endymion, he grasps *firmly* the reins of his horses which look like burnished gold as he passes. His reign is short and sharp and, as he leaves us, he laughs at us mockingly for complaining of his warmth and says if our hearts were but as warm in charity, it would be well with us. But we turn aside: it is pleasanter to be complaining than complained of.

And now, in the distant horizon, drawn in a glorious chariot of burning clouds, we see coming towards us the most beautiful form of all, and we welcome him with a loud cheer and embrace him with hearts filled with fervent love. It is the dear ideal of our dreams—how we have prayed and longed for his coming! It is glorious, inspiring, melancholy Autumn! And he has brought with him his fair brothers—the incomparable golden clouds and sunsets. Lovely! We can but gaze and wonder and worship. Our hearts are full but we cannot reveal what is hidden within them; we only know it is a depth, a beauty, a glory indescribable, touching the very fount of feeling—such a feeling as when we seek our Father in subdued, reverent worship and ask Him in all fervent sincerity;

"What in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support."

In fact, we cannot look upon the cloudy pictures of the sky without a thought of Elysium, and an emotion of deepest reverence and love for the great Controller of the Seasons. *Ruby Lamont.*

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Gaming is a kind of tacit confession that the company engaged therein do, in general, exceed the bounds of their respective fortunes, and therefore they cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer.—*Blackstone.*

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## INCONSISTENCIES OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

II.

HAVING treated upon those inconsistencies of modern Christianity which are first thrust upon the attention of a Mormon Elder in his contact with the world, and which are perhaps more extensively believed in by the generality of Christians than many others to which I shall hereafter refer, I now desire to direct attention specially to the history, organization, faith and practices of some of the leading Christian churches, all of which have taken their rise since the days of the Savior, and are classed with that great modern heirarchy known as Catholic Christianity. I am proud to say that the Latter-day Saints form no part of this great religious order, having been long since considered beyond the legitimate boundaries of either Christian love or Christian fellowship. We indeed have become the very stone that all unite in rejecting, and against whom all combine to overthrow and destroy. Therefore, in speaking of Christianity, I mean those systems of religion falsely termed Christian in the world, and which, as I shall hereafter

show, exist among mankind as the invention of man in opposition and contradistinction to the Church of Christ established by God. The most prominent among all this class is that system of religion known as Catholicism. To correctly understand the true character of this great monstrosity, and the place and destiny that it has occupied in the history of the world, it will be necessary to refer to the revelations of God, which, many centuries ago, prefigured the future events of mankind down to the latest period of time. In the second chapter of Daniel, beginning with the thirty-first verse, we have an account of the celebrated dream of Nebuchadnezzar; and in the seventh chapter of Daniel, beginning with the first verse, is another prefiguration of the same events.

The reader will observe that the four great kingdoms represented by the different metals of the great image which Nebuchadnezzar saw, are here represented by the four great beasts, and that the ten kingdoms which were to arise out of and be in one sense an extension of the fourth, as represented by the image, "part of iron and part of clay," are here represented by the ten horns of the fourth great beast that should be terrible and strong above all the rest.

John, while upon the Isle of Patmos, nearly seven hundred years after Daniel's time, saw this fourth great beast with its ten horns as we find recorded in the seventeenth chapter of Revelations.

In these sacred prophecies are contained a true prefiguration of the leading kingdoms of the earth from that of Babylon, the first established among man, down to the period of time when God should set up a kingdom never more to be thrown down or given to another people, and which should break in pieces all other kingdoms and fill the whole earth. Let us now examine history and see if these prophecies are true.

"Thou, Oh king, art this head of gold," says Daniel, "and after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee, and another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth, and the fourth kingdom shall be as strong as iron," etc.

The Babylonian, afterwards called the Assyrian Empire, was founded by Nimrod about the year 2218 B. C., and existed under different forms and possessed greater or less dominion for sixteen hundred and eighty years. In the year 538 B. C., Cyrus, son of Cambyses, king or Persia, and grandson of Astyages, king of Media, having united these kingdoms under him, overthrew Babylon and established upon its ruins the empire of the Medes and Persians. How beautifully correct is the prefiguration! Cyrus having united Media with Persia as represented by the arms joined by the body of the image, subdued the great head of gold, the Babylonian empire, and became himself the next great succeeding king of all the earth. Yet his dominion was not so great, neither was his empire so enduring as its predecessor, for it only lasted about two hundred years, whereas Babylon is said to have existed for over sixteen hundred years. Hence, the prediction that it should be less than the former was most literally fulfilled.

The third kingdom, however, represented by the third beast and the body and thighs of brass, was to "bear rule over all the earth." Alexander, son of Philip, king of Macedon, united all Greece with his dominion, and at the age of twenty-two years, started upon his celebrated conquest of the world, which he accomplished in the short space of eleven years. His kingdom indeed became a universal kingdom, and the brass of the image by which it was symbolized, was most strikingly represented in the brazen armor and shields of the Greeks, whose mighty hosts when advancing to battle with shields aloft to protect them from the flying darts of the enemy, are said to have had the appearance of a solid moving phalanx of glittering burnished brass.

The fourth great kingdom that took its rise was that of the Romans. The Macedonian empire was overthrown in the year 150 B. C., after a brief existance of one hundred and eighty years, and soon after, the victorious armies of

Rome made her in turn the mistress of the world. It was during the existence of this great empire, represented by the fourth great beast and the legs of iron, and when it was at the zenith of its power, that Jesus of Nazareth came, in the meridian of time, and was crucified for the sins of the world. "As iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things, so shall it break in pieces and bruise," was forcibly and literally exemplified in all the history and dealings of this great power, with all the nations of the earth with which it came in contact, and as iron is the strongest of the metals represented in the image, so did it become the strongest of all the kingdoms of the earth that either preceded it or have since followed it down to the present period of time.

Thus have we briefly traced the fulfilment of the revelations of Daniel down to the establishment of the Roman empire, and now we will consider the prophetic vision of St. John. The first three kingdoms having passed away before the days of St. John, these were not shown to him by the angel, for it was the future and not the past events of the world's history which he was called up into the mountain to behold. The fourth great kingdom, however, was then in existence, and see what a striking resemblance its symbolization in the great beast with seven heads and ten horns, seen by John, bears to the great strong ten horned beast seen by Daniel many centuries before. Each represented a great kingdom that should subsequently be divided into ten minor kingdoms. Among the ten kingdoms of which Daniel prophesied, one was to rise up and "subdue" three kings, and it was to "wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws: and they shall be given into his hands until a time, times and a dividing of time." The beast which John saw with its ten horns representing these same ten kingdoms shown to Daniel, was carrying a woman upon its back, who was arrayed in costly apparel, etc. Of her he says: "And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." Therefore, while the great beast in both cases represented the Roman power, the little horn and the woman must represent an identical power that should arise out of and be in some sense a perpetuation of it.

History informs us that upon the death of Theodosius the Great in 495 A. D., Rome was partitioned to his two sons and became two empires, the Eastern and Western, as typified by the two iron legs of the great image. That about 570 A. D. these became divided into just ten minor kingdoms, and that just ten separate powers have continued to occupy the former limits of the old Roman empire, though in different forms from that day down to a recent period of time. That religious contests arising between some of these in the sixth century, three of them fell and became subject to the Pope of Rome, namely: The State of Rome, the Exarchi of Ravenna and the kingdom of the Lombards, and that in commemoration of these events, the Pope of Rome then received and has since worn a triple crown. Boniface III was the first to wear this crown in the year 606 A.D., and in consequence, he has been considered by historians the first great regal pontiff from whom the date of Roman supremacy as a religio-political power begins. Supposing this date to be correctly determined, see how it can be made to offer an explanation of the "time, times and the dividing of time" spoken of by Daniel as the period that this great power, prefigured by the little horn, should continue. In Revelation xii. 6—14, John gives the definition of this period of "times," etc., as twelve hundred and sixty days. Daniel's prophecy of the seventy weeks that should intervene between the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem and the coming of Jesus is universally interpreted to mean four hundred and ninety years, each year for a day. Furthermore, it has been conclusively proven from history that this was the exact period that intervened between these two important events.

In the fourteenth chapter of Numbers,

thirty-fourth verse, it reads as follows: "After the number of days in which ye searched the land, even forty days, each day for a year, shall ye bear your iniquities, even forty years, and ye shall know my breach of promise."

In the fourth chapter of Ezekiel, beginning with the fourth verse, the Lord says: "Lie thou also upon thy left side, and lay the iniquity of the house of Israel upon it: according to the number of the days that thou shalt lie upon it thou shalt bear their iniquity. For I have laid upon thee the years of their iniquity, according to the number of the days, three hundred and ninety days: so shalt thou bear the iniquity of the house of Israel. And when thou hast accomplished them, lie again on thy right side, and thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days: I have appointed thee each day for a year."

From these passages we may be justified in assuming that the "time, times and the dividing of time," or twelve hundred and sixty days spoken of as the duration of the great power represented by the little horn, meant twelve hundred and sixty years, and if we add this to six hundred and six, the date of the temporal supremacy of the See of Rome, it will give us 1866, the exact period when Victor Emanuel entered Rome and deprived the Pope of the last of his territorial dominions.

How exactly do all these conditions point to the Roman Catholic power as that great and abominable church. The angel also says: "The seven heads are seven mountains on which the woman sitteth," exactly corresponding to the famous seven hills upon which the city of Rome was founded. "The waters * * where the whore sitteth are peoples and multitudes and nations and tongues," representing the vast multitude of nations over whom her ecclesiastical power was extended, and lest these two explanations should not be sufficient to locate and define the power represented by this woman, the angel gives an unmistakable and unequivocal definition of her in the last verse in which he says, "The woman which thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth." Rome did indeed reign over the kings of the earth with an iron hand. First, as a great political power and subsequently as a great religious despotism. Under the former, for four centuries, she filled the known world with the terror of her arms and the rigors of her tyranny, but under the latter, for more than thrice that period of time, she has exercised over the bodies and minds of mankind an infinitely more terrible despotism and enforced her edicts with the most barbarous cruelty that have ever disgraced the annals of ancient or modern times.

In describing her power the angel further says: "These (referring to the ten kingdoms) shall have one mind and shall give their power and strength to the beast," and in describing a future period, he adds: "These (the ten kingdoms) shall hate the whore and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh and shall burn her with fire." The former prediction was most literally fulfilled in the slavish obedience which these nations rendered to Rome for many centuries, and the latter was at least partially accomplished in the Reformation and the subsequent Christianizing influence that it exercised over the nations and kingdoms by whom that great power was warred against, hated, despised and even made naked by being stripped of the last vestige of her territorial dominion by Victor Emanuel, in the year 1866.

Verily all the conditions to which I have made special reference, and many more set forth in the revelations, have been literally fulfilled, and the great Roman Catholic church, by its very place in history, its position among nations, and its abominable wickedness of which all history teems, has justly earned for itself the great appellation of "Mystery, Babylon the Great. The Mother of Harlots and abominations of the Earth."

To conclusively prove its wickedness I need but cite the reader to one of its many diabolical practices. In 1517 Pope Leo sent Tazwel as Legate over Ger-

many to procure sale for the Pope's notorious indulgencies, through which all manner of sins were to be remitted by the payment of money to the Pope, who claimed authority to grant full absolution for all transgressions. The following is a list of the crimes which he offered to remit on the payment of the sums affixed: For procuring abortion, 7s. 6d.; for sacrilege, 10s. 6d.; for robbing, 12s; for defiling a virgin, 9s.; for keeping a concubine, 10s. 6d.; for simony, 10s. 6d.; for perjury, 9s.; for burning a neighbor's house, 10s.; for murdering a layman, 7s. 6d.; for laying violence on a clergyman, 10s. 6d. For tenpence you could redeem parents and kindred from purgatory.

Truly there can be no greater inconsistency among all the inconsistencies of the wide world, than the presumption by which the Roman Catholic church claims, upon the authority of Holy Writ, to be the true apostolic church of Jesus Christ. *Jos. A. West.*

RESPECT FOR WOMEN.—There is nothing in which some young men are so thoroughly mistaken as in the low estimation they form of the integrity of women. Not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others, who, they forget, are somebody's else mothers and sisters. As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be entrusted with an enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on the subject, for the evil is a general one. If young men are sometimes thrown into the company of thoughtless and depraved women, they have no more right to measure all women by what they see of these, than they have to estimate the character of honest, respectable people by the development of crime in the police courts. Let our young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends on their utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can weaken this truth; it stands like the record of itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak lightly of women.

## SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

THE career of this eminent soldier is an illustration of industry and rapid promotion in the affairs of war. Garnet Joseph Wolseley is the son of a soldier, a major in the Twenty-fifth Regiment of foot, and, peculiarly, like Britain's most distinguished commanders in time past, is Irish by birth, having first seen the light at Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, June 4, 1833. He is, therefore, but forty-nine years of age, and one of the youngest general officers in the army of Great Britain.

He was for a time a clerk in a surveyor's office in Dublin, and waited, it is said, almost hopelessly for the commission which gave him the ensignship; but what he learned while in that office served him well later, by securing a good position as an assistant engineer.

In 1852 he was appointed ensign in the 80th Regiment, which was then operating in Burmah. His regiment formed a part of Sir John Cheape's expedition, and the story of the enterprise is that of a disastrous march through a country reeking with malaria, from which the troops died like sheep; of an unsuccessful attack on a native fort; of a second and third attempt, in the last of which the young ensign twice led the forlorn hope, and came out of the affair with a wound which it was expected would end all his hope of continuing in the service. He recovered, however, in time to take part in the second campaign, and receive promotion to a lieutenancy in the 90th Regiment of foot.

On the opening of the war with Russia in 1854, his regiment was dispatched to the Crimea. For gallantry, Wolseley was, in 1855, promoted to the rank of captain, but the promotion was subsequently annulled on the ground of his

youth, he being only twenty-one years and six months old. Wolseley was promoted on the ground that "he had risen from the ranks"—a mistake, the correction of which led to the annulling of the promotion. He was, however, soon afterwards reinstated and acted with the Engineers, his service as military draughtsman being held important. In the attack on the Quarries his party showed the way to the stormers, and his conduct was mentioned in the dispatches. He also took part in the attack on the Redan, and was so severely wounded as to be left for dead in the trenches. In 1857 the regiment started for India, to take part in the suppression of the famous mutiny, and the first brush with the mutineers occurred near Cawnpore. The Ninetieth was placed under command of Sir Henry Havelock, and formed part of the expedition which relieved Lucknow, and was afterwards besieged in turn, and held out till Lord Clyde finally captured the city. In this latter attack Wolseley was very conspicuous, the commander specially commending him for the Victoria cross. He was afterward attached to the staff of Sir Hope Grant, and participated in the campaign under that officer, receiving the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel on his twenty-sixth birthday.

In 1860 he served under the same commander throughout the Chinese campaign, being present at the assualt on the Taku forts, and at the capture of Pekin.

On the occasion of the Trent affair, early in our civil war, he was sent to Canada, the steamer carrying him to Boston on his way to his post. He was appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada in the fall of 1867, during the Fenian scare, and commanded an expedition in 1870 to the Red River of the North.

When the British Government in 1873 determined to send a force to Ashantee, Sir Garnet Wolseley was selected, and the promptness and vigor with which the expedition was managed, spoke well for his capacity as a General. Everything had to be hurried, for sickness threatened to destroy the force, and delay was fatal. In this expedition Sir Garnet's subordinate officers were Sir A. Alison and Colonel (now General) Wood, who are with him in Egypt.

On this occasion he was appointed to the local rank of Major-General. Landing in Africa in October, in advance of the troops, with his staff, he commenced his march inland. Captain Glover in the east and other officers in the west were commissioned to raise native levies with which they were to effect a diversion, as all the separate forces converged in the Ashantee capital. The Fantees, with few exceptions, proved utterly worthless as auxiliaries, and there was great difficulty in retaining the bearers and camp-followers, whose services were indispensable to the army. The resistance of the savage enemy, although resolute, was overcome without any serious delay, and after a battle in the neighborhood of Coomassee on February 5, 1874, Sir Garnet received the submission of the king, who agreed to appoint commissioners for the conclusion of a treaty. After a stay of three or four days only, Sir Garnet began his return march, halting at Adamsi to await the Ashantee agents. The king was faithful to his promise, sending the commissioners, who agreed upon an arrangement of the matters in dispute with the English officers.

On the return of Sir Garnet to England he received the thanks of Parliament and a grant of £25,000 "for his courage, energy, and perseverance" in the conduct of the Ashantee campaign. He received also the order K. C. B., and was presented with the freedom of the city of London and a sword.

Early in 1875 he was sent to Natal, in South Africa, to administer the government of that colony, and to advise on several important points connected with the management of native affairs, and on the best form of defensive organization. In the Zulu campaign, which formed the leading subject for his consideration, he took no active military part, although promoted to Lieutenant-General and given rank above Lord

Chelmsford, for that purpose. It it quite to his credit that he gave that officer the opportunity to retrieve his position after the disastrous affair at Isandula.

In the critical period of 1878–9, when war with Russia seemed imminent, Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent to Cyprus, it was believed, to be in readiness for service, although nominally appointed administrator of Cyprus under the style of Her Majesty's High Commissioner, and Commander-in-chief in that island.

It was quite to be expected that in the complicated relations of England with Egypt and Turkey and the military operations so suddenly precipitated in the land of the Nile, that Sir Garnet's services would be deemed necessary there, and he has performed a part altogether in keeping with his reputation, and we trust his energy and discretion in overcoming Arabi Bey will lead to a speedy settlement of the difficulties between Egypt and the Western powers, which will prove a genuine benefit to that much oppressed country.

Sir Garnet adds to his laurels of the soldier some reputation as an author, having published in 1862 a narrative of a short residence with the Tri-Ping rebels at Nanki; "The Soldier's Pocket-book for Field Service in 1869;" "The System of Field Manœuvres, best adapted for enabling our troops to meet a continental army;" a series of essays written for the Wellington Prize, in 1872; "Marley Castle," a novel, 1877; "France as a Military Power in 1870 and 1878," an essay published in 1878. *Selected.*

WHO WON.—Our readers may find amusement in solving the following puzzle: A crocodile stole a baby, "in the days when animals could talk," and was about to make a dinner of it. The poor mother begged piteously for her child.

"Tell me one truth," said the crocodile, and you shall have your baby again."

The mother thought it over, and at last said, "You will not give him back." "Is that the truth you mean to tell?" asked the crocodile. "Yes," replied the mother.

"Then by our agreement I keep him," added the crocodile; "for if you told the truth, I am not going to give him back, and if it is a falsehood, then I have also won."

Said she: "No, you are wrong. If I told the truth, you are bound by your promise; and if a falsehood, it is not a falsehood until after you have given me my child."

Now the question is, who won?

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
—*Longfellow.*

## THE FIRST PREDICTED ECLIPSE.

RAPIDLY have we traced the career of discovery. The toil and watching of centuries have been condensed into a few moments of time, and questions requiring ages for their solution have been asked, only to be answered. In connection with the investigations just developed, and as a consequence of their successful prosecution, the query arose whether, in case science had reached to a true exposition of the causes producing the eclipse of the sun, was it not possible to stretch forward in time, and anticipate and predict the coming of these dread phenomena? To those who have given but little attention to the subject, even in our own day, with all the aids of modern science, the prediction of an eclipse, seems sufficiently mysterious and unintelligible. How then it was possible, thousands of years ago, to accomplish the same great object, without any just views of the structure of the system, seems utterly incredible. Follow me, then, while I attempt to reveal the train of reasoning which led to the prediction of the first eclipse of the sun, the most daring pro-

phecy ever made by human genius. Follow in imagination, this bold interrogator of the skies to his solitary mountain summit—withdrawn from the world—surrounded by his mysterious circles, there to watch and ponder through the long nights of many, many years. But hope cheers him on, and smooths his rugged pathway. Dark and deep as is the problem, he sternly grapples with it, and resolves never to give over till victory crowns his efforts.

He has already remarked, that the moon's track in the heavens crossed the sun's, and that this point of crossing was in some way intimately connected with the coming of the dread eclipse. He determines to watch and learn whether the point of crossing was fixed, or whether the moon in each successive revolution, crossed the sun's path at a different point. If the sun in its annual revolution could leave behind him a track of fire, marking his journey among the stars, it is found that this same track was followed from year to year, and from century to century with undeviating precision. But it was soon discovered, that it was far different with the moon. In case she too could leave behind her a silver thread of light sweeping round the heavens, in completing one revolution, this thread would not join, but would wind around among the stars in each revolution, crossing the sun's fiery track at a point west of the previous crossing. These points of crossing were called the *moon's nodes*. At each revolution the node occurred further west, until after a cycle of about nineteen years, it had circulated in the same direction entirely round the ecliptic. Long and patiently did the astronomer watch and wait: each eclipse is duly observed, and its attendant circumstances are recorded, when, at last, the darkness begins to give way and a ray of light breaks in upon his mind. He finds that no eclipse of the sun ever occurs unless the *new moon is in the act of crossing the sun's track.* Here was a grand discovery. He holds the key which he believes will unlock the dread mystery, and now, with redoubled energy, he resolves to thrust it into the wards and drive back the bolts. To predict an eclipse of the sun, he must sweep forward, from new moon to new moon, until he finds some *new moon* which should occur, while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track. This certainly was possible. He knew the exact period from new moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. With eager eye he seizes the moon's place in the heavens, and her age, and rapidly computes where she will be at her next change. He finds the new moon occurring far from the sun's track; he runs round another revolution; the place of the new moon falls closer to the sun's path, and the next yet closer, until reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and on the day of the occurrence of that new moon, he announces to the startled inhabitants of the world, that the sun shall expire in dark eclipse. Bold prediction! Mysterious prophet! with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration. How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace. Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and at last hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone—the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air and reaches the watching place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, buoyant

with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement. The sun slowly climbs the heavens, round and bright and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain-top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith, as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes! Blackness is eating away his round disc, onward with slow but steady pace, the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights,—the gloom deepens,—the ghastly hue of death covers the universe,—the last ray is gone, and horror reigns. A wail of terror fills the murky air,—the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds,—an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God, who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory. Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm. And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital. He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race,—who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun, with a "pen of iron, and the point of a diamond," even this one has perished from the earth—name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion, but his proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands, and although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory.

A thousand years roll by: the astronomer stands on the watch-tower of old Babylon, and writes for posterity the records of an eclipse; this record escapes destruction, and is safely wafted down the stream of time. A thousand years roll away: the old astronomer, surrounded by the fierce, but wondering Arab, again writes, and marks the day which witnesses the sun's decay. A thousand years roll heavily away: once more the astronomer writes from amidst the gay throng that crowds the brightest capital of Europe. Record is compared with record, date with date, revolution with revolution, the past and present are linked together,—another struggle commences, and another victory is won. Little did the Babylonian dream that he was observing for one who, after the lapse of three thousand years, should rest upon this very record, the successful resolution of one of nature's darkest mysteries. *O. M. Mttchell.*

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I INDEED never considered that money, or magnificent houses, or power, or those pleasures to which mankind are mostly attached, were to be reckoned in the number of things really good and desirable; because I saw that those persons, whilst these possessions were flowing about them, desired, notwithstanding, those things chiefly in which they abounded; for the thirst of their cupidity is never quenched nor satisfied; nor are they who possess those things tormented only by their desire of increasing, but also by their fear of losing them.—*Cicero.*

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REVISED ANECDOTE.—King Canute, being desirous of teaching his flattering and insincere courtiers a lesson, caused his throne to be set up on the sea-shore, as the tide was coming in, and summoning them to his presence, where he stood surrounded by all the great dignitaries of the kingdom, including the royal headsman, asked them if they believed the sea would recognize his authority.

"Believe it?" cried Earl Ealfryd. "There can be no doubt of it. Your Majesty has but to command, and he will be obeyed." And the obsequious courtiers joined in a chorus of "So say all of us!"

"Very good!" said the king; "now do you, each in your turn, take your stand on the steps of yonder throne, and bid the sea retire."

His behest was obeyed, and courtier after courtier essayed the performance, and was fain to retire baffled, amid the jeering laughter of the populace.

In this manner the time was fully occupied until the hour of flood had passed and the tide was upon the ebb, when the king ascended the throne, and bidding the waves retire, was soon left triumphantly upon dry ground, amid the plaudits of his loyal subjects.

"You see, gentlemen," he said, turning to the crest-fallen courtiers, "there is all the difference in the world between a regular three-ply, all-wool King like myself and a lot of insignificant nincompoops like you. Let this experience teach you humility."—*Harper's.*

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Nothing is generous which is not just.

Many persons perversely require to have a friend such as they themselves cannot be.

"Think truly, and thy thought
Shall be a fruitful seed."

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## MUSIC IN THE ASSOCIATIONS.

How can we make our meetings more interesting? This is a question often asked by members and officers of the Mutual Improvement Associations. Singing being the first exercise in all our meetings, let us see what kind of beginning we make. Have we a regularly formed choir always present and prepared for work, or do we call on the member sitting in yonder corner, who always has a stock of two or three pieces, aparently choice to him as he always choses the same, to do our singing?

If the latter be the case this part of the exercises falls, as dew from heaven only more condensed, like cold water upon those assembled. Prayer being over, the same luxury is again indulged in; not that any one wishes it, no, we cannot say that even mortals want to hear the song, say nothing of holier beings whom we believe are accustomed to every thing better and nearer perfection; but it is customary, nay more, required to have singing in our meetings and the song must be had whatever it may be or the effect produced. But says one, and truthfully too, it is not so much the artistic value of the song or the newness of it but the influence under which it is sung, which our Heavenly Father wants and which we should seek after. True, and it is the influence I wish to speak of. Imagine one of our Elders learning a sermon off by heart, and because there was no other Elders present, able to speak, he must be called upon for several seasons to repeat that one short sermon, or still worse if a long one. How much of the Spirit of the Lord would he feel while he is speaking, what would be the influence exercised over his hearers, how much mutual improvement would there be exhibited? The same can and should be applied to the singing.

But suppose this be not the case and we call on some of our boys to sing. They are not prepared, they have not practiced, and while they scorn to refuse to do anything called upon to do, they at the same time feel it a burden which their backs are not fitted for. Thus, while singing, they think but little of the spirit and meaning of the piece, but are all the time wishing they were at the last line of the last verse. Is this a proper way to sing praises to God? This awful task has to be repeated at the close, and I will confess I have often dreaded it so much myself, that I could not put my mind on the principles which the speaker was treating upon. Speakers but seldom sympathize with the singers; they are commanded to depend entirely upon the Lord as to what they shall say, however, they should understand principle. The

Bible certainly tells us that; "He is blessed who meditates in the Law of the Lord day and night." I would call such a man prepared for speaking to a congregation; with the assistance of the Spirit of God,for which he has prepared himself. None the less important do I consider the singing service. The singers should be prepared for their work so that when they sing, they can be in such a state of mind as to have the Holy Spirit accompany them in their singing. Then the songs will indeed be prayers, and our meetings will become (all things corresponding) a place loved by all who love order. The opening services will then have the desired effect, of peace, joy and a heavenly feeling, preparing the mind to receive the good things imparted by the speakers.

Music, deserving the name, will do this, while that which we often have substituted for it has the opposite effect. Now, to be able to supply the former requires method and practice. Hap-hazard work will not do it. There should be at least a choir of from sixteen to twenty persons in every association of the young men and women when they meet together; when separately, ten or twelve will do. These must have a leader, and ought to have an organist and an assistant leader. Ah! that's it. Where are these to come from? Perhaps we could easily get the required number of singers, but the leaders and organist? I will admit the leaders are scarce, but I believe there are plenty of young men and young women in every ward, of this city at least, who can and would, with pleasure, play or accompany a choir which they felt was a credit to their association, and would reflect honor on them as accompanists. But the leader? Our ward choir leaders claim to have too much to attend to already to even come and sing for us; or they take no interest. Both may be true. Our choir leaders are often overburdened; they have the choir to conduct which is in itself no small labor, and perhaps the Sunday school singing also to attend to; added to these, they are members of the Tabernacle choir, or ought to be, and, on top of all, they have other duties to attend to, just as the rest of us have, both at home and in the church. The extra pound you would put upon them, by making them leaders of Association choirs, might break their backs; for, be it remembered, that with all the loads, no one ever thinks of offering a prop. The carpenter would be paid for making a coffin for the poorest and most disabled of our brethren and sisters, but the singing master, must spend his time and talents to aid the ablest of the people, free of charge. 'Tis the *trade* of the *first*, and I suppose 'tis *not* of the latter!

To the point, however. What can be done if the services of the musical members in the ward choirs can not be obtained to advantage, how would a plan of this kind do: Let all the associations of the city join forces, and select two of the most central halls, say the Twelfth ward school-house for those east of Main Street, and the Fifteenth, west. Select the required number of singers to form a choir and one or two of the best adapted to act as leaders. Let these members and leaders meet in the places selected. Hire a competent man, one who will take an interest and conform his services to their real wants and necessities, to teach them to sing, at the same time teaching them the rudiments of music, so that they may eventually be able to work alone and unassisted. The young leaders should be instructed how to proceed at home in their meetings. The advantages of such a movement would be many fold. First, by joining together and forming large classes, tuition can be made comparatively low, the benefit of the instructions would amply repay each member for time, trouble and expense, and good singing would be the result in our meetings. Young leaders would gain an experience, while they would have some one to lean upon until able to walk alone, at the same time it would afford a source of great pleasure to our young people and be a lift to the interest of the divine art in our midst.

In time, these forces of young people would, when brought together, form a musical society, to be envied by any city. This would be mutual improvement in the full sense of the word, so far as it pertains to the most noble and refining arts. It also opens a path for our young to travel. We have several hundred children growing up to be musicians; they will soon grow from the Primaries and Sabbath schools, and as other duties accumulate upon the older members, these will be ready to step in and more than fill their places, thus keeping the ranks of this grand army unbroken in its onward march toward all that is beautiful, ennobling and good. Let us consider and weigh the matter, and if it is a good idea, let us put it into practice. *Musicus.*

The very name of peace is sweet.

Always write your best. Remember, your best.—*Longfellow.*

It is peculiar to Folly to discern the faults of others; and to forget her own.

This is the criterion of a complete orator, to seem a complete orator to the people.—*Cicero.*

The good, by affinity, seek the good; the vile, by affinity, the vile. Thus by their own volition souls proceed to heaven, to hell.—*Emerson.*

## TO THE COMET.

Thou glorious visitant
From silent untold depths of wondrous space,
We hail thy presence now within the reach
Of mortal ken; and busy fancy touched
With airy flight, seeks to know thy purport,
Now thy brilliant streamer spans the crowning
Arch of ebon night!

The Book of Life in early page hath writ,
How men invoked the Gods at thy approach,
Or such as thou! How 'round the altar fires
Of temples sacrificial rite they sought
To evade, or find escape from presaged doom!
Did they not madly dream that in your train,
Was shadowed all calamity and death?
And was not this by priestly artifice sustained
To rivet chains by superstition forged?

No phantoms such as these our couch disturbs
In latter time, yet feel we not the kindling
Of those fires lit by the Highest in each
Human breast, to comprehend the sun;
To know and understand, with mental grasp
The Universe to hold, to wrest from Truth's
Great storehouse, treasure gold can never buy?

It may be that thou art a world
On which the foot of man hath trod, with hopes
And fears, with joy and grief as we now feel!

It may be that the smouldering fires within
Thy frame have burst to purge from sin, or sweep
A doomed race to endless night!

It may be that the framing hand of dread
Almighty power prepares thy face and sphere
For scenes of trial, exaltation too,
To run for immortality thy race!

Or yet again, thy mission may now be
To purify the universal fields
Of space; or messenger from systems wide
Apart, as the eternal poles!

No more we question, but content we rest
In thy majestic sweep to see the finger
Of the Architect who guides not only
Suns, and systems vast as ocean's sands,
But sends His ministers of flame who may
The "Times and Seasons" indicate, and point
The periods of celestial reckoning
To best intelligence of lower orbs;

Yet this, the same creative hand and skill
Which stoops to paint the flowers in every
Sunlit vale of earth, and on each mountain's
Crown and slope doth scatter beauty with most
Lavish hand, on this our present (and may
be) our grand Eternal Home.

We bow the knee and grateful feel
For keys conferred, with power (in season)
To unlock, each mystery to explore,
The tangled skein of circumstance to scan,
And then unravel too, with every
Problem that hath stirred the depths of noble
Minds for ages in the dark and misty past;

The Priesthood we sustain
Here is light and truth, here hope and confidence
Is ours, though clogged with flesh and subject to
The fall, its power will still extend by Truth.
Its sceptre yet shall be o'er earth and things,
As in the heavens, dominion, rule and sway,
To save, to bless, and man by man exalt
In time, and through the ages, as the Gods
Now stand, for evermore! *H. W. N.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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## OUR POLITICAL PLATFORM.

THE interest in political affairs, excited by the disfranchisement of our oldest and best citizens will have a salutary effect upon the young people of the Territory. The great predominance in numbers of the People's Party over all the factions and cliques, which have at times presumed to raise an opposing voice to it, had produced a feeling of confidence and security that has lulled many to indifference and repose. The late onslaught upon the suffrages of the people, however, made by Congress and not less rapaciously by the Commissioners and their appointees, has in a large degree removed that assurance. Every man and woman of age in the community feels it is no time to slumber, but to awake and see that their political status is determined and that the way is clear for the exercise of their political rights. The duties of citizenship are being studied and appreciated. Young men and women throughout the Territory are taking a lively interest in the campaign. The meetings of the People's Party are everywhere largely attended by them. The principles of political freedom, the rights of the people and the purity and power of the People's Party, as exhibited by the eloquent gentlemen who are "stumping" the Territory, are winning the hearts and fealty of many who in the past have been indifferent.

No kind of opposition could have produced the feeling that now excites the interest and warms the blood of the younger element of the People's Party. The outrageous treatment of their seniors and the miserable hypocrisy of the enemies of popular government, who have brought it about, while professing to be "Americans," is what has stirred up their indignation. The assumption of these miserable carpet-bag hypocrites, that they are the "Americans" and the people here are something else is a libel and a fraud. There is no truer American blood, nor worthier descendants of noble patriots, nor more faithful lovers and devoted advocates of American government and American institutions than is to be found on every hand in the cities, towns and villages of Utah Territory. The men who came here and raised the American flag on Mexican soil, in the name of God and popular government, were the Washington's, Adams' and Franklin's over again.

They suffered political ostracism; were driven from the country of their fathers by mobs and libertines who prostituted the name "American" by commiting acts of most fiendish cruelty upon their fellow citizens. But these patriotic lovers of freedom and the Constitution established in the wilderness of the west, the principles of their fathers and floated above all the flag they loved. They have done and are now doing more for the perpetuation of the American blood, the preservation of American institutions and popular rights, political, social and religious, than any other class of people living in the Republic.

These facts are being brought to the notice of the sons and daughters of Utah. They take pride in their father's record and aim to emulate their examples of heroism, fidelity and unwavering attachment to Constitutional rights and guarantees. The approaching election for Delegate to Congress will call out the voting strength of the People's Party, now so largely made up of young citizens, who commence their active political career by naming a gentleman known for his virtue, integrity and high principles of honor, Hon. John T. Caine, and adopting the following platform:

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

The People's Party, struggling for supremacy of constitutional law and the sacred privilege of local self-government, submit the following declaration of principles:

First. We believe that the protection of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is the object of free government, and that the Constitution of the United States was ordained and established to secure the greatest possible liberty to man, woman and child, consistent with the public welfare.

Second. We believe that free government can only exist where the people governed participate in the administration thereof.

Third. We believe that any party or faction of a political community that seeks to subvert the institutions of local self-government, aims a deadly thrust at the Constitution, and that such party or faction is unworthy the suffrages of a free people.

Fourth. We believe that any official who attempts to stifle the popular voice, as expressed at the ballot box, is guilty of treason against the sovereign people.

Fifth. We believe that the right to frame laws suited to the requirements of the Territory having been vested by Congress in the legislature elected by its citizens, to deprive them of that right by substituting a commission, arbitrarily appointed, and thus to disfranchise a hundred and fifty thousand people, and reduce them to a condition of serfdom, would be unprecedented in the history of the nation—an act that could not be justified by any actual necessity, and that the attempt by a pretended political party to create such a revolution in the government of this Territory is worthy only of conspirators and political adventurers.

Sixth. We believe in the right of the people of a Territory, as well as of a State, to test, in the courts established by the government, the constitutionality or construction of any enactment, local or congressional, and express our astonishment at the public declaration of a high federal official of this Territory and the enunciation by a so-called political party that the people have no rights except such as Congress may grant to them, and that to differ with the Territorial executive about the construction of a statute is nullification. We utterly repudiate such a monstrous doctrine as worthy alone of the most absolute despotism, and claim that the United States Constitution, in its benign provisions, extends alike over the States and Territories of the American Union, and that it is the bounden duty of the Governor, as much as the humblest citizen, to yield obedience to the laws as they are construed by the courts. We utterly repudiate the unconstitutional attempt by any executive to usurp judicial or legislative functions, and to hold the American citizen bound by the partial, prejudiced, unfair and illegal construction which he may see fit to place upon any statute.

Seventh. Citizenship is the basis of the right of suffrage. While the elective franchise is a privilege conferred by law, the qualifications for its exercise grow out of the condition of citizenship, and as citizenship is not dependent upon sex or regulated thereby, whatever right of voting originates in the citizenship of men inheres also in the citizenship of women. Female citizens, equally with male citizens, are amenable to the law, therefore they are entitled to an equal voice with men in the framing of the law. As all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed, and that consent is expressed by the suffrage, and as women as well as men are made subject to the government of this country, the denial of the suffrage to women is inconsistent with the principles which underlie our national institutions. The moral and intellectual, as well as physical excellence of our sons and daughters being largely dependent upon the mothers who bear and train them, the women of the nation should be endowed with full political freedom, that, being made familiar with political rights and principles, they may be able to instill into the hearts of the rising generation the spirit of patriotism, the love

of liberty and a reverence for republican institutions. For twelve years the women citizens of Utah have enjoyed the right to vote at all elections in this Territory, and have exercised it with credit to themselves and to the benefit of the community, and the People's Party hereby denounces the attempts which have been made to deprive women voters of the right of suffrage, as illiberal and unmanly assaults upon vested rights and upon justice, equality and the principle of popular sovereignty.

Eighth. We believe in an honest and economical administration of government, and point with pride to the economy and honesty with which public affairs have been administered by officers elected from the ranks of the People's Party, and also to the fact that the taxes in Utah are lighter than any other Territory. The Territory is out of debt; the counties, with one or two exceptions, are in the same satisfactory condition. The records fail to furnish any instance of embezzlement or misappropriation of public funds by any official of that party. On the other hand, when, by frauds committed at the polls, Tooele County was wrested from the popular control, the taxes of the county were shamefully misappropriated and embezzled; county scrip depreciated from par to less than fifteen cents on the dollar, and even by the economy and honesty of the People's officials, who have resumed control of its affairs, and although its paper is now worth ninety per cent., Tooele County is not yet quite out of debt and has not fully recovered from the evils of "Liberal" rule.

Ninth. We repudiate and deny the charges of lawlessness which have been made against the people of Utah, and as proof that those slanders are without foundation, we point to the records of the courts, the chief of which are not in any way in the control of the people, and which demonstrate the striking fact that the so called "Liberal" class, constituting less than twenty per cent. of the population of the Territory, furnishes over eighty per cent. of the criminals.

Tenth. We further repudiate and deny the charges that in Utah a church dominates the state; that priestly control is exercised in any manner to infringe upon the freedom of the individual, either at the polls, in convention or in any official capacity; that perjury or falsehood of any kind is justified, whether for the protection of persons from the action of law or for any other purpose whatever; that intolerance is exhibited either for the discouragement of emigration, the settlement of the public domain or invasion of the rights of any individual; that any unequal taxation is either encouraged or permitted; that public accounts are not given of the expenditure of public moneys; that the tenets of a church are taught in the district schools, or that the people are influenced to disloyalty or antagonism to the government of the United States or any of its representatives.

Eleventh. We affirm that it is the duty of every American citizen to render obedience to the Constitution of the United States and every law enacted in pursuance thereof.

Twelfth. We affirm with confidence that the Territory of Utah, having the requisite population and exhibiting all the qualifications necessary to self-government, its people being exceptionally honest, thrifty, sober, frugal and peaceable, is entitled to admission into the Union as a sovereign State.

Thirteenth. We pledge ourselves as a party to the maintenance and defence of Constitutional principles and the inalienable rights of mankind, and proclaim ourselves the friends of true liberty —civil, political and religious, to all people in every part of the habitable globe.

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Short is the life which has been allotted to us by nature; but the memory of a well spent life is eternal.

There is nothing so much the work of a narrow and little mind as the love of riches; nothing is more generous and magnificent than to despise money, if you have it not; and, if you have it, to bestow it in beneficence and liberality.—*Cicero.*

# THE HAUNTS OF GRAY.

It is a cool afternoon in July, and the shadows are falling eastward on fields of waving grain and lawns of emerald velvet. Overhead a few light clouds are drifting, and the green boughs of the great elms are gently stirred by a breeze from the west. Across one of the more distant fields a flock of sable rooks—some of them fluttering and cawing—wings its slow and melancholy flight. There is the sound of the whetting of a scythe, and near by the twittering of many birds upon a cottage roof. On either side of the country road, which runs like a white rivulet through banks of green, the hawthorn hedges are shining, and the bright sod is spangled with all the wild flowers of an English summer. An odor of lime-trees and of new mown hay sweetens the air for miles and miles around. Far off, on the horizon's verge, just glimmering through the haze, rises the imperial citadel of Windsor. And close at hand a little child points to a gray spire peering out of a nest of ivy, and tells me that this is Stoke Pogis Church.

If peace dwells anywhere upon this earth its dwelling place is here. You come into this little church-yard by a pathway across the park, and through a wooden turnstile; and in one moment the world is left behind and forgotten. Here are the nodding elms; here is the yew-tree's shade; here "heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." All these graves seem very old. The long grass waves over them, and some of the low stones that mark them are entirely shrouded with ivy. Many of the "frail memorials" are made of wood. None of them is neglected or forlorn, but all of them seem to have been scattered here in that sweet disorder which is the perfection of rural lovliness. There never, of course, could have been any thought of creating this effect; yet here it remains, to win your heart forever. And here, amid this mournful beauty, the little church itself nestles close to the ground, while every tree that waves its branches around it, and every vine that clambers on its surface, seems to clasp it in the arms of love. Nothing breaks the silence but the sighing of the wind in the great yew-tree at the church door, beneath which was the poet's favorite seat, and where the brown needles, falling through many an autumn, have made a dense carpet on the turf. Now and then there is a faint rustle in the ivy; a fitful bird note serves but to deepen the stillness; and from a rose tree near at hand a few leaves flutter down in soundless benediction on the dust beneath.

Gray was laid in the same grave with his mother, "the careful, tender mother of many children, one alone of whom," as he wrote upon her grave-stone, "had the misfortune to survive her." Their tomb—a low, oblong, brick structure, covered with a large slab—stands a few feet away from the church wall, upon which is a small tablet to denote its place. The poet's name has not been inscribed above him. There was no need here of "storied urn or animated bust." The whole place is his monument, and the majestic Elegy—giving to the soul of the place a form of seraphic beauty and a voice of celestial music—is his immortal epitaph.

"Here scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

There is a monument to Gray in Stoke Park, about three hundred yards from the church; but it seems commemorative of the builder rather than the poet. They intend to set a memorial window in the church, to honor him, and the visitor finds there a money-box for the reception of contributions in aid of this pious design. Nothing will be done amiss that serves to direct closer and closer attention to his life. It was one of the best lives ever recorded in the history of literature. It was a life singularly pure, noble and beautiful. In two qualities—sincerity and reticence—it was exemplary almost beyond a parallel,

and those are qualities which literary character in the present day has great need to acquire. Gray was averse to publicity. He did not sway by the censure of other men; neither did he need their admiration as his breath of life. Poetry, to him, was a great art; and he added nothing to literature until he had first made it as nearly perfect as it could be made by the thoughtful, laborious exertion of his best powers, superadded to the spontaneous impulse and flow of his genius. More voluminous writers—Charles Dickens among the rest—have sneered at him because he wrote so little. The most colossal form of human conceit, probably, is that of the individual who thinks all other creatures inferior who happens to be unlike himself. This reticence on the part of Gray was, in fact, the grand emblem of his sincerity and the corner stone of his imperishable renown. There is a better thing than the great man who is always speaking, and that is the great man who only speaks when he has a great word to say. Gray has left only a few poems; but, of his principal works, each is perfect in its kind, supreme and unapproachable. He did not test merit by reference to ill-informed and capricious public opinion, but wrought according to the highest standards of art that learning and taste could furnish. His letters form an English classic. There is no better prose in existence; there is very little extant that is so good. But the crowning glory of Gray's nature, the element that makes it so impressive, the charm that brings the pilgrim to Stoke Pogis Church to muse upon it, was the self-poised, sincere, and lovely exaltation of its contemplative spirit. He was a man whose conduct of life would first of all, purify, extend, and adorn the temple of his own soul, out of which should afterward flow, in their own free way, those choral harmonies that soothe, guide, and exalt the human race. He lived before he wrote. The soul of the Elegy is the soul of the man. It was his thought—which he has somewhere expressed in better words than these—that human beings are only worthy while those feelings endure which are engendered when death has just taken from us the objects of our love. That was the point of view from which he habitually looked upon the world; and no man who has learned the lessons of experience can doubt that he was right.

Gray was twenty-six years old when he wrote the first draft of the Elegy. He began this poem in 1742, at Stoke Pogis, and he finished and published it in 1750. No visitor to this church-yard can miss either its inspiration or its imagery. The poet has been dead more than a hundred years; but the scene of his rambles and reveries has suffered no material change. One of his yew-trees, indeed, much weakened with age, was some time since blown down in a storm, and its fragments have been carried away. A picturesque house contiguous to the church-yard, which in Queen Elizabeth's time was a palace and was visited by that sovereign, and which Gray knew as a manor, has now become a dairy. All the trees of the region have, of course, waxed and expanded—not forgetting the neighboring beeches of Birnam, among which he loved to wander, and where he might often have been found sitting with his book at some gnarled wreath of "old fantastic roots." But, in all its general characteristics, its rustic homeliness and peaceful beauty, this "glimmering landscape," immortalized in his verse, is the same on which his living eyes have looked. There was no need to seek for him in any special spot. The cottage in which he once lived might, no doubt, be discovered; but every nook and vista, every green lane and upland lawn and ivy-mantled tower of this delicious solitude, is haunted with his presence.

The night is coming on, and the picture will soon be dark; but never, while memory lasts, can it fade out of the heart. What a blessing would be ours, if only we could hold forever that exaltation of the spirit, that sweet, resigned serenity, that pure freedom from all the passions of nature and all the cares of life, which comes upon us in such a place as this! Alas, and again alas! Even with the thought this golden mood

begins to melt away; even with the thought comes our dismissal from its influence. Nor will it avail us anything now to linger at the shrine. Fortunate is he, though in bereavement and regret, who parts from beauty while yet her kiss is warm upon his lips—waiting not for the last farewell word, hearing not the last notes of the music, seeing not the last gleams of sunset as the light dies from the sky. It was a sad parting, but the memory of the place can never now be despoiled of its loveliness. As I write these words I stand again in the cool and dusky silence of the poet's church, with its air of stately age and its fragrance of cleanliness, while the light of the western sun, broken into rays of gold and ruby, streams through the great painted windows, and softly falls upon the quaint little galleries and decorous pews; and looking forth through the low arched door, I see the dark and melancholy boughs of the dreaming yew-tree, and nearer, a shadow of rippling leaves in the clear sunshine of the churchway path. And all the time a quiet voice is whispering in the chambers of thought:

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God."

*William Winter.*

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

### NOTICE.

Stake superintendents and secretaries are requested to forward for publication, brief reports of their quarterly and district conferences. Presidents of Associations will confer a general favor by supplying for publication, short descriptions of interesting features of their programmes. We particularly desire to make this department of the CONTRIBUTOR one of practical interest and benefit to all of the Associations, and earnestly solicit the aid and encouragement of all Stake and local officers. Correspondence relating to the conduct of meetings, etc., will receive attention, and, when of sufficient general interest, a place in the columns of the magazine.

### SEMI-ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The semi-annual Conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. was held in the Assembly Hall, Sunday evening, October 8th, commencing at 7 o'clock; General Superintendent Wilford Woodruff and Counselors Joseph F. Smith and Moses Thatcher presiding.

The singing exercises were provided by the Tabernacle choir, and were rendered very beautifully. The opening prayer was offered by President George Q. Cannon.

Seven Stake superintendents responded to the roll call and came to the stand. The minutes of the previous conference were read by ex-Secretary H. J. Grant and approved; also the report of the special committee appointed to prepare a Roll and Record Book, which was adopted.

Brief and highly instructive addresses were then delivered by President Joseph F. Smith, Apostles Moses Thatcher and Wilford Woodruff; the subjects spoken upon being the general reformation and improvement of the young; the value and necessity of protecting chastity and virtue among the young men and women of Zion; the importance of getting testimonies of the Truth and qualifying in youth time for the responsibilities of bearing off the Kingdom of God.

Remarks were then made, which indicated that the spirit of the work of mutual improvement was fully alive in the hearts of the speakers, by the following officers: Hyrum S. Woolley, Bear Lake; Milton H. Hardy, Utah; Rodney C. Badger and Junius F. Wells, Salt Lake.

President George Q. Cannon delivered a very interesting brief discourse, showing the superior advantages the youth of the present day have over those of earlier periods in the history of the church,

and illustrated in a graphic manner the attainments that might be reached by proper methods of reading good books and occupying what are usually considered spare moments in study.

Apostle Moses Thatcher called attention to the CONTRIBUTOR, saying that its enlargement to forty pages each issue, with expensive engravings, had increased the cost of publication nearly two thousand dollars. He asked the officers of the Associations to do all in their power to extend the circulation of the magazine.

General Superintendent Woodruff then presented the names of the officers, as previously sustained, and that of Elder Matthias F. Cowley as a missionary to travel and visit the Associations. He regretted that we had so little time for our conference, and remarked that we should properly have two days to do the business and impart the instruction which should characterize a gathering of the Young Men's Associations.

The meeting was one of great interest to all present. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, many desiring admittance being obliged to turn away from the doors.

The choir sang the anthem, "Daughters of Zion," and the conference was dismissed by Apostle Brigham Young.

*Nephi W. Clayton*,
Secretary.

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MEETING OF OFFICERS.

Persuant to a call by the Stake Superintendency, the officers of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of Utah Stake, met at Provo, Sept. 30, 1882, and received instructions relative to our winter's work. A full representation was present, and various subjects pertaining to mutual improvement were dwelt upon by Superintendent M. H. Hardy. A permanent Treasurer, James F. Dunn, was elected. A Stake fund was established to which the various Societies will contribute twenty-five cents per quarter, to purchase tracts for the use of members now in the Southern States Mission, thus, aiding to spread the Gospel of Christ to those who are still in darkness.

The Roll and Record Books prepared and approved by the General Superintendency were unanimously adopted, and will be found in every Association; they are just what was needed and will fill a vacancy long felt by the Associations. Our annual elections are now in order and are being acted upon by us, and we are making earnest preparations for a successful winter's work. Judging from present indications Utah Stake will be able to make a good report to the Superintendency at the next April Conference.

*M. H. Hardy*,
*Geo. M. Brown*,
*A. O. Smoot, Jr.*,
Superintendency.
*W. C. A. Smoot, Jr.*,
Secretary.

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QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1. Who was the editor of the first volume of the *Millennial Star* in England? Did he preside over the British Mission at the time of its publication? *J. L. R.*

2. If the moon revolves around the earth once in 27 d. 7 h. 43 min., why is it that we have new moon but once in 29 d. 12 h. 44 min.? *F. M. A.*

3. What is the "Symmes Hole" theory respecting the formation of the earth? *P. A.*

4. When and where was the first number of the *Times and Seasons* published? *R. A.*

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NOVEMBER—THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

*Longfellow.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1882. No. 3.

## GEORGE A. SMITH.

### FIRST MISSION.

ON the ninth of July, 1834, President Joseph Smith, having organized the High Council of Zion, and attended several meetings of the Saints, commenced the return journey to Kirtland. He was accompanied by the following brethren: Hyrum and William Smith, F. G. Williams, Orson Hyde, Wm. E. McLellin, Ezra Thayre, Lorenzo Booth, Martin Harris and son, Solomon Wilber Denton, Jedediah M. Grant, Jenkins Salisbury, Almon W. Babbit, Seth Johnson, Cyrus Smalling, Harvey Stanley and George A. Smith. The company had a couple of two-horse wagons, a one-horse buggy and an extra pair of horses. Many curious and interesting incidents occurred on this journey, but we have not the space to record them, however, among the number might be mentioned the following, to show some of the difficulties and dangers which were of common occurrence. The autobiography says: "As soon as we rose, the green headed flies, which were in immense numbers, attacked the horses; it was a curious fact that these flies would not bite the horses in the timber, but the moment we were on the prairie and the sun was up, they immediately attacked them. They would kill a horse, if he were tied up, in about thirty minutes. The way we saved our animals was, as soon as the flies commenced their attack, for two brethren to run along by the horses, one on each side, to whip the flies, until the brethren were tired out; then they fell behind and two more would take their place, and so on until all were tired out; the last man would then rush the thus lightened team to the timber, leaving the company scattered along to make their way in as rapidly as they could walk. On one occasion I observed Ezra Thayre, a large fleshy man, behind me. I waited for him; when he come up to me he dropped down upon the prairie, being overcome with the heat, and said he could travel no farther and was resolved to die there. I continued to urge him along for three miles to a little log cabin, where we asked for some water, and were told they had none, and that there was none nearer than three miles; we asked for milk, vinegar or whisky, but they had none. Ezra Thayre then said: 'Madam, have you anything in the world that is wet.' She thought a moment, and then replied, 'I believe I have a little buttermilk, though my cow has not been home for three months.' She then brought out a rusty old coffee pot and poured from it about a quart of buttermilk, which was blue and as sour as vinegar; we both partook of it and it saved Ezra's life. We then walked three miles to Mr. Payne's well, and it took several hours to allay my companion's thirst."

"August 4th.—Orson Hyde, Lorenzo Booth and myself arrived in Kirtland, having driven the horses that day fifty-seven miles; two of us walking at a time nearly the whole distance. One of the animals, 'Old George,' was said to be twenty years old. He was so badly spavined and so old that he sold in the spring, before we started on our journey, for sixteen dollars, and after traveling

two thousand miles, arrived in Kirtland in tolerable condition.

"Joseph had arrived a few days before us. He received us kindly. I walked two and a half miles to my father's house; as I reached the door, I heard him say, 'Let us pray.' I knelt down outside and joined in the family prayer, they not knowing I was there. I truly felt to return thanks to my Heavenly Father for my preservation, and when I heard them pray earnestly for my return, I could but rejoice to think how soon their prayer would be answered. A report had previously reached Kirtland that I had died of the cholera, though my parents had not believed it."

On the first of March, 1835, Brother George A. was ordained a Seventy, under the hands of Joseph Smith, Sen., Joseph Smith, Jr., and Sidney Rigdon, the latter being spokesman. He was the junior member of the First Quorum of Seventies. On the thirtieth of the following May, he was appointed to a mission to preach the Gospel in the East. Elder Lyman Smith, a second cousin, and member of the same quorum, was his traveling companion. Before starting on this first mission, Brother George A. writes as follows:

"I called on my uncle, Father Joseph Smith, and asked him if he had any advice to give me. He replied, 'Yes. Always go in at the little end of the horn, and you are sure to come out at the big; but if you go in at the big end of the horn, you will be obliged to come out at the little.' I called to see cousin Joseph; he gave me a Book of Mormon, shook hands with me and said: 'Preach short sermons, make short prayers and deliver your sermons with a prayerful heart.' This advice I have always denominated 'my collegiate education.'

"June 5.—We traveled twenty miles, and put up with Daniel Allen for the sabbath, as we had sent an appointment to preach at his house in Montville, Geauga County, Ohio. * * *

"June 6, Sunday.—We retired early to the woods and asked the Lord to give us something to say to enable us to preach by the power of His Spirit, for we certainly felt our weakness. A small congregation assembled, filling Brother Daniel Allen's house. As Brother Lyman was the older, he agreed to preach first; he was a handsome looking man, six feet high and well proportioned, with beautiful dark hair. He read the thirty-third chapter of Jeremiah, and prayed, gave out a hymn and sang, then preached five minutes. Now came my turn; it was an awful moment! Suffice it to say I talked about fifteen minutes, and it seemed to me that I told everything I had ever heard taught by the Elders, and much that I never thought of before; at least, I hinted at every principle which I understood, and bore a strong testimony to the truth of the Work, and sat down confused. The people, however, seemed very well satisfied, and said that we had done first-rate for boys."

During the following week, these brethren journeyed from place to place, seeking for an opportunity to preach and receiving such entertainment as the people would give them. The insults of sectarian priests and hardened devotees of their churches were met and endured without complaint, and humble testimonies borne by the wayside and in such houses as were opened to them. They reached Sparta, Penn., on Saturday, and arranged for a meeting in the schoolhouse next day.

"June 14, Sunday.—At the hour of meeting, the house was filled. I opened by reading the twelfth chapter of first Corinthians. I felt so much embarrassed that I wished I could turn myself into a grain of wheat and roll into a crevice in the floor; but I preached from the third chapter of Acts upon the restitution of all things. The people were much pleased and said they liked short sermons. They paid great attention.

"June 15.—We started and travelled thirty-three miles. We asked at sixteen houses, without being able to get anything to eat and were often insulted. The road was so muddy that we had to walk most of the way over shoes in mud and water. We crossed the line into the State of New York, and at the

first house were made welcome, and were directed to Father Burdick's, three miles distant in Chatauqua County. We gave out an appointment for the next day, when Lyman Smith preached, and I followed him and closed. We returned to try it again the following day, and I preached, but was so embarrassed I could not see the congregation; it seemed as though a thick fog was before my eyes.

"In the morning we walked on, and at night we had much difficulty to get a place to stay, being refused twelve times, but finally found quarters at about eight o'clock, near Farmersville. On the road from that place to Rushford, we were very particular to tell the people, where we asked for entertainment, our business as ministers of the Gospel, and the despised people we represented, for we were determined to stay with no person without they fully understood who we were, as we really felt that we had rather lay out of doors or go hungry than eat with a man who would not entertain a Latter-day Saint.

"June 26.—We arrived about noon at Caneadea township, when we gave out an appointment for five o'clock in the evening, and circulated it through the medium of the school children. The school house was large and commodious. Many came to hear, and among the rest a Universalist priest named John Sanford. He opposed us, and I answered him in his speeches, at the last of which he left the house in a rage. We then gave notice of two meetings the next Sabbath, one at Belfast and the other at the school house where we then were. We thought we were doing well for the first debate. It was my birthday, I being eighteen years old. * * *

"On our way we called at several places for dinner and were refused. At the home of Mr. Thatcher, near Andover corners, on asking for refreshment, they declared they had no bread and nothing cooked in the house, and were too busy to bake bread for us. They afterwards reported that they had plenty of bread, but they would not give it to the Mormons. About six weeks after this we preached in that neighborhood, and on passing by the house in company with Mr. Frederick Pendleton, who had heard them tell the circumstance of turning the Mormon preachers away empty, when they had bread enough, he exclaimed to a bystander: 'Thatcher's folks turned away the boys with the excuse that they had no bread when they had plenty, and God Almighty has sent a frost and destroyed all their corn, so they'll have no bread next year, sure enough!' (We being so young were known to that country by the name of the 'Mormon boys.') The fact was that a streak of frost, about a quarter of a mile wide, had completely killed all the corn and other grain on Thatcher's farm, leaving the rest of the neighborhood untouched. * *

"There was in Greenwood a small branch of the Church, built up by Elders David Foot and Josiah Richardson, who resided there; we labored with them for some time. We preached in Woodhall, Jasper, Canisteo, Addison, Andover and other places in the neighborhood. We preached in public and in private by the fireside, and baptized eight, notwithstanding we met with considerable opposition from a number of Methodists. The first persons I baptized were Joseph Lish and wife. A Methodist preacher, named Bell, proffered to exchange my license for a Methodist Elder's license, declaring himself fully authorized by his brethren to do so; after which I gave him a lesson on the difference between a minister of Jesus Christ and a servant of the devil preaching for lucre and popularity, which I presume he will remember in the day of the resurrection; he took great pains, in connection with his brethren, to circulate false reports to injure us. * *

"We lived a considerable of our time with brothers John P. Barnard and Moses Clawson, and were kindly entertained in the valley of the Canisteo River by Nathan Stephens and Mr. Helmer, of Addison. * * At Woodhall, Brother McMines and family were baptized, and several persons about the neighborhood were very hostile. A

young man named Rosier was taken violently ill with fever, his friends sent for a doctor, who dosed him for some time with medicine, then gave him up to die; he being a member of the Church, sent for brother Lyman Smith and myself. The rumor was immediately circulated in the neighborhood that the Mormon Elders were going to heal him; when we reached the house we found many of the neighbors had gathered together to see the miracle or ridicule our failure; we had asked the Lord, in a secret place, to direct us; when we entered the sick man's room, we bowed down on our knees and both of us prayed for his restoration. We felt much oppressed by the spirit of the wicked people who filled the house. We then laid our hands upon him and rebuked the fever in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ; he was immediately healed. The people were astonished; some said the devil healed him, for the Lord did not do such things in our day; others said the young man was cheating the people and others said those boys understood magic."

Shortly after this, Brother George A. was taken sick with fever and ague while at the house of Richard More, a member of the Church, who, not having faith enough to gather to Zion, had remained in Irelandville, N.Y. He was one of those "purity people" who believed that God would not suffer one of His servants to be disabled only as punishment for sins. He therefore constantly chided Brother George A. for his wickedness, and made it so uncomfortable for him that he proceeded upon his journey before he was restored, traveling twenty-seven miles to Horseheads, where he met Elder Evan M. Greene, at the house of Mr. Kent, his father-in-law. Continuing their journey eastward, they reached Urbana. "On entering the village in the evening, we called at the principal hotel and asked to remain all night, telling the landlord we were ministers of the Gospel, and traveling without purse or scrip. We wished to preach to the people. He said that he would keep anything in God Almighty's world but a d——d priest, for they were the d——dest nuisances that were in the country; it cost more to support the priests than it did our government; he would be d——d to hell if he would have any such men about him on any terms. I told him he was neither a gentleman nor republican, and that he was a disgrace to the mother that bore him; that his father would be ashamed of him, if he ever had one; that he neither possessed good breeding nor manners, nor the first elements of common decency. He replied: 'I do not believe a man knows anything in the world only what nature teaches him.' I answered him by saying: 'I do not believe that nature has ever taught you the first principle, at least, it has failed to teach you how to treat strangers.' He replied: 'Would you feel as well towards me if you lay in the streets to-night as if I entertained you?' I asked: "What would nature teach you about that?' 'Walk into the parlor,' says he, 'gentlemen, you are welcome, if you had come an hour earlier, I would have had the school house full for you to preach in.' * *

"I went to preach at the school house, near Verona village. About forty came to meeting, but as there were no ladies present and but two candles in the room, it looked suspicious. When I had done preaching, I informed the congregation that I had no money and wished to stay with some gentleman all night. When I dismissed the meeting the congregation gathered around me. A tall gentleman—a ruling elder among the Presbyterians—said: 'I will entertain you, sir, over night, as a stranger, but understand me distinctly, I will not keep you as a religious teacher.' 'Thank you, sir,' said I; 'I do not wish to stay with you; I wish to stay with a gentleman.' Upon that a Methodist commenced to dispute with me about baptism by immersion. A Presbyterian undertook to aid him in the argument; a close communion Baptist chimed in, and said they would all go to hell if they were not baptized. A Universalist replied: 'Your hell is a humbug,' and began to chide the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian for believing in eternal damnation at all. I was

enjoying the scene, when I observed the Presbyterian elder whispering to a good many in the room, and casting a glance at me, he blew out the only remaining light. The party rushed for the door, but I quietly retired to the back part of the room and waited a few minutes. As I passed out of the door, a Mr. Allen, a young man and stranger to me, said: 'Mr. Smith, they are all gone, will you go home and stay with me; they said you had slipped out of the house, but I watched and knew you had not, but I did not tell them.'

"I visited the Verona Springs. I called upon Mr. Joseph Warren the leader of a new society called 'Perfectionists,' who professed to be Jesus Christ's own brother, and said he could not sin, that he had not committed a sin for eighteen months. He had been a Presbyterian minister, possessed a liberal education and large fortune. We preached the Gospel to him, but it was seed sown by the wayside. * *

"We commenced our return home traveling and preaching by the way, publicly and privately as we could get opportunity, enduring many a scoff from the people we were striving to benefit. Near Montezuma we learned that Elders Jedediah M. Grant and Harvey Stanley had been preaching in the neighborhood and had built up a branch on Sulivan's Island; as it was in our way we visited them and attended several meetings with them. At one of these a Baptist deacon furnished a pop gun and ammunition, which he passed in through the window to a man, who fired pop gun wads of tow at me all the time I was preaching. He was an excellent shot with a pop gun; the most of the wads hit me in the face; I caught several of them in my hand. Many of the audience were tickled, but some of them paid good attention. I finished my discourse without noticing the insult. * *

"After encouraging the Saints and bearing testimony to the world, we left for Kirtland, to spend the winter in the School of the Prophets. My shoes which Brother Brigham Young gave me when I started on my mission, were worn out, and Brother Sherman Brown gave me another pair. There had just been a flood which had destroyed many bridges in the country; this subjected us to great annoyance in traveling and increased the distances we had to walk, but we continued preaching by the way till we reached Rushford, where we stopped with Brother Frazer Eaton and rested. * * We walked ten miles the next morning and stopped for breakfast, accidentally, at the house of a Latter-day Saint, who recognized us as traveling Elders, and made us welcome. My feet were very sore; I had blisters on all my toes and one on the ball of each foot and one of my heels was a complete blister. Brother William Tinney and Brother Murdock collected a congregation and we preached in the evening. In the morning, I proposed to Lyman Smith to rest till my feet got well. He replied: 'I wish that little blister was on my heel, I could walk with it.' Being two years older than myself, I regarded him as my senior, and seeing his anxiety to get home, I told him if he would take all the money we both had and go directly to the Lake, it would be sufficient to pay his passage to Fairport, and in two days he would be at home, and I would wait till I got recruited, then I would preach my way home at my leisure; but he refused to separate from me, so I picked up our trunk and said let us be walking. The first tavern I came to I purchased half a pint of rum and poured it into my shoes; this at first made my blisters smart, but soon relieved them of pain. I repeated this application twice during the day, and traveled twenty-seven miles.

"In five days we were in Kirtland, making the distance of about one hundred and sixty miles, though Brother Lyman gave out, so that I had to carry our trunk most of the time for the last three days. I soon learned the secret of his hurry: in two days after his arrival, he was married to my fair cousin, Clarissa Lyman, on the day he had promised previous to his starting on his mission. My feet suffered so severely on this trip that all my toe nails, except two, came off. We arrived home November 2, 1835, and

was welcomed by President Joseph Smith, the Prophet. We had traveled on foot eighteen hundred and fifty miles, held seventy-five meetings and baptized eight persons and conversed with and bore testimony to everybody with whom we had an opportunity."

It is related of Alexandre Dumas, that when at the San Carlo Theatre, in Naples, one evening, he entered into conversation with a stranger seated near him. At the close of the performance, the stranger said, "I hope that we may have the pleasure of meeting again. I am Alexandre Dumas." "O, indeed!" replied the celebrated novelist, with his gay laugh, "so am I." The stranger collapsed.

The smallest floweret preacheth while it stays,
In that it crowns with fulness all its days,
And waiteth not to know by any field,
If life may yet some fairer portion yield,
Nor pineth that it was not born a rose;
But sweet by stubble or by greensward grows,
And unto places lying waste erewhile,
Gives all it hath—a little floweret's smile.

*Geo. H. Coomer.*

## TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT.

I.

In the present situation of affairs in Utah, we are led to ask what is a Territory, and what are its obligations to the nation of which it forms a part? That its people may be made subjects of any and every legislation that Congress deems fit to pass upon them, irrespective of the fundamental principles of law and justice, we deny. To be sure, the Constitution of the United States declares that "Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." But let us examine the history of nations, and the principles that have actuated them in the acquisition and control of their territories.

Mr. McCarthy, in reviewing the policy of the English government toward the Canadas in 1838, most clearly defines their rights, and assumes to say in his criticism upon Lord Durham that no nation can maintain justice in and influence over its territories, without granting to those territories all the political rights enjoyed by the nation itself. All the great powers of the earth, from the most ancient times, have furnished examples of their incapacity to govern the territories conquered by them, without extending to their subjects a certain equality of rights.

Compare the policy of Nebuchadnezzar with that of Cyrus, and it is clear that the former failed to establish the unity which the latter perpetuated. Philip observed the inadequacy of the Spartans, the Athenians or the Thebans to consolidate the different Grecian states, when their local forms of government had been destroyed, and demonstrated that local self government belongs to every well-grounded republic. Rome was taught the lesson only when her downfall was foreshadowed. Her colonies had ever felt the injustice done by distinguishing only a certain class of Roman citizens. A government may be compared in the relationship of its citizens to the family organization, in which distinction severs the ties of affection, which lie at the very foundation of its success.

The American colonies justly remonstrated against their mother country, and demanded only what they considered their inherent rights—the right to say that their governors should not be appointed from those whose minds were poisoned by prejudice, and who were ignorant of the real wants of the people; the right to legislate for themselves; the right to control their public funds; in short, the right to all that belonged to them as sovereign citizens of the nation. For these principles our forefathers contended, fought and bled. For the perpetuation of these principles they sought

to establtsh a government that would protect, by its constitutional restrictions, the minority against any popular prejudice of the majority.

History has repeatedly pointed out the inability of a majority to justly govern when the minority has no representation; and yet politicians are wont to declare that the people of Utah must submit to the so-called civilization of the age, because fifty millions of people say they are wrong. Acknowledge this, and we fall back into the grinding tyrannies of an age of unmitigated darkness and cruelty. Why, the inhabitants of Europe in the Middle Ages pronounced the Albigenses heretics, and as such burned their city and ruthlessly murdered its inhabitants. But when the cloud of ungrounded prejudice passed from their horizon, and other generations were left to review the pages of their history, they were placed in the van of the standard bearers of the civilization of the age. There was no appeal for this unfortunate people, for the majority had adjudged them corrupt.

Again, the very nation that now sets aside these fundamental principles of government, in her weaker days was the victim of a bigoted monarch and a tyrannical parliament. Could the colonists say that the parliamentary acts or the edicts of the king were unlawful? Dare they question the right of the king, who can do no wrong, or the authority of Parliament, which sought by legislation to place the colonists in harmony with the mother country? Intellectual development and religious freedom demanded more humane treatment. The colonists had not been contaminated or degraded by the evil influence of demagogues. The purity and simplicity which characterized their private lives gave an impetus to a correspondingly pure and reliable government; for, to use the language of Mr. Froude, in his sketch of Cæsar: "Popular forms of government are possible only when individual men can govern their own lives on moral principles, and when duty is of more importance than pleasure, and justice than material expediency." How careful were those who sought to release the people from despotism to maintain local self-government in the States! The States have ever been jealous of and watchful over their home rule against any aggression of Congress; but when it is conceded that the people of territories have no governmental powers except as granted by Congress, we acknowledge the absolute supremacy of Congress to legislate away from the people of the territories every political right that distinguishes the citizens of a free government from those of a monarchial despotism.

If territories may become States, may they not justly demand of Congress that form of government which will best fit and qualify them to become States? At least, the doctrine of Mr. Douglas that the power of Congress to govern territories is to be found in the clause authorizing the admission of new States, seems the most consistent with the principles of free government. *J. M. Tanner.*

## MINERAL SPRINGS.

THERE are six or eight springs near the point of the mountain south of Salt Lake City, and quite a number in Provo Valley, which are attractive and interesting. Those at the point of the mountain are situated about two miles and a half southwest of Draperville, a settlement twenty miles below Salt Lake City. They are in the midst of a piece of low, marshy land, where a great deal of partly decomposed organic matter (impure peat) has accumulated. Although they are not remarkable for the amount of solid substances they hold in solution, the Carbonate Spring, which is the principal one, is of considerable interest on account of the enormous quantity of carbonic acid gas it is constantly dis-

charging and the high temperature of its water. The water of this spring comes from an easterly direction through a channel that apparently runs on a horizontal line into the gently sloping ground, and on reaching the surface, empties into a pond twenty or thirty feet wide and seventy-five or one hundred feet long. An analysis of the water of this spring was made in April and May of the year 1882. One thousand parts of water evaporated to dryness at a temperature of 332° Fahr. left a residue of one and six thousand five hundred and seventy-two ten-thousandths (1.6572) parts, composed of the following substances with their proportionate amounts:

| | *Parts.* |
|---|---|
| Soda, | .5450 |
| Potassa, | .0667 |
| Lime, | .1980 |
| Magnesia, | .0459 |
| Silica, | .0505 |
| Alumina and peroxide of iron, | .0051 |
| Chlorine, | .6356 |
| Carbonic acid gas, | .2000 |
| Sulphuric acid, | .0549 |
| Total, | 1.8017 |
| Less oxygen corresponding to chlorine, | .1432 |
| Remainder, | 1.6585 |

Combining acids and bases gave:

| | *Parts.* |
|---|---|
| Chloride of sodium, (common salt), | 1.0285 |
| Chloride of potassium, | .0242 |
| Sulphate of potassa, | .0952 |
| Sulphate of magnesia (epsom salt), | .0167 |
| Carbonate of lime (limestone), | .3535 |
| Carbonate of magnesia (magnesia alla), | .0848 |
| Silica, | .0505 |
| Alumina and peroxide of iron, | .0051 |
| Total, | 1.6585 |

The water is charged with a large quantity of free carbonic acid gas, and has a temperature of 150° Fahr. It has a mineral taste and is quite free from suspended substances, although surrounded by plenty of partly decayed vegetable matter. The springs other than the principle one are not of very great importance, yet one or two are quite copiously charged with carbonic acid gas, and have a temperature considerably above 100° Fahr.

Along with these springs is a beautiful little lake, or large spring, covering about two acres and a half of land. It is very deep and has a temperature of 72° Fahr. According to a sounding made several years ago its depth in the centre is one hundred and eighty feet. This body of water now called Rockwell Lake affords a most delightful and exhilerating bath. The water being tepid and perfectly clear is peculiarly agreeable to the bather. The lake supplies the principal feature of an attractive resort, if improvements were made for the comfort and accommodation of visitors. The proximity of so large and fine a mineral spring, containing medicinal properties, to Salt Lake City and its accessibility by two railroads, the Utah Central and Denver & Rio Grande, ought at no distant day to bring this valuable property to the notice of the citizens, who might be much benefited by resorting to its waters. There was quite a romantic story current several years ago, when the U. S. troops were stationed at Camp Floyd, of a singular and fatal accident to one of the soldiers, who it was reported rode his horse into the Rockwell Lake and together with his animal sank to the bottom.

The springs in Provo Valley are in the northwest part of the valley near the village of Midway. Some of them are large and beautiful, containing water extremely clear and free from suspended matter. The water in most cases being much overladen with substances held in solution through an excess of carbonic acid gas, has, in coming to the surface, constantly made deposits until quite large mounds have been constructed.

The water of the springs at the present time, in two or three cases, is about on a level with these mounds, overflowing and building them higher and broader. The largest mound is probably fifty feet high, from two to three hundred feet in diameter at the base, and from seventy-five to one hundred

feet across the top. Notwithstanding the height of this structure, the water from the spring is still overflowing it. From the spring to the brow of the mound the water runs in a small irregular channel, but on descending it spreads out over a large surface. The spring is about ten feet in diameter and is of an unfathomable depth. Its walls are not smooth and perpendicular but very irregular, consisting of a succession of shelves of a crusty like nature, derived from the cementing character of the matter held in solution in the water. Rising slowly but in large bubbles the carbonic acid gas is all the time passing off and preparing the water to free itself from some of the substances it contains. The water is just warm enough to render it pleasant and agreeable for bathing; and although highly carbonated, it is palatable, tasting very much like ordinary cold water. An analysis of the water in this or in any of the other springs of this region has not yet been made and, therefore, the substances it has in solution are not altogether known. They are no doubt made up mostly of chlorides and carbonates of lime, magnesia and iron. Along with the present existing springs are the remains of many that have long since become extinct. Among these, one is known as the Rattle-snake cave, from the circumstance of its having been the home and headquarters of a prodigious number of those venomous reptiles. It is said that the early inhabitants killed hundreds of these horrible snakes which infested not only this cavern or extinct spring but the country about it for considerable distance. Remnants of the formations built by these ancient springs cover an area of about one fourth of a square mile. Some of the ancient structures far surpass in size any of the mounds now in process of formation, or any of those in the tops of which springs are at the present time in existence. They are broken and rent asunder, presenting the appearance of earthquake work, and remind one, in two or three instances, of old castle ruins. All the springs above mentioned might be called carbonated springs, a name frequently used in designating those charged with a considerable amount of free carbonic acid gas.

*J. T. Kingsbury.*

## INDIAN SUMMER IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

In autumn hues the landscape lies
All brilliant with its forest flame
Of crimson, gold and scarlet dyes,
And tints of ev'ry shade and name;
While in the deep blue vaulted dome
That spans above the flaming green,
The massive piles of vapor roam
And cast their shadows o'er the scene.

In dreamy mystic hazy blue
That bounds the vision ev'rywhere,
O'er mountains fading in the view,
And forests, fields and meadows fair,
So gently move the zephyrs by
That scarce the maple leaves are blown,
As, whirling from their branches high,
They're falling one by one alone.

In silent languor lies the last
Autumnal days with summer wed,
And else the dropping of the mast
Upon its painted leafy bed
No sound disturbs the quiet dream;
E'en bird and squirrel feel the spell,
And in their silent movements seem
But fairies of the wood and dell.

O! bird, enjoy the dream to-day,
And plume thy feathers smooth and true.
O! squirrel, rest thee, rest I pray,
For there is yet a time to do.
No Oriental ever roves
Within a sweeter scene of bliss,
No bower of Ceylon's spicy groves
E'er had a charm to equal this.

This dreamy haze no other land
Has ever seen or ever will,
Where hazy blue the mountains stand,
And lost in haze is ev'ry hill,
And ev'ry valley laid between
Is hidden in the hazy blue,
That deepens o'er the distant scene
Till all is faded from the view.

*Joseph L. Townsend.*

## ETERNAL DURATION OF MATTER.

III.

O SIN, what hast thou done! Thou hast hurled man from his blissful domain, and hast reduced him from a throne of power and dominion to a state of servitude, where, sunk in sorrow and misery, he groans out a wretched existence, which terminates in painful dissolution, and he mingles with his mother earth and is forgotten and lost amid the general ruin.

Thou hast converted a garden of delicious fruits and blooming flowers into a gloomy forest of thorns and thistles! Thou hast transformed a world of life, joy and happiness into the abodes of wretchedness and misery, where sighing, groaning, tears and weeping are mingled in almost every cup! By thee the earth has been filled with violence and oppression; and man, moved by hatred, envy, avarice or ambition, has often embrued his hands in the blood of his fellow man, by which the fairest portions of the earth have been made desolate; the abodes of domestic happiness turned to sorrow and loneliness; the happy wife and tender offspring have become widows and orphans; the bride has been left to mourn in irretrievable anguish, and the virgin to drop a silent tear over the ruined fragments of departed loveliness. By thee the world has been deluged with a flood of waters, and unnumbered millions swept at once from the stage of action and mingled in the common ruin, unwept and unlamented save by the tears of heaven, or by the eight solitary inhabitants of the ark who alone escaped to tell the news. By thy ravages empires have fallen to ruin, and cities become heaps. The fruitful plains of Shinar, and the splendid palaces of Babylon, have been doomed to perpetual waste and irretrievable desolation, never to be inhabited; not even as a temporary residence for the wandering Arab. (Isaiah xiii, 20.) By thee the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha, and the flourishing country about them, once extremely fertile, and watered as the Garden of Eden, have been desolated by fire, and overwhelmed by a sea of stagnant waters. By thee the land of Edom, once a flourishing empire, possessing a productive and well cultivated soil, and everywhere adorned with flourishing villages and splendid cities, has become desolate, without inhabitants; and the Lord has cast upon it the stones of emptiness, and the line of confusion. It has lain waste from generation to generation, as a haunt for wild beasts of the desert, a court for owls, and a place for the cormorant and bittern. On account of thee, the city of Jerusalem has long lain in ruins, the land of Judea is desolate, and their holy and beautiful house, where their fathers praised Jehovah, is burned with fire; while the Jews have long remained in exile among the nations, in fulfilment of that awful imprecation, "His blood be upon us and our children." By thy power the once mighty empires of Greece and Rome have been shaken to the centre, and have fallen to rise no more; and before thy desolating blast, almost innumerable provinces lay in ruin. The waste deserts of burning sand—the sunken and stagnant lakes and miry swamps—the innumerable rocky barrens and mountainous steeps—the desolate and dreary wastes of the polar regions; these all present but so many monuments to thy memory—they speak in language not to be misunderstood, that sin has been there, with its dreadful train of curses, under which they groan in pain to be delivered.

The solid rocks have burst asunder at thy withering touch; they have been rent in twain, and hurled from their firm foundations by thy mighty power: and they lay scattered in broken fragments and ruined heaps as monuments of agonizing nature, and as a testimony of the heaving sighs, the convulsive quakings and dreadful groanings of the earth itself, while by wicked hands the great Messiah was slain. And what shall I say more? for the time would fail me to

enumerate the evils of intemperance, dissipation, debauchery, pride, luxury, idleness, extravagance, avarice and ambition, hatred and envy, priestcraft and persecution, with all their attendant train of troubles, miseries, pains, diseases and deaths, which have all contributed to reduce mankind to a state of wretchedness and sorrow indescribable. The noble and majestic features of manhood have often been transformed by these vices into the frightful and disgusting image of demoniac furies—the angelic beauties of earth's fairest daughters as often transformed by vice into objects of mingled pity and contempt: but cease my soul, no longer dwell on these awful scenes; my heart is faint, my soul is sick, my spirit grieves within me, and mine eyes are suffused with tears while contemplating upon the scenes of wretchedness and misery which sin has produced in our world. O misery, how hast thou triumphed! O death, how many are thy victories! Thrones and dominions—principalities and powers—kingdoms and empires have sunk beneath thine all conquering arm—their kings and their nobles, their princes and their lords—their orators and statesmen, beneath the blast of thy breath, have found one common grave.

The dignity of age, the playful innocence of youth, or the charms of beauty, cannot save from thy cruel grasp—thou hast swallowed up the nations as water, and thou art an hungered still; thou hast drunk rivers of blood, and hast bathed in oceans of tears, and thy thirst is still raging with unabating fury. Whither—ah! whither shall I turn for comfort? In what secret chamber shall I hide myself to elude thy swift pursuit? If I would heap up gold as dust, I cannot bribe thee. If I would fortify my habitation with the munitions of rocks, thine arrows would pierce them as the spider's web, and find their way to my heart. If I would soar on high as the eagle, or fly to the most secret haunts of the desert, or hide myself in the gloomy thicket with the solitary bird of night; or retire with the bat, to the inmost recesses of the cavern, yet thy footsteps would pursue me, and thy vigilance would search me out. No arguments of the wise—no talents of the eloquent can prevail with thee. The tears of the widow, the cries of the fatherless, or the broken-hearted anguish of the lover cannot move thee to pity: thou mockest at the groans and tears of humanity; thou scornest the pure affections of love and tenderness; and thou delightest to tear asunder the silken cords of conjugal affection, and all the tender ties of love and endearment which twine around the virtuous heart, and which serve to cement society and to administer joy and happiness in every department of life. What mighty power shall check thy grand career, and set bounds o'er which thou canst not pass? Whose mighty voice shall command, saying "thus far, no farther shalt thou go, and here let thy proud waves be stayed?" What almighty conqueror shall lead thee captive—shall burst thy chains—throw open the doors of thy gloomy cells, and set the unnumbered millions of thy prisoners free? Who shall bind up the broken-hearted—comfort the mourners—dry the tears of sorrow—open the prison to them that are bound—set the captives free—make an end of sin and oppression—bring in everlasting righteousness—swallow up death in victory—restore creation to its primitive beauty, glory, excellence and perfection; "and destroy him who has the power of death—that is, the devil; and deliver those who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage?" but hark:

On the plains of Judea, methinks I hear
The melting strains of the lonely shepherd's
Midnight song, as it echoes among the hills
And vales, and dies away in the distance.
Its heavenly melody betokens
A theme of joy such as the sons of earth
Have seldom heard—some heavenly theme, as if
The choirs of angels—mingling their music
With the sons of earth, conspired to celebrate
Some new event—some jubilee of rest—
Some grand release from servitude and woe.
But see—ah see! the opening heavens around
Them shine; a glorious train of angels bright,
Ascending, fill the air:—it is indeed
A more than mortal theme. But hark again—
Methinks I understand the words—they

Celebrate the birth of king Messiah,
The mighty prince who soon shall conquer death
With all his legions, and reign triumphant
Over all, as King of kings, and Lord of lords.
Their chorus ends with peace on earth, good will
To men. O monster death, I now behold
Thy conqueror! Jesus of Nazareth—
The Babe of Bethlehem—the Son of God.

He comes to earth, and takes upon Him flesh and blood—even the seed of Abraham, and this for the express purpose of conquering sin and death, and restoring a lost and fallen world to its former perfection, that it may be capable of eternal life and happiness.

*P. P. Pratt.*

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The basis of manners is self-reliance.

Men were created for the sake of men, that they might be mutually serviceable to each other; in this we ought to follow nature as our guide, to bring our general benefits into the common stock, and by an interchange of good offices, by giving, by receiving, bind close the society of men with men.—*Cicero.*

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## BRUNELLESCHI.

In reading about art we often find something concerning a certain time which is called the Renaissance, and the art of that period bears the same name—the art of the Renaissance. This is a word meaning a new birth or re-awakening, and in art it denotes the time when the darkness and ignorance of the Middle Ages was passing away, and men were arousing themselves and endeavoring to restore literature and art to the high places they had once occupied. The artists who took the lead in this movement were a remarkable class of men, and merit remembrance and gratitude from all those of later times who have profited by their example.

Some authors call Filippo Brunelleschi, or Brunellesco, the "Father of the Art of the Renaissance." He was born in Florence in 1377, and died in 1446. His mother was of a noble family, and on his father's side he had learned notaries and physicians for his ancestors. Filippo's father desired that his son should be a physician, and directed his education with that end in view; but the boy had such a love of art and was so fond of the study of mechanics, that his father at length allowed him to learn the trade of a goldsmith, which trade was, in that day, more closely connected with what we call the fine arts than it is now.

Filippo made rapid progress, now that he was doing something that pleased him, and soon learned to excel in the setting of precious stones, and this, too, in exquisite designs drawn by himself. He also made some beautiful figures in niello. This art was so interesting that I must describe it to you, especially because to it we owe the origin of engraving.

The niello-worker drew a design upon gold or silver, and cut it out with a sharp tool called a burin. He then melted together some copper, silver, lead and sulphur, and when the composition was cool ground it to a powder. He covered his drawing with this, and over it sprinkled some borax; he then placed it over a charcoal fire, and the powder and borax melted together and ran into the lines of the drawing. When this was cool, the metal on which the drawing had been made was scraped and burnished, and the niello then had the effect of a drawing in black upon gold or silver. Niello-work was known to the ancients, and there are very rare old specimens of it in some museums. The discovery of the art of taking impressions on paper from these drawings on metal is ascribed to Maso Finiguerra, who flourished about the time when Brunelleschi died.

After Filippo had perfected himself as a goldsmith and niello-worker, he studied sculpture and executed some designs in bas-relief, but he was always deeply interested in such mathematical and me-

chanical pursuits as fitted him to be the great architect which he finally became. He went to Rome with his friend Donatello, and there Filippo was untiring in his study of architecture, and made innumerable drawings from the beautiful objects of ancient art which he saw. One day, when these two artists were digging among the ruins in the hope of finding some beautiful sculpture, they came upon a vase full of ancient coins, and from that time they were called "the treasure-seekers." They lived very poorly, and made the most of their small means, but even then they suffered many privations. Donatello returned to Florence, but Filippo Brunelleschi studied and struggled on, and there grew up in his heart a great desire to accomplish two things in his native city—to revive there a pure style of architecture, and to raise the dome upon the then unfinished cathedral. He lived to see the realization of both these ambitious hopes.

The Cathedral of Florence is also called the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, which means St. Mary of the Flower; this may also be rendered St. Mary of the Lily, and is better so, since the lily is the emblem of the Virgin Mary, the chief patron saint of Florence; St. Reparata is another favorite Florentine saint, who, in pictures, holds in her hand a banner, on which is a lily. The same device was on the red shield of the republic; indeed, the very name of Florence is popularly believed to have had its origin in the abundance of its flowers, especially the lily known as the *Iris Florentina*, which grows wild in the fields and in the clefts of the old walls in various parts of the city.

In 1407 Brunelleschi returned to Florence, and soon after the superintendents of the works upon the cathedral listened to the plans of various architects for raising the dome. Filippo proposed his views, but they were considered far too bold. He made models in secret and convinced himself that he could accomplish the great work. After a time he wearied of the waiting and returned to Rome, always thinking and planning about the dome, the erection of which had now become the one passionate wish of his heart. The struggle was long, and he suffered from the ignorance and indecision of the officials of Florence; at length, in 1420, a call was made for the architects of all countries to come with their plans, and, after many meetings and debates, the commission was finally given to Brunelleschi, thirteen wearisome years having passed since he had first asked for it.

At this meeting of architects, Filippo refused to show his models, and when he was criticised for this it is said that he proposed that, if any one present could make an egg stand upright on a smooth marble, he should be the builder of the dome. The eggs were brought, and the others all tried in vain to make one stand. At last Filippo took his egg, and, striking it a little blow upon the marble, left it standing there. Then the others exclaimed that they could have done the same. To this Filippo replied: "Yes, and you might also build a dome if you had seen my design!" [This story of the egg is also told of Columbus, but it doubtless originated as given above, as many Italian writers thus tell it, and, if true of Brunelleschi, the incident must have happened some fourteen years before Columbus was born. The astronomer Toscanelli was a great admirer of Brunelleschi, and there is little doubt of his having told this story to Columbus.]

The story of the building of the dome is very interesting, but it is too long to be given here. There were endless difficulties placed in Filippo's way, but he overcame them all and lived to see his work almost completed; only the outer coating was wanting at the time of his death. It is the largest dome in the world. The cross on the top of St. Peter's at Rome is farther from the ground than is that above Santa Maria del Fiore, but the dome of the latter is larger than the dome of St. Peter's. It was also the first dome that was raised upon a drum, as the upright part of a dome or cupola is called, and this fact alone entitles Filippo Brunelleschi to the great fame which has been his for more than four centuries.

He designed many other fine architectural works in and about Florence, among which are the church of San Lorenzo, that of Santo Spirito, some beautiful chapels for Santa Croce and other churches, the Hospital of the Innocents, and the Badia at Fiesolo. That he had also a genius for secular architecture is proved by his having designed the famous Pitti Palace. Its builder, Luca Pitti, was a very rich rival of the great Medici and Strozzi families, and he determined to erect a palace which should excel theirs in grandeur and magnificence. This palace stands in the midst of the Boboli gardens, and was for a long time the residence of the sovereigns of Tuscany and Italy, but was given up by Victor Emmanuel when he removed to Rome and made that city the capital in 1870. The visitor to the Pitti Palace has his interest and attention divided between the beauty of its surroundings, the splendor of the palace itself, and the magnificent treasures of art preserved there, the collection being now best known as the Pitti Gallery.

Filippo's enthusiasm for art made him willing to endure any amount of fatigue for the sake of viewing beautiful things. One day he heard Donatello describe an ancient marble vase which he had seen in Cortona. As Filippo listened he was possessed with the desire to see it, and quietly walked away, saying nothing of his intentions. He went on foot to Cortona, a distance of seventy-two miles, saw the vase and made accurate drawings from it, and was again in Florence before he was really missed by his friends, who supposed him to be busy with his inventions in his own room.

A very interesting story concerning himself and Donatello is that the latter received an order for a crucifix, carved from wood, for the church of Santa Croce, and when it was finished asked Brunelleschi's opinion of it. Relying on their long friendship, Filippo frankly said that the figure of Christ was like that of a day-laborer, whereas that of the Savior should represent the greatest possible beauty. Donatello was angry, and replied: "It is easier to criticise than to execute; do you take a piece of wood and make a better crucifix."

Brunelleschi did this, and when he had completed his work invited Donatello to dine with him. He left the crucifix in a conspicuous place in his house while the two went to the market to buy the dinner. He gave the parcels to Donatello and asked him to precede him, saying that he would soon be at home. When Donatello entered and saw the crucifix, he was so overcome with admiration that he dropped eggs, cheese, and all on the floor, and stood before the carving as motionless as if made of wood himself. When Brunelleschi came in he said, "What are we to do now? You have spoiled all the dinner!" "I have had dinner enough for to-day," replied Donatello. "You, perhaps, may dine with better appetite. To you, I confess, belongs the power to carve the figure of Christ; to me that of representing day-laborers." This crucifix is now in the chapel of the Gondi in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, while that of Donatello is in the chapel of Saints Ludovico and Bartolommeo, in the Church of Santa Croce.

On the south side of the square which surrounds the cathedral, called the Piazza del Duomo, there is a modern statue of Brunelleschi. He is represented as sitting with a plan of the great dome spread upon his knee, while his head is raised and he looks at the realization of his design as it rises above the cathedral. He was buried beneath the dome. His monument is the first in the southern aisle, where he was interred at the expense of the city. A tablet in the wall bears his epitaph, and above it is his bust, made by his pupil, Buggiani.—*St. Nicholas.*

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SET OR SIT.—Many of the agricultural journals are sorely troubled to know whether a hen sits or sets. If some editor of dignity would set a hen on a nest, and the editors would let her sit, it would be well for the world. Now a man, or woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the old hen

might sit on them by the hour if they would allow. A man cannot set on the wash bench; but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on a dog's tail, if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and neither be assailed by the dog nor the grammarians.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.—*Walpole.*

## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

### BAPTISM.

Upon looking over the sacred pages of the Bible, searching into the prophecies and sayings of the apostles, we find no subject so nearly connected with salvation as that of *baptism.* In the first place, however, let us understand that the word *baptize* is derived from the Greek verb *baptiso*, and means to immerse or overwhelm; and that sprinkle is from the Greek verb *rantiso*, and means to scatter on by particles; then we can treat the subject as one inseparably connected with our eternal welfare; and always bear in mind that it is one of the only methods by which we can obtain a remission of sins in this world, and be prepared to enter into the joys of our Lord in the world to come.

As it is well known that various opinions govern a large portion of the sectarian world as to this important ordinance of the Gospel, it may not be amiss to introduce the commissions and commands of Jesus himself on the subject. He said to the Twelve, or rather eleven at the time: Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, *baptizing* them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. Thus it is recorded by Matthew. In Mark, we have these important words: Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the Gospel to every *creature.* He that believeth and is *baptized* shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be *damned.* And to show how the believers are to be known from the *unbelievers*, He continues and says: And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. And in Luke we find the finishing clause like this: that it was necessary that Christ should die and rise the third day—that remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. *And ye are witnesses of these things.*

We will now examine the witnesses. As it will be recollected, they were to wait at Jerusalem till they were endowed with power from on high and then go and teach all nations whatsoever the Lord had commanded them. As Peter held the keys of the kingdom, we will examine him first.

Now on the day of Pentecost, when there was a marvelous display of the gifts, according to the promise in Mark, many were pricked in the heart, and said unto Peter, and to the rest of the apostles: Men and brethren, what shall we do? Peter said unto them: Repent, and be *baptized*, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, etc. Here one of the witnesses says in so many words, repent and be *baptized.* And we are of the opinion that Peter, having been taught by the Lord, and commissioned by the Lord, and endowed by the Lord, would be about as correct a counsellor, or am-

bassador, as we or they could inquire of to know the *right way* to enter into the kingdom.

Again, Luke, in his record of the Acts of the Apostles, says: And it came to pass, that while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul, having passed through the upper coasts, came to Ephesus; and finding certain disciples, he said unto them: Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. And he said unto them, Unto what, then, were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism. Then said Paul: John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, That they should believe on Him which should come after him, that is on Christ Jesus. When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied.

From the above witnesses, we are informed that *baptism* was the essential point on which they could receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. It seems from the reasoning above that some sectarian *Jew* had been baptizing *like* John, but had forgotten to inform them that there was one to follow by the name of Jesus Christ, to baptize with fire and the Holy Ghost, which showed these converts that their first baptism was *illegal*, and when they heard this, they were gladly baptized, and after hands were laid on them, they received the gifts, according to promise, and spake with *tongues and prophesied*.

We do not calculate, in this short dissertation, to bring in the immense reasoning and quotations that might be adduced to show that the ancients, who were actually the fathers of the church in the different ages, when the church flourished on the earth, according to the pattern of having apostles and prophets, etc., for the work of the ministry and the perfecting of the Saints—were initiated into the kingdom by baptism, for it is self-evident in the scripture—God changes not. The apostle says the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation unto them that believe; and also informs us that life and immortality were brought to light through the Gospel; that the scripture, as Paul said to the Galatians, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the *Gospel* unto Abraham: saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed.

Now, taking it for granted that the scriptures say what they mean, and mean what they say, we have sufficient grounds to go on and prove from the Bible that the Gospel has always been the same; the ordinances to fulfil its requirements, the same; and the officers to officiate, the same; and the *signs* and *fruits* resulting from the promises, the same: therefore, as Noah was a *preacher* of righteousness, he must have been *baptized* and ordained to the Priesthood by the laying on of the hands, etc. For no man taketh this honor upon himself except he be called of God as was Aaron, and Aaron was baptized in the cloud and in the sea, together with all Israel, as is related by the Apostle in Corinthians. This position or fact is witnessed in this manner: the covenant of circumcision made with Abraham, and practiced steadily up to the departing of Israel out of Egypt, was abandoned in the wilderness forty years—and renewed by Joshua after he passed over Jordan, and encamped at Gilgal, where he made sharp knives and circumcised the whole male portion of the church.

Circumcision was merely a sign of the Priesthood given to Abraham, according to the words of Jesus to Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I

say unto thee, except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. This strong and positive answer of Jesus, as to water baptism, settles the question. If God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, it is no wonder he is so positive in the great declaration: He that believes and is *baptized* shall be *saved*, and he that believes not shall be damned! There was no other name given under heaven, nor no other ordinance admitted, whereby men could be saved. No wonder the apostle said, being "*buried* with him in *baptism*, ye shall rise from the dead!" No wonder Paul had to arise and be baptized and wash away his sins! No wonder the angel told good old Cornelius that he must send for Peter to learn how to be saved! Peter could baptize, and angels could not, so long as there were legal officers in the flesh holding the keys of the kingdom, or the authority of the Priesthood. There is one evidence still further on this point, and that is, that Jesus himself, when He appeared to Paul on his way to Damascus, did not inform him how he could be saved. He had set in the church, firstly apostles, and secondly prophets, for the work of the ministry, perfecting of the Saints etc.; and as the grand rule of heaven was that nothing should ever be done on earth without revealing the secret to His servants the prophets, agreeably to Amos iii, 7, so Paul could not learn so much from the Lord relative to his duty in the common salvation of man, as he could from one of Christ's ambassadors called with the same heavenly calling of the Lord, and endowed with the same power from on high—so that what they loosed on earth should be loosed in heaven; and what they bound on earth should be bound in heaven. He, the Lord, being a priest forever, after the order of Melchisedek, and the anointed Son of God, from before the foundation of the world, and they the begotten sons of Jesus through the Gospel, to teach all nations—*and lo, I am with you always to the end of the world*—that is, by the other comforter which the world cannot receive, for ye are the witnesses, having the testimony of Jesus, which is the spirit of prophecy.

From what has already been introduced as testimony to prove that no man can be saved without baptism, it will be seen and acknowledged that if there was sin among men, repentance was as necessary at one time or age of the world as at another—and that other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. If, then, Able was a righteous man, he had to become so by keeping the commandments; if Enoch was righteous enough to come into the presence of God, and walk with Him, he must have become so by keeping His commandments; and so of every righteous person, whether it was Noah, a preacher of righteousness; Abraham, the father of the faithful; Jacob, the prevailer with God; Moses, the man who wrote of Christ, and brought forth the law by commandment, as a schoolmaster, to bring men to Christ, or whether it was Jesus Christ himself, who had no need of repentance, having done no sin; according to His solemn declaration to John: *now let me be baptized*; for no man can enter the kingdom without obeying this ordinance: FOR THUS IT BECOMETH US TO FULFIL ALL RIGHTEOUSNESS. Surely, then, if it became John and Jesus Christ, the Savior, to fulfil *all righteousness to be baptized*—so surely, then, it will become every other person that seeks the kingdom of heaven to go and do likewise: for He is the door, and if any person climbs up any other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

In the former ages of the world, before the Savior came in the flesh, "the Saints" were baptized in the name of Jesus Christ to come, because there never was any other name whereby men could be saved; and after He came in the flesh and was crucified, then *the Saints* were baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, crucified, risen from the dead and ascended into heaven, that they might be buried in baptism like Him, and be raised in glory like Him, that as there was but *one* Lord, *one* faith, *one* baptism and *one* God and Father of us all, even so there was but *one* door to the mansions of bliss. Amen.

# TRUE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

For many centuries it has been customary to celebrate the twenty-fifth day of December, as Christmas day, or the day on which Christ was born into the world. It was a custom, however, long before Christ was born, to celebrate the first day of each year, commonly called New Year's day. Among the ancient Romans, on that day, various sacrifices were offered up to the god Janus, and presents were made among the people to each other. The first day of the Jewish month Tishri, the first month of the civil year, the supposed day on which Adam was created, was celebrated with great ceremony. The early Christians celebrated the first of January, a day which was generally considered to correspond with the feast of the circumcision, being eight days after the birth of the Savior. Later, the Druids in ancient Britain were wont to assemble about their temples and offer sacrifices to the devil on the first day of the year. In the seventh century, Henry III, and still later, Queen Elizabeth, were very exacting in requiring their subjects to make them presents on that day, as a part of the celebration of the occasion.

The following extract from instructions given to Abbot Meletus in the year 601, who was then going into Britain, will show the probable origin of the British custom of feasting upon New Year's day: "The temples of the gods should not be destroyed, but the idols only that are in them. Let holy water be sprinkled in the said temples, and altars erected and relics replaced. For if those temples are well built, it is requisite that they be converted from the worship of the devils to the service of the true God. And because they have been used to slaughter many oxen in the sacrifice to the devils, some solemnity must be exchanged for them on this account. They may build themselves huts of boughs of trees about the churches which have been turned to that use from temples, and celebrate the solemnity of the religious feastings, and o more offer beasts to the devil, but kill cattle to the praise of God, and in their eating, return thanks to the giver of all things for their sustenance." Thus we see it was the object of the universal Roman church to change the customs of the heathen by introducing ideas of Christianity, which was duly accomplished to a great extent in the course of time.

But to return. The present so called Christian era, from its manner of reckoning the birth of Christ as its commencement, for we say anno domini, or in the year of our Lord 1882 or otherwise as the case might be, indicates that Christ was born on the first day of the first year of the Christian era, or in other words, on January 1st, in the year one. Why then is it that the twenty-fifth of December, is celebrated as His birthday? We will now endeavor to answer that question.

In the sixth century, a Romish monk named Dionysius Exiguus, a man of considerable reputation, gave out to the world that Christ was born on the twenty-fifth of December, just five hundred and thirty-two years previously, a conclusion totally unsupported by evidence, as was positively demonstrated in later years. Sometime after the sixth century, when this idle imagination was proven false, the word vulgar was applied to our present era. This silly surmising of the Monk Dionysius was, however, accepted as correct by the Roman church, and the twenty-fifth day of December thereafter was and has since been generally regarded as the day upon which Christ was born, the opinions and very definite conclusions of chronologists to the contrary notwithstanding.

The date of the crucifixion of the Savior can be more definitely determined. Notwithstanding some chronoligists place the date at sometime in March, the great majority fix it on the sixth of April, which corresponds to the ancient Jewish month, Abib, now called Nisan, which was the day of the passover, spoken of by the evangelist John. (Smith's dic., vol. ii, page 719; vol. i, p. 1067.) But another query arises: Is it just eighteen

hundred and eighty-two years since the birth of Christ? Much contrariety of opinion exists upon this subject. For instance, witness the following table of chronological differences concerning the correct date of our present, the Christian or vulgar era:

| *Birth of Christ.* | *Chronologists.* |
|---|---|
| B. C. 1 yr. | Pearson and Hug. |
| B. C. 2 yrs. | Schaliger. |
| B. C. 3 yrs. | Baronius, Calvisius, Suskind and Paulus. |
| B. C. 4 yrs. | Lamey, Bengel, Anger, Wieseler and Greswell. |
| B. C. 5 yrs. | Usher and Petavius. |
| B. C. 7 yrs. | Ideler and Sanclemente. |

The late Professor Orson Pratt in writing upon this subject, stated that "there is certainly much substantial evidence to prove that the vulgar, now in common use, is three years too little." Conceding that the calculations of Baronius, Calvisius, Suskind and Paulus are correct, then our date would be 1885 instead of 1882. We might here remark that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized just eighteen hundred years after the crucifixion of the Savior, which, as we will hereafter show, occurred in his thirty-third year. Adding the thirty-three years to eighteen hundred, and we have the true era date of the organization of the Church, viz: A.D. 1833. The era, however, being three years too late, it is termed A.D. 1830.

Let us now consider the exact age of Christ when He was crucified, calling to our aid the Book of Mormon. We are told that as a sign of the birth of Christ to the Nephites, there should be one night in which there should be no darkness; that is, there should be continuous light for thirty-six hours, and on the day following the night without darkness, the Savior should come into the world. Accordingly, the sign was given and the Nephites began to reckon from that time, the day on which it was promised that Christ should be born being the first day of the first month of the first year. Book of Mormon, p. 479, v. 8. According to their chronology, we are enabled to ascertain the exact age of the Savior at His crucifixion.

The sign of the crucifixion was prophesied to be the prevalence of great earthquakes, accompanied by other great calamities, and followed by three days of darkness. The date of the beginning of the tempest is given exactly in the Nephite record (Book of Mormon, p. 495, v. 5) in the following language: "And it came to pass in the thirty and fourth year, in the first month, in the fourth day of the month, there arose a great storm," etc. Thus we see by the Nephite reckonings, thirty-three full years and three full days of the thirty-fourth year had passed away, and the fourth day had just begun when the darkness commenced. A Jewish day begins at six o'clock in the morning, hence, it was after that time with the Nephites when Jesus expired on the cross.

But from another standpoint: The crucifixion commenced at Jerusalem at noon and ended about three o'clock, Jerusalem time. Mark, xv, 35-37. It will be borne in mind that there is a difference of about one hundred and ten or one hundred and twenty degrees in the longitude of the two localities—Jerusalem and the place where the Nephites were then located, just southeast of the Panama Isthmus, in South America, and consequently, there would be a corresponding difference in the time of the two places. Calculating fifteen degrees to the hour, there would be about seven and one-half hours difference in the time of the two places, and as the Nephites were west of Jerusalem, the sign of the crucifixion would occur earlier than at Jerusalem. Hence, if the crucifixion commenced at the sixth hour, or about twelve o'clock noon, and ended at the ninth hour or three o'clock in the afternoon, as described by St. Mark, the corresponding hours with the Nephites would be from about half-past four to half-past seven in the morning, at which latter hour the darkness commenced, lasting three days. (Book of Mormon, p. 496.) The two records written by men unknown to each other, separated by thousands of miles, harmonize in the minutest details.

Again. We have no doubt that the

Nephites computed their years in the same manner that the Egyptians did, namely, each year having exactly three hundred and sixty-five days, adding thirteen days at the expiration of each fifty-two years, or at the rate of one day to every four years, corresponding to our leap-year. It is worthy of comment that when America was discovered, the Mexican Indians reckoned their time after this manner. (See Lord Kingsborough's "Mexican Antiquities.") The Nephite calendar being conducted on this plan, the thirty-three years in question were undoubtedly of a uniform length of three hundred and sixty-five days each, or in all, equal to twelve thousand and forty-five days, and adding the three days to the thirty-fourth year, equal twelve thousand and forty-eight days as the total length of the life of Christ. Reducing this number to years of three hundred and sixty-five and one-quarter days each, we have thirty-two years and three hundred and sixty days as the age of the Savior.

We have already stated that the day of the passover corresponding to the sixth of April (or the Jewish month Nisan) had been generally agreed upon as the date of the crucifixion. We have just seen that at His death the Savior was just thirty-two years and three hundred and sixty days old, or thirty-three years all but five days. Subtracting thirty-two years and three hundred and sixty days from April 6th, and we have April 11th as the date of the birth of Christ, or had the Savior lived five days longer, He would have been crucified on His birthday at the age of thirty-three years.

To summarize: Jesus our Lord and Savior, was born, according to these calculations, on Friday afternoon, Jerusalem local time, the eleventh of April, and was crucified on the sixth day of April, A.D. 32, five days before His thirty-third birthday, which made Him exactly thirty-two years and three hundred and sixty days old when He was crucified. Therefore, the eleventh of April, 1882, is in reality, the true Christmas and New Year's day of the true era 1885.

As before stated, the Church was organized exactly eighteen hundred years from the date of the crucifixion of Christ, which time was set by revelation for April sixth, 1830, vulgar era, which is the same as April 6th, 1833 of the true era. *Edward E. Brain.*

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The world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest.

Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity; the too humble obeisance is sometimes a disguised impertinence.—*Talleyrand.*

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## ON SLEEPING WITH SNAKES.

Ipsi laetitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes: ipsae jam carmina rupes.
*Virg. Ecl. 5, 63.*
The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice.
*Dryden.*

HAVE you ever taken a jaunt through the mountains in the early part of summer? Say "an out" for a couple of weeks, fishing, hunting, climbing, or sitting listlessly by the noisy waters? If you have not, if your life has been passed behind a counter, or pouring over accounts in some musty office; if instead of inhaling the wild breezes of the hills you have breathed only the dull, lifeless atmosphere of your city, then what I have to say is your life has been abused. You have seen, not its clear, but its murky side. You are like the potato vine that has grown in a dark cellar: of a sudden and vigorous growth, indeed, but pale and of short continuance.

Oh, the freedom and freshness of mountain life! When only to breathe the morning air is a delight! When your senses become not local ideas, but part of the earth, the clouds and the landscape! When rapture encircles you like an atmosphere, brightening your heart as the sun brightens the hills. Every

joyful chord of your life is struck with gladness, bringing the vivacity of youth —the tones of love, to heart and voice.

How often have I reveled in the solitude and grandeur of our native mountains, making the rocks and caves ring to the ebullitions of my heart. How often have I

"Slowly traced the forests shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot has ne'er or rarely been."

And I have never done so in vain: something, never thought of before, has been added to my knowledge; something of nature's ways—her quiet, her pensiveness, her sublimity has been given to my experience, and heart, mind and kindly susceptibilities have been improved.

But it was not to write a rhapsody upon travel, or mountains, or solitude, that I took up my pen, but to relate an incident that happened to me while enjoying one of those peregrinations before mentioned. It was six years ago, and in the beautiful month of July. A party of us, all young men, were passing through Blacksmith's Fork Canyon on our way to Bear Lake Valley and Soda Springs. All day the sun had poured his beams upon the narrow, winding road, the overarching willows, the foaming river, and the mountains, rising like gigantic fortifications on either side. All day his fiery rays had scorched our faces, ears and backs, only when, peradventure, we halted for a few minutes in the birch or willow arbors that fringed the roadway; until now, as we entered a small oval, formed by the receding mountains, his face was suddenly lost behind a projecting spur, around which the road trended. Here it was decided to camp for the night, and the wagon being drawn to a little eminence that commanded a view of the whole opening, the horses were unhitched, and that hurry and bustle so dependent upon camp life, suddenly commenced. One devoted his attention to the team, which being unharnessed, was hobbled and turned up the mountain side. Another busied himself in preparation for supper, being voted the best cook in our company. One gathered and broke sticks wherewith to build a fire. Another penetrated to a cold spring close by, and became "water carrier." Your humble servant took stock in all these departments, making himself "generally useful."

Have you ever noticed how sudden the change is from daylight to dark, among the mountains? We had scarcely thrown ourselves upon the buffalo robes before our camp fire, when the sunlight faded from the mountain tops, and a heavy gloom spread over the little valley. A cold wind immediately swept through the canyon, which soon gave place to mellower breezes from the pines. We sat silent for some time, watching the changes from gloaming to night. In a few minutes, here and there a star appeared, trembling above the mountain, and in less time than one could note it, the whole heavens were

"Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright."

The moon had not yet risen, but in the east a paling had begun, giving to that portion of the sky a melancholy, ethereal aspect. Behind us were the mountains, grim and frowning; on our right, the river, with its dark underbrush, and an occasional pine hanging upon its brink; in front lay the little valley, stretching darkly away into the gloom where to-morrow's journey lay. Scarcely a sound broke the monotony of this scene. Occasionally a night bird whirred overhead with a strange, rushing noise that made the silence deepen more intensely afterward. The roaring of the river came up dull, and as though far off, making a ground upon which more dissimilar noises could be distinctly heard. But over all there was a spirit of solitude —of intense solemnity—that produced a sensation of humility and veneration approaching fear.

After supper, our beds were spread between two clumps of shrubbery, around which the wheat grass grew tall and luxuriant. It was not without some misgivings as to the near proximity of reptiles that I threw myself wearied

upon the dusty quilts; in fact, before doing so, I had beat the bushes and grass in our vicinity for the purpose of driving them out, if any were near. I have always been morbidly afraid of every species of reptile; even the sight of a frog or toad makes me shudder, and I have a greater abhorrence of snakes and those crawling, sliding things, that dwell near water, than I have of any wild animal whatsoever. Several times during the first hour of rest, my ear fancied it could detect the slow, sliding motion of a snake beneath my pillow. Once, indeed, I sprang up and removed the clothes, confident that one was there; but as the night advanced and my mind became composed, I sank into a deep, blissful sleep, disturbed only by what Coleridge would call a "psychological curiosity." This was of so peculiar a nature, that I shall relate its occurrence as nearly as possible.

I imagined myself awake and *out* of my body, which lay motionless on the bed beneath. I was possessed of a curiosity to look among the roots of the adjoining bushes, in quest of snakes, whose presence, though invisible, I could distinctly feel. My eyesight seemed so penetrating, that looking upon the ground as I moved, I could see innumerable little holes and cavities, in which, bright eyes, and sometimes moving bodies could be seen. Presently, as I advanced towards a dead maple, I saw a large serpent, with gleaming eyes and poisonous aspect, appear from the base of a bunch of grass, and glide rapidly towards the spot where our beds were made. It was followed by another of still larger proportions, the sight of which caused me such agony that I felt almost dead with fear. "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Without having the power to utter a word or make a movement I now became conscious that I was lying in bed, and that something was pressing upon and moving about me. It touched my feet, my legs and body, much as we see a dog touch and smell anything it has found, but with a far more horrifying effect. Possessing no power of volition, I felt its clammy flesh upon my body, and shivered—a deathly, fearful shiver—that chilled me to the heart. I realized that a snake was in my bed—that it was gliding slowly but surely over my breast, and would soon be upon my face; yet, though I tried to struggle—to scream out, my efforts were powerless. At last, when it seemed that the serpent's breath was upon my neck, and its forked tongue about to dart upon me, I gave a loud shriek, and bounded madly to my feet. For an instant my whole desire was to fly as far as possible from the detestable spot; but my companions, half terrified, were now around me, and realizing at once the cause of my fright, caught and restrained me.

The moon had risen, and by its pale light, two or three dark objects were seen gliding from the place where I had so lately lain. F——, one of the best marksmen with a pistol, in the Territory, shot two of them as they were passing from the quilts into the grass. Upon examination, they proved to be rattlesnakes, each with eight or ten rattles. At sight of them, I could not sufficiently express my gratitude for so wonderful a deliverance.

Tired as we were, no one felt disposed to return again to bed. More branches were thrown upon the dying fire, and during the remainder of the night, we sat discussing the singular freak of mind which pervaded this adventure. My esteemed friend R—— maintained that I had not been asleep, but in a state of semi-somnolency, during the continuance of which, my fear of snakes had intensified my powers of mind, and rendered more acute the organs of sight and hearing. S——, coincided with the latter part of this exposition, but held that I had been asleep and dreaming. The others gave it as their opinion, that it was like Lord Dundreary's grammar, "One of those things that no fellah can find out." For myself, I have no explanation of the phenomenon. I cannot understand it. Can you?

"The morn, with russet mantle clad, was walking over the dews of the eastern hills," when we resumed our journey

northward. The birds sang, the waters murmured, and the fresh air of heaven soon drove all thoughts of the terrible adventure from my mind. *Beppo.*

RETROSPECT.—How delightful it is thus to strengthen within us the golden threads that unite our sympathies with the past—to fill up, as it were, the blanks of existence with those we love! How sweet are these dreams of home in a foreign land! How calmly across life's stormy sea blooms that little world of affection, like those Hesperian isles where eternal summer reigns, and the olive blossoms all the year round, and honey distills from the hollow oak! Truly, the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure and deep and lasting in earthly affection. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longing to the parental roof; there the scattered rays of affection concentrate. Time may enfeeble them, distance overshadow them, and the storms of life obstruct them for a season; but they will at length break through the cloud and glow and burn and brighten around the peaceful threshold of home. — *Longfellow.*

Cunning iz a weak imitashun of wisdom, and is liable at enny time to merge into fraud.—*Josh Billings.*

## WEDDINGS.

IT can never be out of place to mark the growth of social habits, for from these it may be determined with some accuracy whether a community is simply moved by impulse or fashion, imitators of others, or really building up, as the result of understood principles, those customs which exhibit devotion to something more permanent than the whims and kaleidoscopic moods of society.

The CONTRIBUTOR is no doubt read by most of the young people of both sexes in this Territory, and the topic about to be presented is one in which they are all interested, and in which they will, it is to be hoped, sooner or later take each one the most prominent part.

It may probably suggest itself at once that marriage is the matter aimed at, for the Latter-day Saints are a marrying people: bachelorhood and aged maidenhood are not popular here, and so every one may fairly look forward to married life as a life to be experienced and enjoyed. While this may be untalked of elsewhere, here there is no occasion to taboo this question, or to misconstrue a desire for marriage, inasmuch as instinct and desire are sustained both by religious theory and understood revelation.

Marriage is here considered a divine institution, reaching in influence and fact beyond this probation, and claiming in this way more thought and more order in its ceremonial and spirit, than is needed where its duties and responsibilities are bounded by men's conceptions of it as a simple civil contract, as something to be dissolved or destroyed at the instance of fancy, of convenience, of incompatibility of temper, of desire for change, or other sensual or mental action or caprice, which mainly indicates either lack of self-restraint or unmanly avoidance of responsibility.

Those who look upon marriage as a serious thing—as a momentous step in two unopened lives, would have no taste for frivolity, for vulgar comment, for ostentatious display, or for that wide publicity which fashion demands, and under the glamour of which there is far too often hidden a foreboding of the future, and an unwillingness to look ahead, hoping, probably, that all will turn out right, but dreading really a fate, which reflection would often show must inevitably be one of disappointment, misery, sorrow and death.

Since the outside world encroached (if it may be so expressed) upon this peaceful Territory, a good deal of the primi-

tive simplicity of its first settlers has vanished away, and many marriages now are colored in method and spirit by influences more or less foreign to the religion and calling of the Saints. All can read of *grand* weddings, of the magnificent *trousseau* of the bride, of the elegant repast provided, of the display of presents, etc., of music and wine, and flowers and style; then the reception is noted, costume and dress and fashion is commented upon, as if the simple rite and duty needed all this fuss and feathers to smother its real character, or make more attractive that which in itself should be linked with divinity and love, its outward and highest manifestation; and it is not unlikely that often the parties most concerned are most impatient of this outward glitter, and would prefer the quiet of family reunion and pleasant chat to all the handshaking and congratulations, and show and feasting of the hosts who gather at our stylish weddings.

A marriage of late date seemed to embody some of those delicate features which gave promise of desirable change in this respect; it was an unstudied revolt against the dictum of encroaching fashion. The bridegroom, a young man of good parentage (Latter-day Saints); the bride the same. The father of each, as is befitting, were present; members of the immediate families was there, of course; a couple of personal old-time friends; one associate of the young man and one of the young lady. A quiet, plain supper; no wines or liquors; then an hour of chat, a piece or two on the organ, a little singing, two or three short speeches, embodying personal experience under similar circumstances, some good counsel, a father's blessing, then benediction and early separation, left an impression which gave food for thought many a time since then. There was no vulgar charivari, no equally vulgar parade, no loose talk or suggestive innuendo; the bride was simply attired, there was no sweeping train, no orange blossoms, no presents exhibited and none would have been received; there was simplicity, sobriety, peace, good behavior, respect for virtue, modesty and purity, honor to the parents, honor to the young couple, honor to the marriage covenant with its solemnity and significance, honor to the Priesthood and honor to God. Ah! surely such a marriage must turn out well, if the spirit of that occasion is sustained through life; surely the angels note with joy so serene and appreciative a celebration, when they might turn with regrets from the glare of grander ceremonial devoid of heart and culture and inspiration, such as the Gospel alone can give.

Not long ago, inquiring of an old friend as to his feelings, he replied that he had had a marriage in his family, and that to conform with the prevailing mode, to satisfy the pressure of his family, and to give his daughter a good "send off," he had overreached himself, and for a long time was unable to overcome the consequent embarrassment. Oh, when will Israel learn, and when shall even her wealthy members abstain from giving such examples as tinge with ineffectual mimicry and imitation those who can ill afford, and who, while reluctantly following, would, from a sense of "the best," prefer to copy in a wiser direction?

These strictures do not come from any distaste for enjoyment; they do not come either from paltry consideration of cost, or lack of desire to make the most of those great social changes which come into every man's family, when from his hearthstone his sons and daughters lead out in the assumption of sacred duty and indispensable responsibility; but most see this growing evil, this thirst for display, this increasing rivalry, and in some cases this selfish spirit which proclaims a sacred festival for the value of the contribution which it implies, and which with ostentatious vulgarity tells of the aggregation of presents, and half insultingly presumes that invitation declined implies parsimony, or that invitation accepted without a present is evidence of stinginess, and that friendship is best measured by competitive gifts and to be judged by the dollars and cents expended, sometimes unwillingly, oftentimes contrary to ability and always

unsatisfactorily, because out of harmony with the true spirit of marriage and the order of the Gospel.

Nor need it be thought that kinship and friendship cannot be shown by some little token to a young couple commencing life for themselves; it is the ostentation which is evil, the expectancy, the criticism which is evoked, the competition which is involved, and the whole innovation of glare and glitter which is Babylonish in its character and fatal to the sacred thoughts and lessons and spirit which it is so desirable to cultivate and extend.

Now the remedy is in the hands of the Saints, and particularly in the hands of the young people. It is expected that they will marry, and it is right that they should; and those who take this step are to be congratulated, *if it is taken in the right way.* Having made a wise choice (as all desiring to be Latter-day Saints should do), they will have the approbation of their presiding authorities, for they will be only too proud to recommend, so that the sons and daughters of Israel may be married in the right way and in the right place—that is, in the sacred places and under the authority of the Priesthood. Our families should never allow themselves to question this authority, to doubt its legality or seek to strengthen its ceremonial by the assistance of any civil authority so-called; no justice of the peace, no judge of earthly courts, no sectarian minister can make a bond more binding than that which has been already ratified by God's authority and before the holy angels in the sacred places of the church of God, and no other authority can make binding, save for time, this holy covenant between man and wife.

Let our youth avoid all joking upon so sacred and delicate a subject; let them treat with gravity the institution which God ordained; let them sanctify themselves for its duties and its responsibilities by faith and prayer, then let their home be the abode of peace and dignity, of affection and holy trust, learning to "bear each other's burthens and to fulfil the law of Christ." Celebrate the occasion without rudeness, and frown down all drinking, carousing and boisterous rejoicing. When in your own little nest, select and invite to call upon and visit you those you may desire, always preferring the reputable, the well behaved, the God-fearing and truth-loving of your neighborhood or settlement; then having begun well, you may end well; but a poor beginning gives no promise of that happiness which should spring from married life in this world and in the world to come. *H. W. Naisbitt.*

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Compliment is the high road to the heart of woman.

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## IN THE WAKE OF THE CHURCH.

KIRTLAND.

On the line of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, and only a few hours' ride east from Cleveland, is the now well known station of Mentor. You could scarcely give the name of town to this rambling discollection of farm houses. Previous to the candidacy of General Garfield, the village was far less popularly known than the crafty preceptor of the son of Ulysses, from whom it derived its name. But as soon as the Chicago Convention turned in hopeless desperation from those presidential candidates whose strength was their weakness, to the "dark horse," to whom none could object, and nominated the distinguished warrior and statesmen, who was subsequently elected to the Executive Chair and to assassination—Mentor became one of the busiest stations on a busy road, for it was the home of General Garfield; but it again relapsed to its former Sabbath-like stillness, was once more given over to the "way" train and ignored by the high-toned through express, when its boasted citizen took his triumphal march to Washington. And

so we found it—quiet and spread out, with a store by the station, the chapel up the country nearly a mile, and the Garfield residence still farther away. Since we had left Buffalo on a through train, we found it necessary to get off at Painesville, where it was possible to take a train, in the course of an hour, which would stop at Mentor.

It occurs to me that I have neglected to explain the importance of Mentor in the subject I am dealing with. It is situated but three miles from Kirtland, and is nearer to that historic place than any other point on the railroad—hence its present importance. It also affords livery accommodations, providing you have not been anticipated, as my friend and I, by a party who had secured *the* livery team to go out to the "mountain"—which eminence a careful scouring of the surrounding country failed to discover; in fact, it would seem highly amusing to a denizen of the Rocky Mountains, that any elevation in that vicinity should receive even the far less imposing name of "hill." The conclusion reached, after a fruitless search for this "mountain," which parties come forth out of Cleveland to go up into, was that there must exist some deep ravine, some gaping chasm, from the bottom of which the impinging banks would "loom up" to perhaps the mighty vastness of one hundred and fifty feet; to the bewilderment and lifelong ecstacy of the awe-struck Clevelander. Such was the train of thoughts suggested as the country surrounding Mentor was viewed; however, as our journey came towards its end at Kirtland, we found elevations which in much consistency could be called mountains by the prairie dwellers.

Since the livery stable had been emptied and Hobson's choice left only those ever useful horses of my childhood's days—"shank's ponies"—we took them (they were at least cheap), hoping to replace them in the heart of the village, near the chapel, where there seemed to be a cluster of five or six houses. The walk was not objectionable for the ground was just right and the lane was pleasant. After various inquiries we found our man—the owner of a horse, which, as his owner said, had but one gait—that we afterwards found to be a very composed cross between a walk and something faster, from which it was impossible to persuade him in the interests of progression. The same gentleman found us a buggy, directed us to Kirtland, and we went off rejoicing, leaving him to return to his temporary avocation of carriage painting—for he was the general artizan of the surrounding country.

Before leaving, we enquired as to the Garfield place, to which he directed us with a remark that he "knew the General's face as well as old 'Balls' (the mare), and many 's the time I've shook his hand when he's been down here to get some work done." This place, soon reached, was found to be a very pleasant and even pretentious house, upon which Mrs. Garfield was then having some additions made, and a very large number of barns and various outhouses. An air of comfort and thrift pervaded the place, and but one glance sufficed to convince us that the President had loved his rural home and viewed his coming days there with pleasure. An elderly gentleman working in the garden was found to be the father of Mrs. Garfield.

Soon after getting under way again, the steeple of the Temple appeared, its elevated point raised clear of the trees and forests of the neighborhood, furnishing a landmark toward which we directed our journey through the sinuous lanes. Reaching the edge of a bluff, which formed one bank of the basin of a considerable stream, we found displayed before us on the opposite side the now feeble village of Kirtland, with its Temple removed from the edge of the bluff some two hundred feet. The road led down the long decline, then ran along a narrow strip of meadow land, across the deep and low running stream, up the hill, past the blacksmith shop and store, and over the creek to the Temple. Our first care was to ascertain who kept the keys of the building; we were told to apply to an old lady just north of the Temple, who would either have them in

her possession or would be able to tell us regarding them. We found her; she informed us that a couple of Elders ("re-organized Elders") had been there a day or so before, and had gone off with the keys—the door keys, I mean; the other keys, those to the doors of eternal truth, were taken from the Kirtland Temple forty-five years before.

Upon asking for some of the old inhabitants, we were directed to the residence of a Mr. Bond, a Latter-day Saint, I believe, in the days of the Prophet. The door was opened by a small person, whom nature had dealt unkindly by—she had never possessed, as most women, a form to attract the attention of the opposite sex. She was born deformed, and Time, the great destroyer, had but increased the crookedness of her shape and written, with his caustic finger, the bitter tale of a life of desolation and poverty. Ill health had made its inroads upon her, and by means of the attenuated fingers and blanched cheeks, you could guess at sleepless nights and restless days of pain. Stamped upon her countenance was the impress of her mind—cold, for what had she experienced but coldness? cynical, for had Christian charity about her proven a balm for a broken life? It was no surprise, then, to hear Miss Bond, for such was the name of this poor woman, exclaim that existence was a soulless, empty void, the sooner terminated the better; nor to hear her doubt God and impugn the efficacy of religion. Turning from the daughter, we introduced ourselves to the father—an aged man of eighty-four years, now reduced from his usual condition of approximate helplessness to utter inability to move, by a severe attack of rheumatism. It was hard work to converse with the old veteran, for time had deadened the nerves of his ears and rendered husky a perhaps at one time musical voice. He lamented his inability to work; the gardening time had come, his family depended upon his feeble efforts, and now he found himself a crippled sufferer and confined to the house. He remembered many of the prominent men of the old days, and was particularly well acquainted with President Young and Brother Woodruff. During our conversation we were interrupted by a voice from an adjoining room; it proved to be the mother, who had spoken to correct a statement of her husband, and who afterwards requested to see us, since we came from Utah. Unhappy family! This time-worn woman was totally blind. I cannot describe the gloomy feelings which settled upon us by reason of the sight of a family so stricken. God does indeed distribute his favors unequally in this world, and to a believer in eternal justice, Lamartine remarked, there is no greater proof of the existence of God than that death sees so many accounts unbalanced.

Turning from this home of desolation, we sought the various points of interest pointed out by the Bonds. Finally we directed ourselves toward the spot once occupied by the house of President Young. It now forms part of a meadow, and there is no vestige of a building remaining, except a slight unevenness of the ground, where perhaps the foundation had been placed. The writer, desirous of securing some relic connected with the house which once stood on the spot, seeing it was the birthplace of his father, succeeded in finding some pieces of colored crockery, which, when showed to the late Mary Ann Angell Young a few weeks before her death, recalled to her mind a set of ware once possessed by her in those former days.

A farm house on the road leading down into the bed of the stream below the hill was pointed out to us as the former residence of the Prophet Joseph. It is in a good state of preservation. We broke off a small twig of an evergreen tree growing near the fence in front, as a souvenir. Unfortunately, the aforementioned re-organized Elders had gone off with the keys of the Temple, which of course was the chief object of our visit, and so our curiosity was confined to the exterior and such partial views of the interior as could be obtained through the windows, from the top of each oth-

er's shoulders. We found the interior preserved in much the same order as described to us by veteran Saints, and saw above, on the ceiling of the main room, the wires along which the curtains used to slide. The lower one of the three pulpits at the west end was strangely decorated with a few of the paraphernalia of a Protestant church, and held an open Bible. The building is in poor repair; much of the interior wood work has been taken away for fire wood, and the sashes contain more broken than undamaged panes of glass. Paint it has not seen for a generation at least. Its chief glory is of course in the past, and to a Latter-day Saint the brightness of that glory was sufficient to cause it even now to shine with its retained splendor.

Our impression was that the town had run down greatly; it now contains tens where, in the early part of the third decade of this century, it numbered its hundreds. A walk through the cemetery discovered names familiar in the early history of the Church; but they were as a rule dimly painted on pine boards, into which the teeth of time had gnawed, to the end of making many of their inscriptions illegible. A ride back through this pleasant country—for it is such—afforded us many opportunities to conjecture whether such an old farm or schoolhouse was a relic of the Mormon days. Mentor again reached, we boarded the next train for the West and for Nauvoo.

Cleveland, where we found it convenient to spend the greater part of a day, was interesting in its Lake View Cemetery, where lie the remains and where is to be erected the monument of the lamented Garfield, with its grassy slopes and wooded spots, its lakes and bridges; why, I am surprised that such a final resting place does not render suicides more popular here. Cleveland was also interesting to us in its truly magnificent Euclid Avenue, said to be one of the finest streets of residences in the world, and without an equal in America—palaces and extensive grounds for four miles! *Richard W. Young.*

He is not dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high.
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

## SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

I.

THE FALLING AWAY.

"Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first."—2 Thess., ii, 3.

"Coming events cast their shadows before" was exemplified by the conduct of the "churches" under the care and guidance of the Apostle Paul, from A. D. 54 to A. D. 60; and so marked were their "vain babblings and contentions," that the Apostle was necessitated "stirring up" the "Gift of God" within him, to warn them of the impending dissolution that would surely terminate the "working of the Mystery of Iniquity" that was then manifest in their midst.

The Gospel net had been cast, and there were gathered together many who, though they had been "baptized by one Spirit into one body," still possessed the more dominant proclivities of the nation, sect or party from which they had been drawn, and the carnality of their nature was soon made manifest by doubts and surmises, which eventually gave way to dogmas dangerous to the church's weal; and although they were repeatedly warned, "by letter" and oral censure, from those whose right it was to correct, they profited little, and the culmination of their waywardness was that "damnable heresies" crept into the churches and supplanted the "true doctrine of Christ;" and while they enjoyed the watchcare of the Apostles, who would "exhort, rebuke, censure, etc., with all longsuffering and meekness," they were kept from the fate that seemed inevitable, and of which the Apostles had so often warned

them, and foretold would come to pass. The elements of division and discord had been freely sown and widely diffused, and the apostasy of Hymeneus, Philetus, Alexander, etc., was calculated to produce an effect among the weakly ones, disastrous to their personal well-being and the perpetuity of the Church on the earth. The Sadducean heterodoxy in the Church at Corinth (1 Cor., xv, 12), and the Pharisaic looking and longing for the "power and deliverance" of the Messiah, which was freely indulged in by the Thessalonians (2 Thess., ii, 2, 3), are examples of the "strong delusion" that should wage war with their belief and culminate in a departure from their "first love," an alienation from the commonwealth of Israel, and a denial of the "Lord that bought them."

This state of affairs, though local at first, soon spread, until the "churches of Asia," the only surviving representatives of the "body of Christ," became the especial objects of the Master's censure (Rev. ii), and although the opportunity was offered them to "repent and do their first works," they gradually succumbed to the enticing influence of the Nicolaitanes, the vain philosophies of the Essenes, and the more corrupt doctrines of the various schools of philosophy—into whose Pagan maelstrom the nation was slowly but surely drifting.

This working of the "Mystery of Iniquity" *in* the church, and the external pressure brought to bear upon the faith and integrity of its devotees, was calling for all the fortitude the more devout could muster, and although they, through faith, had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonments, were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, destitute, afflicted, tormented—wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in caves of the earth, the church held tenaciously to its faith and practices during the ten bloody persecutions from Nero to Diocletian. In the reign of the latter, so fatal was the last persecution, which lasted for years, that the tyrants who waged it boasted that they had extinguished the Christian name; and writers of undisputed authority agree that not a vestige of Christianity was to be found on the earth.

To show the power of the beast who should "wear out the Saints of the Most High," we will quote from a letter of Pliny, the younger, while governor of Bithynia to the Emperor Trajan, stating his practices with regard to the "disciples of Christ." "This has been my method," said he, "with regard to those who were brought before me as Christians; I asked them if they were Christians, and if they pleaded guilty I interrogated them twice afresh, with a menace of capital punishment. In case of obstinate perseverance I ordered them to be executed. For of this I had no doubt—whatever was the nature of their religion, that a sullen and inflexible obstinacy called for the vengeance of the magistrate." If this was the method practiced by the philosophic Pliny, whose character for benevolence and justice is one of the most unexceptionable that Pagan antiquity can furnish, and acquiesced in by the Emperor Trajan, who is described as a mild and excellent sovereign, what must have been the condition of those Christians who were made the objects of especial hatred by the monster Nero and the inhuman Domitian, ending with the combined cruelties of Diocletian, Maximinian, Galerius and Constantinus; they were crucified, they were impaled, they were thrown to wild beasts, they were publicly whipped till their bones and sinews appeared, they had their flesh torn off with pincers, they were consumed by a slow fire, and they suffered death in various other modes equally appalling and dreadful. The genius of man was exhausted in the invention of tortures, and the time was near at hand when the "remnant of the seed of the woman," which keep the commandments of God and have the "testimony of Jesus," subdued and worn out with suffering, would disappear from among men. The woman enrobed in solar beauty, bereft of her stellar adornments, and so closely pursued by the "dragon," was compelled to "flee into

her place, that she might be nourished for a time, times and half a time," while the serpent made war with the remnant of her seed; her situation was gradually usurped by the dragon (Rev. xiii, 2), who "made war with the Saints and *prevailed against them*."

Christianity gradually merged into paganism, which in turn gave rise to various sects, prominent among which were the Gnostics, Corinthians and Arians, whose Pagan philosophy was the cause of much dispute, and resulted in the famous "Council of Nice," assembled by order of Emperor Constantine, A. D. 325, to settle the controversy that had gained prominence between Arius, a "Presbyter of Alexandria," and Althanasius. The result of this Council was made manifest in the publication of a "Creed" antagonistic to truth, establishing priestcraft, sanctioning heresy, and giving birth to that "scarlot-robed harlot," who, fostered by the famous "edict," should stalk unrestrained through the land, and eventually "make all nations drunk with the wine of the wrath of her fornication;" kings revered her; kingdoms, under her interdict, were reduced to vassalage; and power was given her over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations, thus fulfilling the prophecies of the servants of God, and literally verifying the Apocalypse.

We have here examined briefly the first leaf of "the fig tree" that put forth in fulfilment of the Savior's prediction, and the Apostle Paul's prophecy to the church of Thessalonica, to open their eyes to the fact that the moving cause of the "great apostacy" was already working in their midst, and to warn them that the time was near at hand when "some should *depart from the faith*, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron;" also when men should be "lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof."

Thus the "mother of harlots," "conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity," has reared her throne and established her dominion, "and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her;" and her numerous progeny, true to their heritage, have reveled in wickedness and corruption till the earth groans and travails in pain, and awaits the dawn of a new era (the second leaf on the "fig tree") which shall bring deliverance to the "royal blood of Israel," who, through long ages of darkness, have looked and longed for that day when "mercy and truth should meet," and righteousness and peace kiss each other, and the earth be delivered from the curse of the great apostasy.

*Robert S. Spence.*

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Men are more like the times in which they live than they are like their fathers. —*Kalif Alee.*

## JOHN BUNYAN.

If we read history with a discerning, meditative mind, we shall certainly discover that the Lord has never left Himself without a witness upon the earth; some one has been gifted with a prophetic spirit, and has received revelations in an especial manner. In reading the life of John Bunyan, it appears to me that he was certainly one of these favored witnesses; every circumstance therein was singular and remarkable; to my mind, there was in his boyish days, something of a resemblance to the youth of the Prophet Joseph Smith, by the way in which his mind was exercised. From his youth he was a remarkable being, and displayed the finger of God upon him; he was of very humble

parentage, and his occupation, one of the most inferior; he spent but a short time at school, and what little he learned, he says, he "soon forgot." As a boy he was wild and reckless, and strange to tell, "a profane swearer." In his general habits he resembled other boys of his age, but differed vastly from them in having a conscience morbidly acute, and an imagination that held a terrible dominion over him. Voices reproached him in his dreams for his bad habits, of which swearing seems to have been the most predominant; in conduct, he was never immoral but remorse would seize upon him to a degree that he wished he had not been born! Approaching manhood, he had a sickness almost unto death, and on two occasions he was saved from drowning as by a miracle; but his crowning mercy occurred while he was serving as a soldier in the Parliamentary army; being drawn for the seige of Leicester, a companion volunteered in his stead, and shortly after the substitute, while acting as sentry, was shot through the head with a musket ball. These many remarkable escapes made a powerful impression on Bunyan's mind, and threw a deeper terror into his dreams, and lent a sharper remorse to his waking thoughts. At this time, he married a young woman who had been reared in a pious family; her sole marriage portion were several religious books, which he read with so much profit, that he determined to reform his evil habits, and declared he heard a voice from heaven reproving him, and looking up, beheld with the eyes of his understanding, the Lord Jesus looking down reprovingly upon him!

About a month after, while arising, and swearing, he was sharply rebuked by a woman who heard him, herself not of the highest character for morality. This rebuke coming from such a source touched him keenly, and he again resolved to give up this dreadful habit, which had often caused him so much remorseful sorrow, and from that time did so with an ease that somewhat astonished himself. His reformation proceeded rapidly; he gave up every habit that he felt was sinful; he had never been licentious, and hence his improvement was less difficult.

One day while walking in the streets of Bedford, he overheard three or four women conversing on the state of their religious sentiments, as they sat before their door in the sunshine. To Bunyan their language was new, they talked of how they had been "born again," and how the Lord had visited their souls in mercy, and how the Holy Spirit had sanctified them. His own words were "they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture, and with such apparent grace in all they said, that they were to me, as if I had found a new world, as if they were a people who dwelt alone, and were apart from their neighbors." He approached them, and made himself known, and found they were members of the Baptist congregation. From this time he turned his attention to the study of the Scriptures, and his progress and reformation were rapid. He often had visions and heard voices speaking to him, sometimes in reproach, sometimes encouraging him. After a time he became an itinerant preacher, and drew large congregations around him in the open streets. At last Mr. Gifford, who had presided over the Baptist congregation, died, and a year after, at a congregational meeting, it was agreed that the brethren to whom the gift had been given should address the people, for mutual edification. Among others Bunyan was selected for this duty; and with much modesty and trembling he entered upon his office. He gradually acquired confidence, and was finally appointed to wander through the surrounding villages as an itinerant preacher. He was eminently successful, and crowds came to hear him. From that wonderful fancy of his, he could draw illustrations from surrounding objects, and his own fiery experiences would break out here and there, and astound and subdue his hearers.

But his great success awakened dissatisfaction in many quarters, and some declared he ought to be put into prison. This in time they actually accomplished. In 1657 he was arrested at

a private religious meeting and committed to Bedford jail; he was accused of not attending church, and divine service, and as an upholder of unlawful meetings to the destruction of the good subjects of the kingdom. Bunyan would not promise that he would abstain from preaching, and he was returned to prison, and there he was left for twelve years. His jailor, however, was a humane man, and he was often let out on a "ticket of leave," when he would join the brethren at the Baptist meetings, and preach to them. On one occasion he unwisely went to London, and it being discovered, the hand of authority descended on the poor jailor, and Bunyan's confinement became more strict. Here he composed his "Dream," he was no longer solitary, his narrow cell became to him as a king's chamber! The silence of the day and night was broken by instruments and voices of heavenly music. Bunyan's mind was a kingdom, but of its splendor and extent he was ignorant, until once the prison key was turned upon him. No doubt he endured hardships in jail, but with the "Pilgrim's Progress" on hand, one finds it hard to pity him. He was no longer solitary; the friendly jailor waited on him, angels also attended him. He heard the conversations of Christian and Faithful while they journeyed. The Shepherds talked with him upon the pleasant mountains. The splendor of the Celestial City was apparent afar off. He gave audience to the noblest company; and the walls of his prison house were wonderful landscape transparencies. After twelve years he was released on the recommendation of the Bishop of Lincoln, and other churchmen. The congregation to which he was attached, chose him as their pastor, and built a new meeting house for him where he preached to large congregations. When he preached in London, his intention to do so was advertised, very much as Mr. Spurgeon is at the present day. As a preacher he was popular; three thousand persons usually assembled on Sundays, and not less than twelve hundred on week days and dark winter evenings.

Bunyan was a voluminous writer; his name is immortal in English literature. His "Grace Abounding" is one of the most striking of autobiographies. The subject—that of a human soul struggling towards light and peace, often beaten back, yet at the last victorious—is of the deepest interest to the psychologist and the Christian, and the style has the particularity of Defoe. The "Holy War" again is an admirable work of its class, and would be, as Lord Macaulay observes, "The best allegorical performance in the language, if the 'Pilgrim's Progress' had never been written." Of course it is on the last named that Bunyan's fame rests. On its first publication, it made no great stir, but in a very short time it became popular. Edition after edition was called for and eagerly devoured. It irradiated the rude lives of the Christians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; it soon began to be printed upon better paper and adorned with plates, and finally it has taken its place in the elegant libraries of the rich as well as on the shelf of the cottage, and Bunyan, whose name Cowper said he was afraid to mention lest he should be laughed at, is regarded by this critical age as one of the greatest natural geniuses of the world. His "Dream" has been edited by a poet laureate, and his biography has been written by the greatest of our English historians, Lord Macauley, who has written: "We are not afraid to say, that though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were but two great creative minds, one of these produced the 'Paradise Lost,' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

*Hannah T. King.*

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PRESENCE OF MIND.—A great diplomatist, who had spent many years in the service of his country, with more than common opportunities for forming a correct judgment, once declared that, among all the remarkable men with whom he had been acquainted, he never met above one or two who possessed presence of mind. Presence of mind is the maintenance of the judgment under

circumstances of panic or emergency which call for immediate action. That the faculty of doing the right thing at the right moment is entirely independent of merely animal, or, as it may be called, constitutional courage, is shown by its occasional manifestation by those in whom the latter quality is largely tempered with discretion. Jones, of Nayland, asserts, indeed, that the truest courage is always mixed with circumspection; while Addison points out that the courage which grows simply from the constitution very often forsakes a man just at the moment when he has occasion for it. Napoleon also refers to this distinction when he says: "I have very rarely met with the two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. I mean unprepared courage; that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision." As wit pierces the ordinary current of conversation, so does presence of mind, in the form of a flash of ratiocination, illuminate a catastrophe or panic. The phrases, "having your wits about you" and "not losing your head," which are the ordinary vernacular equivalents for presence of mind, show, in fact, this exceptional quality to be essentially wit in action. There is an old tradition which recounts how, when William the Conqueror landed for the first time on English soil, he slipped and fell on his face. Divining by some swift intuition that his followers might regard this as an ill omen, he rose with each hand full of earth, and exclaimed, "Thus do I take possession of England! I grasp it with both hands." To this readiness the quality of wit can hardly be denied; but it was practical wit as well, and is therefore properly regarded as one of the typical instances of presence of mind.

At the bottom of a good deal of the bravery that appears in the world, there lurks a miserable cowardice. Men will face powder and steel because they cannot face public opinion.—*Chapin.*

## SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time, to breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great; a watchfire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.—*Charles Mackay.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
*Two Dollars a Year, In Advance.*
*Single Copy, Twenty Cents.*

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER, 1882.


## SPIRIT MEMORIES.

WE yield our editorial columns to the following extract from a letter written by President Joseph F. Smith to Elder O. F. Whitney, now in England on a mission. It contains some of the choicest thoughts, beautifully expressed, on a subject of very great interest to the Saints. We have often heard, in the public speaking of President Smith, allusions made to the belief that associations of the spirit world may be and are continued in this, but the few sentences of this letter express that belief more clearly than anything which we have ever before seen published. It is not to be wondered at that they should have excited the poetic fire in the breast of Brother Whitney, whose talent, at all times unexcelled by any of our local poets, never shone to better advantage than in the accompanying lines:

"I heartily endorse your sentiments respecting congeniality of spirits. Our knowledge of persons and things before we came here, combined with the divinity awakened within our souls through obedience to the Gospel, powerfully affects, in my opinion, all our likes and dislikes, and guides our preferences in the course of this life, provided we give careful heed to the admonitions of the Spirit.

"All those salient truths which come home so forcibly to the head and heart seem but the awakening of the memories of the spirit. Can we know anything here that we did not know before we came? Are not the means of knowledge in the first estate equal to those of this? I think that the spirit, before and after this probation, possesses greater facilities, aye, manifold greater, for the acquisition of knowledge, than while manacled and shut up in the prison-house of mortality.

"Had we not known before we came the necessity of our coming, the importance of obtaining tabernacles, the glory to be achieved in posterity, the grand object to be attained by being tried and tested—weighed in the balance, in the exercise of the divine attributes, godlike powers and free agency with which we are endowed; whereby, after descending below all things, Christ-like, we might ascend above all things, and become like our Father, Mother and Elder Brother, Almighty and Eternal!—we never would have come; that is, if we could have stayed away.

"I believe that our Savior is the ever-living example to all flesh in all these things. He no doubt possessed a foreknowledge of all the vicissitudes through which He would have to pass in the mortal tabernacle, when the foundations of this earth were laid, 'when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' When He conversed with the brother of Jared, on the Mount, in His spiritual body, He understood His mission, and knew the work He had to do, as thoroughly as when He ascended from the Mount of Olives before the wondering gaze of the Jewish disciples, with His resurrected, glorious and immortal body.

"And yet, to accomplish the ultimatum of His previous existence, and consummate the grand and glorious object of His being, and the salvation of His infinite brotherhood, He had to come and take upon Him flesh. He is our example. The works He did, we are commanded to do. We are enjoined to follow Him, as he followed His Head; that where He is, we may be also; and being with Him, may be like Him. If Christ knew beforehand, so did we. But in coming here, we forgot all, that our agency might be free indeed, to choose good or evil, that we might merit the re-

ward of our own choice and conduct. But by the power of the Spirit, in the redemption of Christ, through obedience, we often catch a spark from the awakened memories of the immortal soul, which lights up our whole being as with the glory of our former home."

## WHAT IS LIFE?

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

There are, who deem life's lingering durance
Designed for freedom and delight;
Its clanking fetters claim for music,
Its darkness worship as 'twere light.

Nor mindful still of loftier purpose,
Vain Pleasure's wingéd flight pursue;
Their dream: "To-day! there comes no morrow!"
That tinkling lie with sound so true!

Was such the charm, whose soft alluring
Drew spirits bright from heavenly bliss?
Did "morning stars" hymn loud hosannas
O'er false and fatal theme like this?

Speak thou, my soul, that once did mingle
Where souls were never doomed to die!
Would worlds on worlds, like this, have won thee
From glorious realms yet glittering high,

Where Father, Mother, friends, forsaken—
Till time their "hundred fold" restore—
Await the welcome of thy coming
When time and trial are no more?

Son of a God! 'mid scenes celestial,
Fellest thou from freedom to be free?
Or, hoping rise of endless raptures,
For time renounced Eternity?

Self-exiled from yon realms supernal,
Responsive to Omniscient rule,
Hied'st here to chase life's fleeting phantoms,
A truant from Time's precious school?

Oh, blindness dense! delusion mortal!
Where darkness reigns disguised as day,
Where prison seems but sportive play-ground,
And spendthrifts waste life's pearls away!

Be this their bourn, who seek no brighter,
Whom naught save worldly pleasures please;
Graves are the goal of earthly glory,
But man was meant for none of these.

Call earth thy home—clasp thou its shadows!—
Till here thy little day be done!—
My home is where the starry kingdoms
Roll round the Kingdom of the Sun!

I came not forth in quest of freedom,
To shrink from peril or from pain;
To learn from death life's deepest lessons,
I sank to rise—I serve to reign.

'Tis Contrast sways unceasing sceptre
O'er vast appreciation's realm;
E'en Gods, through sacrifice descending,
Triumphant rise to overwhelm.

Thus fetters teach the force of freedom,
Thus sickness, joys of future health,
Thus Folly's fate proves Wisdom's warning,
Thus poverty prepares for wealth.

Souls to whom life unfolds its meaning,
Scarce hope for happiness on earth,
But patient bide that brighter morrow,
Which brings again celestial birth.

*O. F. Whitney.*

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to church.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

THANKSGIVING day has for many years been so universally observed in the United States that perchance our young people think it a custom come down from the ages, and have very little idea of its origin. However, it is not yet two and a half centuries since the first Thanksgiving day was proclaimed in good, old New England; and it was one of the new fangled notions of the heterodox-orthodox Puritans. Our forefathers and foremothers, the Pilgrims, so bitterly hated their persecutors and oppressors, the "Britishers," that they "would have none of their customs." A new era of events and of habits was a necessity of the new civilization, in a new world. All things had changed with them, and they followed not after the forms and ceremonies of those who

had forced them into exile because of their religious faith.

Christmas had always been a day of days in old England, looked forward to with bright anticipation, and goodly cheer, but as it was the popular, national day of rejoicing with their persecutors, the staunch old Puritans denied themselves the luxury of Christmas-tide, and set their faces like flint against everything that savored of the habits of those from whom they had fled. Even their marriages were solemnized in a different manner, and they held in horror the use of the ring, in the marriage rite as a "relique of Popery," and alluded to it as a "diabolical circle for the Devill to daunce in." Those were *peculiar* times and a *peculiar* class of people. Any one looking back even a century, would scarcely recognize the descendants of these Puritans, as belonging to the same straight-laced race, so changed has everything become. Yet in some remote districts in the country these strong prejudices and the intense hatred of the rites of the English church still prevail.

It was eighteen years after the landing of the *Mayflower* ere the new settlers or pioneers decided upon establishing a regular day of Thanksgiving. Fast days had been observed quite regularly, at which times thanks and prayers were offered and intercession made for blessings, but this did not altogether satisfy the people, who really craved some public opportunity of expressing gratitude to the Lord for his goodness in bestowing upon them prosperity; and therefore it was resolved that a day should be officially appointed for solemn prayer and praise in public assemblies convened for that special purpose; these were held in meeting-houses or places used for religious worship. The word "churches" was one of the terms tabooed. It seems wonderful that where instruments of music in public worship were absolutely "proscribed," now music is at the height of perfection in sacred worship and in all holy and consecrated places. It is indeed marvelous the changes time hath wrought since the days of the Salem witchcraft. Now even the strictest Puritans can recognize Christmas, and marriage with a ring is not looked upon as from the devil. Thanksgiving day is not a thing of the past *only*, however, for we still remember and respect the good old custom of thanking God for His mercies and especially for the bountiful harvests He continues to bless us with from year to year.

Forty years ago in New England, Thanksgiving was the gala day of the holiday season; in fact, it was the "opening of the ball." The fattest turkeys and fowls of all descriptions, the choicest meats and viands, the "goldenest" of pumpkins, the sweetest cider and the most tempting home-made wines were all reserved for Thanksgiving. It was not so much an occasion of giving presents, but of family gatherings to enjoy the festive cheer, and greetings and meetings were among the distinguishing features of the happy event. The home, be it ever so lowly, was sure to be decorated with the prettiest and brightest winter berries and the most luxuriant winter evergreens of trailing vines and drooping, graceful boughs. Many a humble cot thus ornamented, with its wide open fireplace and blazing logs or artistically piled pine knots, the reflection of the bright light beautifying the room, presented more real comfort and true hospitality and afforded more grateful pleasure to the inmates than the palatial mansions of the present day. And this is why we continually revert to the good old times; our hearts were more tender in youth, our enjoyments fewer and partaken with a keener relish. Now we actually bask in the sunshine of plenty and almost of luxury, and the simplicity of former days seems to us hallowed by its old-time recollections and earlier associations.

Thanksgiving is one of the days we should never cease to keep. There are a few links that bind together the old and the new. This is one of the brightest links to connect the new with the old. One of the old landmarks that is an index to demonstrate the peculiar traits of character of the early New Eng-

landers, their faith and courage, their humility and zeal, their firm adherence to principle and their determination to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and not to be controlled by kingly authority. O, the magnanimity of character, the unswerving devotion of those heroic men and women! How proudly do they who are descended from this noble lineage look back upon their ancestry!

But it was not my design to elaborate upon principles, but to speak of the celebration of Thanksgiving, the actual events that characterize the day, making it something separate and apart from all other days. The careful New England housewife, forty years ago, used to commence preparations at least a week before the eventful Thursday. The old-fashioned brick ovens are heated, and with a long-handled wooden shovel, the large pans of bread, meat and puddings are shoved in, and the never-forgotten dish of pork and beans always baked a beautiful brown. Then followed pies of all varieties; cakes, plain and frosted, silver and golden, fruit and jelly cakes in abundance; and what we children doted upon most of all, an immense tray of turnovers. We used to go singing and dancing around the house in fond anticipation of the gala time, and the woods were searched through and through for the green vines, winter leaves and berries that lie under the snow. With trailing garlands of these, our aprons and baskets filled, our shoulders mantled with the handsome foliage, we hastened home, looking more like weird wood-nymphs than properly behaved children, and often reproved for our exuberance of spirits and the terrible litter we made with our woodland trophies; but when the best and prettiest had been selected to decorate with, how we all enjoyed the arranging; and one need never tire of the beautiful picture the poorest, humblest rooms presented when the rustic ornamenting was done. Remember, this was in the country, and forty years ago. After this part of the pleasant work was finished, the garrets were ransacked for the quaintest, funniest, old-fashioned things to complete the arrangements, for those were not the days of elaborate furnishings. Childish happiness did not consist in loads of fancy toys and bran new gay-colored picture-books; we were supremely content with very few rudely-made playthings; maple sugar and molasses candy were the staple sweets. For stories, we were delighted to sit and listen to the tales of queens and "ladies of high degree," and how they had been locked up in prisons and debarred from the society of a "lovyer;" occasionally one of them would be brave enough to burst the prison and fly with the captive maiden to some remote retreat or fastness, or old ruined castle, with a draw-bridge and moat, where they dwelt forever in peace and love, without a ripple of discontent.

The night before Thanksgiving, all the work, such as sewing, knitting, embroidery or fancy work, was put away, spinning wheels set aside until after the day was past. If any portion of the family were away from home, it was usual to return, and often it was the eve before when such arrivals were more common, the elder girls and boys from school, or perhaps a grown up son from Yale, Harvard or Dartmouth and invited guests. The rooms were all in order, and the "spare chambers" well aired and ready for occupants. Order is the ruling passion in New England village homes; there is method in every arrangement, so much method and precision that children were never at ease, but constantly in fear of doing improper things. Those were the times when children were under too much restraint; now we have the opposite; sometime in the future we may strike the "happy medium." Well, as I said before, the eve before Thanksgiving is the time for arrivals and talking over family matters. In the morning, every one in the house is astir early, although perhaps later than usual in retiring; the breakfast is simple and the conversation generally upon old-time memories, unless there is a new minister; if that be the case, he is sure to be the topic. The next thing on the programme is to go to the meeting;

the meeting-house (church was not orthodox in those days) is decorated; that is sure to have been done by women; such unselfish women as are always ready to do good, generally styled "old maids," whose artistic taste in decorating add grace and loveliness to all entertainments whether sacred or social. Prayers are offered, hymns are sung, a Thanksgiving sermon is preached, and a joyful anthem rendered by the choir, who are dressed for the occasion, wearing bows of green ribbon in honor of the day.

After meeting comes the feasting and merriment. The family and friends gather round the festive board, the blessing is invoked, then follows the carving of turkeys, young pigs roasted whole, and great sirloins of beef; every one is bountifully served, the guests and family sit long at table talking over the events of the year, discussing the talents and merits of the children, and the male members of the group perhaps enter upon politics. The dinner over, they gather around the wide-open fire-places and sing the oldest songs and tell the queerest stories, occasionally interspersed with music and lively games, in which the little people join. By and by, tea is served, with delicacies to tempt the appetite; and later in the evening, apples and cider, with nuts fresh from the woods, delicious and juicy. Sometimes dancing is indulged in, when the inmates are not too Puritanical.

This is a true pen picture of Thanksgiving in families "away down East." Times have changed, but these festivities can never be obliterated from memory; they are restful places in life's weary way; they impress the heart and are helps in forming character. The pleasure and blessings we receive from association in family gatherings is one of the very best methods of educating the heart. Thanksgiving day ought always to be celebrated not only as a positive Americanism, as much as Independence day is, but to remind our children and children's children of the customs observed by the Pilgrims and why.

*Amethyst.*

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

### NOTICE.

*To Stake Superintendents:*

The new report blanks to conform with the Roll and Record book will be ready for distribution December 15th. Stake Superintendents are requested to inform me by that date of the number of blanks they require to supply each association with two, one to file and one to forward to the Stake Secretary. As these blanks are made expressly for the quarter ending December 31st, it is important that they be procured and forwarded to the Associations by that time. Secretaries of Associations should observe that the record books and the blanks are prepared expressly for quarterly reports ending December 31st and March 31st, without regard to the time of holding quarterly conferences. The Stake Secretaries will therefore have to use the reports of the last preceding quarter and not expect ward Association reports made up to the date of their conferences. The cost of the blanks is twenty-five cents per dozen.

Address: NEPHI W. CLAYTON,
*General Secretary, Salt Lake City.*

### QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—BOX ELDER.

A conjoint conference of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. Associations was held in the Tabernacle, Brigham City, October 29, 1882, at 7 p. m.

At the regular quarterly Stake Conference, on the afternoon of the same date, Brother Charles Kelly was appointed and sustained superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of Box Elder Stake of Zion, in consequence of Brother T. H. Wilde, former superintendent, having located in Idaho Territory. Brother Kelly accepted the appointment, and said, with the aid of the Spirit of God

he would fill it to the best of his ability. He had never enjoyed the advantages that our young people possessed to-day, but regarded the call as a mission and an honor. R. H. Jones was appointed to fill the office of recording secretary during the absence of Elder A. H. Snow.

The meeting was then addressed by Superintendent Kelly, Counselor Nels Madson, Jr., and Secretary E. H. Peirce.

The Y. L. M. I. A's of the Stake were represented by their president, Mrs. M. J. Snow; the Malad Association by Bro. David Thomas; First ward, city, by the president, John H. Bott, and Second ward by the president, E. A. Box, all in appropriate remarks suited to the occasion. President O. G. Snow endorsed the remarks of previous speakers, and concluded with an exhortation to faithfulness.

Following officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Box Elder Stake of Zion were then presented and unanimously sustained: Superintendent, Charles Kelly; First Counselor, B. M. Young; Second Counselor, Nels Madson, Jr.; Corresponding Secretary, E. H. Peirce; Recording Secretary *pro tem.*, R. H. Jones; Treasurer, Wm. J. Packer.

The meeting adjourned until the Sunday preceding our next quarterly conference.

Benediction by Bishop J. D. Burt.

*E. H. Peirce.*

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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

1. The first number of the *Millennial Star* was published in May, 1840, in Manchester. It was edited by Parley P. Pratt, and printed by W. R. Thomas, Spring Gardens. Elders Brigham Young, H. C. Kimball, Willard Richards, P. P. Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor and Geo. A. Smith of the traveling High Council —or Twelve Apostles—were the presiding authorities then in the British Mission, but no regularly appointed President of the Mission had been chosen at that time. It was the custom at conferences to choose from the brethren above named one to preside.

2. The sidereal revolution of a planet is its passage from any particular point in its orbit around to the same point again. A synodic revolution is one extended from either an inferior or superior conjunction to the same conjunction again. The moon's siderial revolution is made in 27 d., 7 h., 43 min., whilst her synodic revolution is 29 d., 12 h., 44 min. This difference is caused by the earth revolving in her orbit over 45,000,000 miles while the moon has been making her revolution. Thus it takes the moon 2 d., 5 h., 1 min. longer to revolve around and come in conjunction with the earth and sun again. *W.S.*

3. The Symmes' Hole theory is, in effect, that the earth is hollow, its interior can be reached at the poles, and that the interior possesses as varied landscape as the outside surface and is capable of sustaining life. We shall publish an article on this subject in an early number of the Magazine. *Ed.*

4. The *Times and Seasons* was first issued in Commerce (afterwards Nauvoo), Illinois, November, 1839, edited and published by Elders E. Robinson and Don Carlos Smith. The first volume was a sixteen-page monthly; subscription, one dollar a year. From the commencement of the second volume, Nov. 1, 1840, it was issued semi-monthly in the same form, the subscription price being doubled. In the fourth number, December 15, 1840, of that volume, E. Robinson withdrew from the management, and it was continued by D. C. Smith until May 1, 1841, when R. B. Thompson became associated in the editorial department. This arrangement lasted until the death of Brother Smith, August 7, 1841, when Brother E. Robinson again took charge of the publicatiod, issuing one number, with R. B. Thompson as associate editor, the latter dying—just twenty days after D. C. Smith—left the paper in the hands of his partner until January 15, 1842, when he called to his assistance Gustavus Hills. They edited it until February 15, same year, when President Joseph Smith assumed the control until the end of the third volume. Volume IV was edited by Elder John Taylor and published by

him and Elder Wilford Woodruff, the latter continuing in the publishing department until the third number of Vol. V was issued. From that time until the close of the sixth and last volume, Feb. 15, 1846, the *Times and Seasons* was edited and published by Elder John Taylor.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1. Who was the author of phrenology, and is it regarded as one of the accurate sciences? *W. T. K.*

2. Is there any difference between the Levitical and Aaronic Priesthood. *G. C.*

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE COMPENDIUM: The new Compendium of the doctrines of the Church, compiled and edited by Apostle F. D. Richards and James A. Little, supplies a long felt want. Since the old edition went out of print, the Elders on missions have been in need of this invaluable aid. Its reappearance, amplified and greatly improved, is welcomed by all classes of the community, especially those holding offices or appointments in the ministry. Besides its value to the Saints, the Compendium is among the very best exponents of the Truth which can be sent to the world.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY: Published by Appleton & Co., five dollars per year. The December number of this most successful scientific magazine of the world contains some extremely interesting papers from the pens of eminent scientific writers, whose deep researches lead and largely control the thought of the intelligent in this enlightened age of invention and progress.

The following extract is from "The Cell-State," by Prof. Ferdinand Cohn: "Water, earth, salts and the gases—the raw materials which the plants suck up—are changed within the cells into starch and sugar, gum and woody fiber, albumen and wax, oil and resin, into powerful medicines and deadly poisons. The simplest plant possesses an art which the most skilful chemist has not been able to learn from it. It is true that the chemist can artificially prepare in his laboratory many of the substances which the plant-cell likewise produces; he can convert the starch of the potato into the sugar that gives the wine-grape its sweetness; this, again, he can transform into the fruit-acids which, in connection with the sugar, give the berries their fresh and agreeable taste; he can even produce the flavor of the fruits from the fusel-oil, which he obtains by the fermentation of the sugar. He can make the oil of bitter almonds from benzoic and formic acids; he can, with as good art, imitate the pungent taste of the pepper, and the biting one of the mustard-seed, and the narcotic poison, which only the nightshade has hitherto prepared for the healing of sore eyes. He can produce from the sap of firs the crystal-needles of the vanilla, for which a Mexican orchid has heretofore been obliged to give up its pods; from the distillation of wood he obtains a smoky fluid, from which he procures salicylic acid, for the production of which the flowers of the meadow-sweet or the bark-tissues of the willow were formerly required; and from this he makes also the ink-coloring gallic acid, which formerly only a little wasp knew how to draw out by its sting from the cells of the oak, and the aroma of the woodruff. He has made the work of the cells in the madder-root superfluous, for he has fabricated its costly dyes, along with a hundred other splendid pigments, out of tar-oil and stone-coal; and is now on the point of taking its work away from the indigo-plant by artificially producing indigo. But a raw material, which has at some time been brought forth out of the laboratory of a living plant-cell, always lies at the foundation of all these manipulations of the chemist, wonderful as they are. And, notwithstanding the immense progress that modern chemistry has made within the last ten years, its art is still limited at this point; no prospect yet exists that it will be able, artificially, to produce the most important of all the substances that go to build up the bodies of animals and plants, and to form their living-cell tissues—protoplasm, or the envelope of the plant-cells, the matter of the muscles and nerves."

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1883. NO. 4.

## GEORGE A. SMITH.

MISSION TO ENGLAND.

"DURING the winter of 1835-6, I attended school taught by the Prophet Joseph, in Kirtland, and made a specialty of studying grammar and history. In 1836, I traveled and preached in the counties of Cuyahoga, Medina, Wayne, Richland, Knox and Portage, Ohio, continuing this labor for about six months. The following winter, for four months, I again attended the school in Kirtland Temple. In the spring of 1837, I went on a mission through parts of Ohio and Virginia, traveling and preaching, through a wild and sparsely inhabited region. I met with much opposition, and held several public debates with ministers of the Methodist, Baptist and other sects."

Before continuing the narrative of this and subsequent missions, it will be interesting here to speak of the "wonderful memory" which the Saints have always accredited to Brother George A. His recollection of places, persons, names and dates, and his aptitude at exact quotation from the Scriptures, giving chapter and verse, distinguished his thousands of brief, pointed discourses which the people of Utah loved so well to hear. There was always an air of expectancy pervading the congregation when Bro. George A. arose to speak. It was induced more from his habit of stating, in the fewest words, interesting facts that usually applied to the situation of the people with singular directness, than from any other characteristic of his public speaking. His short sermons are to-day cherished in the hearts of the people, and the relief he has afforded tired congregations by his brief and comprehensive "closing prayers" will keep his memory green forever. While traveling upon his early missions debating with ministers of all denominations, who ever seemed to single him out for argumentative discussion, he laid the foundation, or at least greatly strengthened it, of his wonderfully retentive memory, which became a marvel to his associates, and of incalculable benefit to himself. He, in speaking of this period of his life, often said: "The Methodists followed me up so closely that I had to learn what the Bible said, where to find it, and exactly how it read: to acquire this knowledge I would read over a verse, ponder upon it, and sometimes forgetting a word, would have to look again in the book, but I never gave it up until I could repeat it perfectly a day or two after learning it; in this way I found my memory becoming strong, and attribute whatever I have attained in that respect to the habit I then adopted—of sticking to a subject until I had learned it so that it would stay learned, more than to any natural endowment."

While upon his mission in Ohio and Virginia, the autobiography says: "I was confined to the house for six weeks with inflammatory rheumatism, the effect of exposure while traveling over the mountains, wading streams, sleeping in the cold and of incessant public speaking. During a portion of the winter, I taught two grammar classes, by which I earned some clothing. On this mission I traveled about two thousand five hun

dred miles, one-half the distance on foot. I returned to Kirtland about the last of March, 1838, and removed with my father from Ohio to Daviess County, Missouri, locating in Adam-ondi-Ahman. On June 28, 1838, I was ordained a High Priest and a member of the High Council of the Adam-ondi-Ahman Stake of Zion. In the fall, I went on a mission with my cousin Don Carlos Smith, through the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, traveling nine hundred miles by water and six hundred miles by land, encountering, on our return, mob violence, and suffering extremely from cold and exposure."

This was one of the most interesting missions which Brother George A. ever performed. At the time, the country was aroused by the reports of Mormon difficulties in Missouri, and popular prejudice, kept at fever heat by the mobocratic priests, was ready on the slightest provocation, to break out in violence upon any subject that it might encounter. It was with the greatest difficulty and only through the benign providences of Almighty God that these brethren completed their mission in safety, arriving in Missouri just in time to escape with the Prophet from the persecutions that were driving the Saints to Illinois. Brother George A. was ordained an Apostle and set apart to his mission to England, on the corner stone of the Temple at Far West, which was laid in fulfilment of revelation on the morning of April 26, 1839. Elder Woodruff was ordained an Apostle and set apart to the same mission at the same time.

The circumstances attending the departure of the Twelve for England have been repeatedly published; they were of a most distressing nature—President Young was in feeble health, Elder Kimball little better, and Brother George A. could not stand alone the day he left Nauvoo, his strength being so much reduced by a long illness. After many vicissitudes of a trying nature they at last reached New York and prepared to set sail for the Albion shores.

"March 9, 1840.—About 11 a. m. went on board the packet ship Patrick Henry, of the Black Ball line, Captain Delino. We took steerage passage, paying eighteen dollars each therefor, and finding our own provisions and bedding. I had money sufficient for two passages, my own and another. The Saints in New York furnished us straw beds, some pillows and blankets. President Brigham Young, Elders Heber C. Kimball, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt and Reuben Hedlock were my fellow passengers. * * I suffered a great deal from sea-sickness on the voyage, during a considerable portion of which I could not eat; we had a long continuance of head winds, and altogether a rough passage. We landed in Liverpool April 6th, and took lodging at No. 8 Union St., where we had a prayer meeting in the evening; blessed each other and partook of the sacrament, returning thanks to our Heavenly Father that we had been preserved to land safely on the British shores.

"On the day we landed I walked with Elder Kimball through the Liverpool market, filled with fruits and vegetables of great variety and beauty from all climates. I never saw anything to equal it. Brother Kimball said he would buy me anything I desired, when I chose a large onion, which cost one penny. I ate it with a craving appetite, and shed many tears over it. There is, as the old proverb has it, 'no accounting for taste.' I paid thirteen shillings and six pence for a new black hat (the first purchase in England of nearly every Elder since); President Young and the rest of the brethren each bought one like it.

"Wednesday, 8th: Went to Preston, paying all the money I had left for the railway fare. I put up with Brother Kimball at Brother Thomas Walmsley's. On the 10th I obtained a license to preach in England, from the Court of Sessions at Preston. I was required to take the abjuration oath and make and repeat a declaration against Popery; also swear obedience to the laws of the realm while I remained in it. The license was a mere certificate of my having taken those oaths.

"On Sunday, April 12, I attended a meeting at the 'Cockpit,' the temperance

hall. The Twelve present bore testimony of the truth of the Latter-day work. I also bore my testimony, for the first time in England; about seven hundred people were present. The following day Elders Wilford Woodruff and John Taylor arrived in Preston, and on the 14th the Apostles, there being a quorum of the Twelve present, held their first Council in England. Elder Willard Richards was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles, and Elder Brigham Young was acknowledged standing President of the Quorum."

From this time the labors of the Apostles in England were divided, and the utmost zeal manifested by them in spreading abroad throughout the country the good tidings they had to bear to the nation. After holding a conference in Preston, and visiting Saints living in that neighborhood, Brother George A. went to Manchester. We shall only be able to present to our readers some brief extracts of his experience while on this mission, though every page of his journal, which he faithfully kept during the whole period of his absence, is replete with the most entertaining and instructive matter. On arriving at Manchester he says:

"A company of Saints met us at the railway station and conducted me to Sister Alice Hardman's, Marie Street. I was seated on the sofa, and the room was soon filled with about twenty sisters, many of them young and handsome. One of them, decidedly a little beauty, prompted by the rest, approached me and modestly said: 'Brother Smith, we want a kiss of you;' while the scores of eyes which surrounded her flashed like fixed stars on a clear night. I never felt so foolish in my life—I honestly own I had to summon some resolution to tell her that kissing was no part of my mission to England. Their countenances all fell, and although a bachelor, I was ever after regarded as no lady's man by the sisters of Manchester. It appears that some of the Elders who had been raised up in England had taught that 'there was no harm in greeting each other with a holy kiss,' and that some of those who had labored in Manchester had set an example of this kind. It required a very decided course, both in Manchester and elsewhere, to prevent evil and corruption growing out of this custom, which might have been firmly established had the Twelve not put it down."

Brother George A. went to "The Potteries" to labor, there being a conference there of about a hundred members, presided over by Elder Alfred Cordon. He took up his abode at the house of Samuel Johnson, Upper Pitt St., Burslem, Staffordshire, which was his headquarters while he labored in that part of England.

"April 29. Went to Stafford with Elder Willard Richards, and visited Elder Theodore Turley, who was in Stafford jail. He had been imprisoned on a trumped up charge of debt. We shook hands with him through a large iron grating, which forcibly brought to my mind a circumstance that occurred when Elder Turley and myself parted with the Prophet Joseph in Nauvoo on the 21st of September last; Joseph said, 'Keep up good courage, boys, some of you will look through the grates before you come back.' And this being the first time I had seen Elder Turley since my arrival in England, it struck me as a fulfilment of Joseph's prophecy. * * I parted with Elder Richards and returned to Longton, where I baptized Mrs. Elizabeth Allblaster in the evening, she being the first person I baptized in England."

Brother Smith having been appointed to accompany Elders H. C. Kimball and W. Woodruff to London, commenced his journey thither in company with the latter on the 21st of July, leaving the Saints in the Potteries in tears. They traveled by coach to Worcester, and spent considerable time visiting the Saints in the Hereford and Worcester conferences. Large branches had been built up in that locality, mainly through the indefatigable labors of Brother Woodruff, which, in about five months previous to the time of Elder Smith's visit, had resulted in the conversion and baptism

of over eight hundred souls. During the few days while he was in the neighborhood they were busily occupied administering the ordinances of baptism and confirmation. He observes in his journal: "I never saw the Work roll on with such power. Truth will prevail."

Tarrying in this interesting field of labor until Elder Kimball joined them, they took their journey together to the great metropolis. On the 18th of August, 1840, these three Apostles, Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff and George A. Smith, arrived in London. They were the first servants of God, commissioned in this dispensation to preach the Gospel, who visited that great city. Brother Smith recorded the following supplication as the expression of his heart's greatest desire, the day he arrived there: "O Lord, open our way, that we may raise the standard of Truth and gather the honest in heart in this mighty city, and lead them to Zion."

The brethren first called at the house of Mr. William Allgood, 19 King St., Borough, Southwark, and were treated kindly by Mrs. Allgood, who directed them to the Kings Arms' Inn near by, where they put up. They immediately commenced to look for an opening to preach. Being without funds, they could not rent a meeting house, and several times, on application to ministers of various sects and temperance societies, they were refused the use of suitable places. They, however, continued to pray to God to open the way before them, and ceased not to make every endeavor. They visited the chapels of the Aikenites and Baptists, of the followers of Johanna Southcott,and called upon Mrs. Vaughan, who claimed to be her prophetic successor.

"Sunday, August 23. This morning I went, in company with Elders Kimball and Woodruff, to Zion Chapel, Waterloo Road, and heard the celebrated Rev. Robert Aiken, who preached a regularly built hell-fire damnation sermon, after the Finney and Burchard school; he is a talented man, and has built up a society who believe in the depraved situation of the sects of the day, and whip them unmercifully, but fall into the same errors themselves; they desire perfection, but are blind as to the means of attaining it; they talk of light, but darkness prevails among them; yet a goodly number of their people have received the truth in different parts of England. In the evening we went to hear Mr. Aiken again; he delivered an eloquent discourse, and uttered many prophecies concerning the return of Israel, the fall of the Gentiles and the coming of Christ; he spoke with great earnestness and the people were much affected. Oh, that the vail of darkness might be taken away, and light shine in upon them!"

On the 24th of August the brethren removed their lodgings from the inn to Mr. Robert Merrifield's, 15 Gloster Row, Grange Road, Bermondsey, where they remained until they discovered that the meat with which their landlady supplied them was not only tough, but on inspection of some bones from which it was taken, proved to be horseflesh.

On the 25th of August, Brother George A. addressed a Catholic Teetotal Society at the South London Temperance Hall, on temperance, and engaged the hall for one evening to preach in, on the 7th of September, paying seven shillings. Before the time of this meeting arrived, however, the brethren succeeded in getting audiences at open-air meetings held in Tabernacle Square, Clerkenwell, where the first public discourses were delivered under very trying circumstances. Brother Kimball made the first effort, standing on a chair, which was promptly knocked from under him. The result of these meetings, the first of which was held August 26th, was the conversion of the first member of the Church in London, Henry Conner, sixty years of age, watchmaker, baptized by Elder H. C. Kimball August 31, 1840.

From this time on, though very slowly, the Elders succeeded in gaining the attention of a few of the vast multitudes who throng the busy streets of London; they called upon and bore testimony to many ministers, admonishing them to repent and cease preaching false doctrines or administering ordinances with-

out authority. By the time of the conference in Manchester, October 6th, a number had been baptized and confirmed, a few ordinations attended to, and the field fairly opened for future labors. At the conference Elder Kimball reported eleven members and two Priests in the London Conference.

When Brother George A. returned from the Manchester Conference, he held meetings regularly at Brother Conner's house. Brother Woodruff soon joined him and they were diligently engaged bearing testimony, warning the people of God's judgments, and in every possible way striving to introduce the principles to the people. On the 10th of November Brother George A. was released from laboring in London, and leaving Brother Woodruff there, returned to the Potteries. When leaving London he wrote as follows: "From the time I commenced laboring in London to the present I used every exertion consistent with my health and strength to plant the Gospel standard; every visit I made, or call, or association, was one continued effort to bear testimony, to teach or warn the people, and thereby to fulfil my calling; and I believe I can truly testify before the Lord that my garments are clean of the blood of the inhabitants of the British Metropolis, and I can also testify to the same of the labors of Elders Kimball and Woodruff."

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The ignorant peasant without fault is greater than the philosopher with many. What is genius or courage without a heart!—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

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## NO GOD.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."—*David.*

BEFORE David's day, it appears there was a certain class of men, designated fools, who said there was no God. That class of men are so numerous in our day, and so devoted to this theory, that they not only give it place in their hearts, but openly advocate the demoralizing sentiment—demoralizing, because of necessity it assumes man as an ultimate fact upon which to construct a science of morality for his own guidance.

All systems which have their standpoint in man are atheistic, or no-God theories. This selfish system originates and ends in man, goes not beyond his wants and interests. Man is an individuality, and if he does not recognize God—has no higher standpoint than man, then he has only to consult individual wants and interests from his own individual standpoint. Upon this theory, no science of duty could be constructed binding upon all men, no universal laws for humanity, but only special laws for each individual mind; and each mind being independent of every other mind, no one mind could have the right to impose its convictions upon other minds.

Society could not be constructed upon such a theory, as there would be no universal laws, to which all minds must yield, and by the power and influence of which society could be organized and bound together. To render society possible, there must be laws common to and obligatory over all minds. Man is a social being, and must live in society; and a system that does not provide for this—that makes it impossible, must be untrue, must be founded upon a wrong assumption. It cannot, therefore, be admitted or assumed that man is the ultimate fact; there must in all reason be a higher fact recognized as the ultimate fact in any system of the world, of man, and of morality.

There can be no morality in this scheme of the skeptic and the atheist, who only acknowledge two factors in the universe—man and matter, and each the measure and explanation of itself. With such, a science of mind and matter is possible, but never a science of duty. No responsibility or obligation exists, since no superior to man is recognized,

to whom he must be accountable; and no law out of and above him by which he can be bound. Such a theory is not only inconsistent and unreasonable, but must be false; it cannot be the true one.

We find it necessary to go out of ourselves to construct a science of duty and morality. There are external facts revealed to us in perception—there is the world of matter, apparently without thought or free-will, or any fact that can rise above man. The science of matter is looked upon as a dead science, the law that governs the material universe, the law of necessity; which excludes the possibility of a moral law, for the government of free and intelligent beings.

Here, too, is man dwelling upon this world of matter, but what right has man to enact moral laws, to control the conscience of a free agent? If one or many can enact a code of morality, they can repeal and change it at pleasure. Morality does exist without legislation. All are conscious of this fact; and when civil legislation conflicts with that of reason, it must yield to the judgment of human consciousness. Thus we find that neither man, nor the world of matter on which he dwells, can furnish any fact that will measure humanity, and explain the facts of consciousness, or on which to construct a science of morality involving duty. Man knows, is conscious of this fact, that he is not the creator of this material world on which he dwells, and on which he depends for the necessaries of his life, that he did not frame the laws by which it is governed and controlled, and by which harmony is preserved in its revolutions and changes, and by which its times and seasons are regulated. He can know that all this was made for him, but not by him. He has the usury of it, but must look to a higher source than himself to find the great organizer and universal law giver of such wonderful omnipotence. He must in all reason admit the truth of the declaration, that "GOD created the heavens and the earth," and that it is his duty to seek after that God and acknowledge Him.

The mind that can assume there is no God—no good; can as consistently claim there is no devil—no evil. As well say there is no right, no wrong, and consequently no morality for man. Man's own nature, his own consciousness teaches him other than this; that there is right and wrong, and his happiness depends upon doing the one, and not doing the other. Crime and wrong-doing always follow this conscience-searing, soul-destroying notion: "No eye seeth me." When man chooses to work in the dark, unseen, it is because his deeds are evil; so adjudged by himself. That which is right and good seeks no obscurity; such deeds are performed in the light, to be seen of all, the conscience fully approving.

Viewing this prevailing theory in any light we can, we are forced to agree with David: ONLY *fools* say there is no God. *Samuel W. Richards.*

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The Good Book says: "A just weight and an even balance is the Lord's delight."

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## TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT.

II.

THE glory, the greatness and the strength of those nations which have figured conspicuously in the world's history have been extensively due to their territorial acquisitions; and to know of a nation's success is to know of the relationship which has existed between the general government and its territories. To understand this relationship we need first to ask what can be the object or purpose of any nation in adding to its domain new lands, by conquest or purchase. Is it to provide new homes and additional facilities for its children, or is it to increase the nation's wealth? If it is wealth, then we have only to look to any great power of antiquity for exam-

ples of wretched failures it brings about. Indeed, modern history teems with illustrations of national mistakes wrought by national avarice. England mistook herself when she branded her colonies as mercenaries, who must only hope to honor their mother country by the advantages they offered for revenue; and the greatest evidence of the acknowledgment of her error was the change of policy in India.

The only sound policy, then, for any nation is to establish in its territories such a government as will destroy all differences and assimilate the inhabitants in their political and civil rights. That our own nation might not become heterogeneous, by reason of any differences which other countries would affect, by a dissimilar language or civilization, it is urged as a sound policy that whatever acquisitions in lands are made that they be not populated; for, says Nordhoff: "Plainly, the annexation of tropical islands, like Cuba, San Domingo or the Hawaiian group, does not fall within this policy; for, first, these countries have already a tolerably dense population; second, this population is alien to ours in race, and in all its habits and customs, as well as in language; third, these islands are not suitable to make homes for our farmers and mechanics: on the contrary, their products are grown on estates where a few planters employ, at very low wages, great numbers of rude laborers, and need but a very few intelligent mechanics, nor could their industries be pursued in a different way. Finally, the people whom we should have to accept with the land, in annexing these islands or the thickly-settled parts of Mexico, are not fitted by character or training for the duties of American citizenship; and as they occupy the land, there would be but a slender possibility of assimilating them to ourselves. But, on the other hand, we could not, with security to ourselves, refuse them political rights, if we made them a part of our body politic. *It is repugnant to our political theory to hold territories, except with the expectation of their speedily becoming states; because otherwise local self-government would be impaired, and the Federal administration would unduly increase its patronage and means of corruption.*"

If, in the annexation of other countries less civilized, less imbued with the principles of liberty, it would be unsafe to deny them political rights, then it follows that those territories whose growth and development have been directed by citizens of the nation are doubly entitled to the enjoyment of all rights and privileges guaranteed to a free and liberty-loving people. Then, too, if it is repugnant to our political theory to hold territories, except with the view of their speedily becoming states, does it not argue that every territory should be organized so as to fit it for the responsibilities of statehood? The territory, like the child, must be fitted by training to assume, as early as possible, the duties that belong to a matured life; and, as self-reliance indicates manhood, so also does self-assurance indicate statehood. Finally, if local self-government is impaired and the means of corrupting federal officials unduly increased, is it not logical to conclude that the means of corruption, together with actual corruption, can never promote the moral status of any territory. But say politicians, the systems of territories must conform with those of the Federal government, and until they do, it is the business of Congress to legislate against them, irrespective of their nationality, religion or the exigencies of the people. Let us examine the functions of government, and, if possible, determine wherein they affect the systems of communities.

In the first place the promotion of the moral and intellectual condition of the people is to be attained. When the Articles of Confederation were drawn up, they failed to establish a Union only so far as the people, compelled by a common foe and united by fear of defeat, might voluntarily accede to them; but Congress could force no measures. The people had been taught, in their experience with the mother country, that the systems so diversified in the several states, and the customs and manners

among them peculiar to the different nationalities and circumstances, must never be made subject to any legislation beyond the state itself; and it was impossible to make any consolidation for fear it would weaken the local self-government of the individual states until the colonists became perfectly satisfied that their systems and home policy would not be interfered with by the general government. But it is argued that Congress may legislate against systems in the territories which they are powerless to legislate against in states. And "all men are created equal" (except those in Territories), and "governments are instituted among men, deriving their powers from the consent of the governed" (provided the governed are not inhabitants of territories). When the signers of the Declaration of Independence declared that all men are born equal, they not only made allusion to the differences which existed between the citizens of England and those of America, but they felt the gross injustice shown by the partiality which existed between the provincial and charter governments. In the nation, as in the family, affection does more to strengthen and unite the members than any other factor of a national character; but on the other hand favoritism begets a disrespect and in some cases even a hatred for the parent.

We believe with Mr. Gladstone, that "the American constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." We believe, too, that the constitution guarantees to every citizen of the United States, whether of the states or territories, all the rights to be insured by a republican form of government; but we are forced, in existing circumstances, to conclude with Mr. Spencer, who comments upon our institutions, that "the republican form of government is the highest form of government; but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature—a type nowhere at present existing. We (speaking of the English government) have not come up to it, nor have you." The government, therefore, ought not to measure out in detail the rules of action for individual men, but should grant that form of government which will coin the results, leaving to the people to attain, by their own design, the highest moral perfection which is conducive of the greatest happiness, personal security and national firmness.

The true difference, then, between the state and territory can properly exist only in degree of maturity—the growth must be similar or the union becomes heterogeneous and incoherent.

*J. M. Tanner.*

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A friend to everybody is often a friend to nobody, or else in his simplicity he robs his family to help strangers, and becomes brother to a beggar. There is wisdom in generosity as in everything else.—*Spurgeon.*

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## A KAIRONODY;

### OR, ODE ON THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

The morn has slowly dawned!
But thick, and damp, and near us lies the fog,
We see not what awaits the day.

The sun mounts higher now!
Up lifts the mist and slowly disappears,
More clearly now we see our way.

The day advances fair!
How high beats hope in every youthful breast,
And pictures great things yet to be.

No clouds bedim the sky!
Faith in the Christ sheds everywhere a light.
We fancy that 'twill ne'er be night.

High noon is here, so bright!
And mid the bustle and the blinding glare,
We fail to see the guiding hand.

Anon, the zenith's passed!
We loiter by the brook or wayside inn,
Perchance we lose some golden hour.

The shadows lengthen soon!
Oh! set thine house in order, Soul; hasten,
For see, the sun is almost set.

The twilight deepens fast!
Slowly the visions of earth fade away,
And the heavenly lights gleam out.

The night has come at length!
Let us but feel Thy blessed hand, dear Lord,
And we are safe forevermore.

*Mrs. S. R. H. Giles.*

# ETERNAL DURATION OF MATTER.

IV.

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Now let the reader endeavor in particular to understand the precise object of the mission of Jesus Christ into our world; and what was to be accomplished by His death and resurrection. We have already endeavored to show the effect of Adam's transgression in a physical as well as moral point of view; we have seen that sin materially affected the earth itself, as well as all its animal and vegetable productions. Now the object of a Savior to bleed and die as a sacrifice and atonement for sin, was not only to redeem man in a moral sense, from his lost and fallen state, but it was also to restore the physical world from all the effects of the fall; to purify the elements; and to present the earth in spotless purity before the throne of God, clothed in celestial glory, as a fit inheritance for the ransomed throng who are destined to inherit it in eternity. If the question be asked for what Christ died? The answer is, first, He died for all of Adam's race. Secondly, for all the animal and vegetable productions of the earth, as far as they were affected by the fall of man. The lion, the wolf, the leopard and the bear, and even the serpent, will finally feel and enjoy the effects of this great restoration, precisely in the same degree in which they were affected by the fall. Thirdly, Christ died for the earth itself, to redeem it from all the effects of the fall, that it might be cleansed from sin and have eternal life. Now this atonement which was made by Jesus Christ was universal, so far as it relates to the effects of Adam's transgression: and this without any conditions on the part of the creature. All that was lost, or in the least affected by the fall of man, will finally be restored by Jesus Christ,—the whole creation will be delivered from its dreadful curse, and all mankind redeemed from death, and all the dreadful effects of the transgression of their first parents; and this without any conditions of faith and repentance; or any act on the part of the creature; for precisely what is lost in Adam's transgression without our agency, is restored by Jesus Christ without our agency. Thus all will be raised from the dead, and the body and the spirit will be reunited; the whole will become immortal, no more to be separated, or to undergo dissolution. This salvation being universal, I am a universalist in this respect,—this salvation being a universal restoration from the fall, I am a restorationer,—this salvation being without works, or without any conditions except the atonement of Jesus Christ, I am in this respect a believer in free grace alone, without works; this salvation, redeeming all infants from original sin, without any change of heart, new birth or baptism, and the infant, not being capable of actual transgression, and needing no salvation from any personal sin, is therefore in a state of salvation, and not of depravity; and therefore of such is the kingdom of God: and in their infancy they need no ordinances, or gospel to save them, for they are already saved through the atonement; therefore the gospel and its ordinances are only for those who have come to years of understanding. But while on the subject of redemption, I must not pass without noticing another and very different part of the subject, viz: After all men are redeemed from the fall and raised from the dead, their spirits and bodies being reunited, and the whole becoming eternal, no more to see corruption, they are to be judged according to their own individual deeds done in the body; not according to Adam's transgression; nor according to sovereign, unconditional grace. Here ends universalism; here ends Calvinism; here ends salvation without works; here is introduced the necessity of a salvation from actual sin, from individual transgression, from which no man can be redeemed short of the blood of Jesus Christ applied to each individual transgressor; and which can only be applied on the conditions of faith, repentance, and obedience to the

Gospel. Now all who neglect to fulfil the conditions of the Gospel, will be condemned at the judgment day, not for Adam's fall, but for their own sins. But as our subject is more particularly confined to the salvation and durability of the physical world, the renovation and regeneration of matter, and the restoration of the elements, to a state of eternal and unchangeable purity, we must leave the further prosecution of these often contested points of theology to be pursued in their usual channel, and come directly to the merits of the great subject which we have undertaken. Let us now examine, more closely, the physical structure and properties of the resurrected, immortal body; endeavor to ascertain in positive, definite terms, whether it does really consist of flesh and bones—of matter as well as spirit: and if so, endeavor to learn something of its place of residence or final destiny. Christ being the first fruits from the dead, and the only person whose history after their resurrection has come down to us; and He being the great head and pattern of the resurrection, we shall endeavor to ascertain all the particulars which will serve to throw light on the subject, as to the physical nature of His body, both before and after He arose from the dead. His mother was a virgin, a chosen vessel of the Lord, who conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost and brought forth a child, who was composed of flesh and blood; and in His physical organization differing nothing in any respect from other children of the seed of Abraham. Like other children in their infant state, He no doubt received His nourishment from the breasts of His mother; like all others, He was helpless and dependent for care and protection on his parents, who, by the command of God, fled into Egypt in order to preserve Him from the cruel sword of Herod, who feared a rival in the person of the Babe of Bethlehem: like all others He grew in stature by means of the food received into the stomach, and its strength diffused through the physical system; and when grown to manhood His system was composed of the same earthly particles, or the same elements which constitute the human system in general. He was every way subject to the infirmities, passions, pleasures, pains, griefs, sorrows and temptations which are common to the constitution of man; hence we find Him sorrowing, weeping, mourning, rejoicing, lamenting, grieving, as well as suffering hunger, thirst, fatigue, temptation, etc., and we also find Him possessed of the most refined sensibilities of natural affection, and susceptibilities for close and intimate friendship. This is abundantly illustrated in His close and intimate friendship with Lazarus of Bethany, and his kind-hearted and benevolent sisters, Martha and Mary. He wept with the tears of fond affection over the grave of His departed friend Lazarus, and mingled His tears with the sorrowful and disconsolate sisters, as if to sympathize with them and help to bear their grief, insomuch that the Jews exclaimed, "behold how He loved him." Another striking example of this natural affection is illustrated in His close intimacy with His beloved disciple John. This Apostle was His most intimate friend who leaned on his breast at supper; and who was employed to ask questions on subjects in which the others felt a delicacy: he is frequently called "that disciple whom Jesus loved." Now we must think that Jesus loved them all as disciples and followers of the Lamb; but as to natural affection John was his peculiar favorite; to him He committed His sorrowing and disconsolate mother, as He was about to expire on the cross, and from that time, Mary, the mother of Jesus, became a member of John's family. "He took her home to his own house." *P. P. Pratt.*

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Just down the intervale, where the brake ferns grow rank, she placed her easel and sat down by it, sketching from nature. "Please, ma'am, is that me you're drawin' milkin' that cow in the picter?" "Why, yes, my little man; but I didn't know you were looking." "Coz if it's me," continued the boy, unmindful of the artist's confusion, "you've got me milkin' on the wrong side of the cow, and I'll get kicked 'way off the lot."

# CRIMINAL LAWS OF THE HINDOOS.

THE Hindoo criminal laws were cruel and sanguinary, yet less complicated and easier to be understood than the civil code which relate to the distribution of rights. Barbarous nations comprehended that when public or private rights were invaded, an offense was committed; hence among uncivilized peoples cruel and savage punishments were introduced to prevent crime. When self-defence characterized the spirit of the times, human life was not safe and misery and disorder were the fruits. Among idolators government was established, and a barbarous jurisdiction placed in the hands of the magistrate to administer to the people, at least, a rude protection from the widespread misery brought about through every man or his friends being the avengers. The spirit of barbarous nations was governed, and relied more upon resentment and revenge when wronged than upon the security guaranteed by the law. In rude and turbulent periods, severity and retaliation more or less governed the people, and judges were to a great extent controlled by the same influence, which greatly warped their minds, and caused them to lean to the side of barbarism.

Our German and Saxon ancestors were the most distinguished in the moderation of their punishments—a rather peculiar expedient, an atonement in money for almost every species of crime except stealing, which was punished with the most inhuman severity. In the Gothic nations of Europe money was taken as a condonement for the murder of a king, while stealing was punished with mutilation and death. Nations uncivilized have barbarous punishments. The Egyptians were also cruel in the enforcement of their sanguinary edicts. The mode of executing a parricide was first to stick into every part of his body pointed reeds about two inches long; then pile around the unfortunate felon thorns, to which the torch was applied, and the victim was burned to death.

Egyptian lawbreakers were generally punished in that part or member of the body that was instrumental in perpetrating the wrong. For instance, he who divulged the secrets of the state had his tongue cut out. Notaries public and other officials, who forged or mutilated deeds or records, and those who counterfeited coins or seals, or used false weights or measures, had both their hands cut off. The vile calumniators, generally, had measured back to them the same punishment that would have been due to the parties falsely accused. The ancient laws of the Greeks and Romans subjected the transgressor to barbarous penalties. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, says: "The laws of the twelve tables, like the statutes of Draco, were written in characters of blood."

According to the laws of Moses, idolatry, violating the Sabbath day, homicide, adultery, incest, rapes, crimes against nature, blasphemy, witchcraft, and the striking and cursing father and mother were punished by death. Whatever member of the body was injured by the offender, the chastisement was inflicted upon the same member of his body among ancient Israel. It was "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The surrounding nations overreached Israel in barbarism and cruelty. When kings were successful in conquering kings they would take them captives, cut off their thumbs and great toes, and feed them under their tables. By the law of the twelve tables of the Romans, the transgressor was obliged to forfeit a limb for limb, and a member for member, unless when the offender could condone the crime by paying three hundred pounds of copper.

The Hindoos have a mild appearance; yet no nation is so distinguished for its cruel and sanguinary laws. I will introduce a few examples of their legislation, which will convey to the mind of the reader the spirit of revenge and retaliation which permeates their criminal laws.

In treating, in the Institutes of Menu, upon the law of assault and battery, in an ordinance, it states: "With whatever member a low born man shall assault or hurt a superior, even that member of his must be slit or cut, more or less, proportioned to the injury." "If a man strikes a Brahman with his hand, the magistrate shall cut off that man's hand; if he strikes him with his foot, the magistrate shall cut off the foot. In the same manner, with whatever limb he strikes a Brahman, that limb shall be cut off; but if a Sudra strikes either of the three castes, Brahman, Kshatriyas or Vaisyas, with his hand or foot, the magistrate shall cut off such hand or foot. If a man has put out both eyes of any person, the magistrate shall deprive that man of both his eyes, and condemn him to perpetual imprisonment and fine him. A once-born man, who insults the twice-born with gross invectives, ought to have his tongue slit. If he mention their names and classes with contumely, as if he say, "Oh, thou refuse of Brahmans," an iron style, ten fingers long, shall be thrust red hot into his mouth. Should he, through pride, give instruction to priests concerning their duty, let the king order some hot oil to be dropped into his ear and into his mouth. If a blow, attended with much pain, be given either to human creatures or cattle, the king shall inflict on the striker a punishment as heavy as the presumed suffering. With whatever limb a thief commits the offence, by any means in this world, as if he break a wall with his hand or his foot, even that limb shall the king amputate, for the prevention of a similar crime. The breaker of a dam to secure a pool, let the king punish by a long immersion under water. He who steals a well-trained and valuable elephant, or a horse with excellent points, the magistrate shall cut off one hand and foot and buttock and deprive him of life. To steal an inferior horse or elephant, a camel or a cow, the judge shall cut off one hand and foot. There is no punishment for stealing a cat or weasel; but to steal any other inferior animal, the magistrate would amputate one half of the offender's foot." For the crime of arson—to set fire to a house, granary, plantation, tillage or any unsettled locality where fruits or flowers may be growing, the magistrate shall bind the body of the incendiary with the grass "beend," and burn him with fire. Whoever bores the nostrils of cows, belonging to priests, shall have one half of his foot amputated; and to steal a goat or a sheep, he shall lose one of his hands. Among civilized nations, perjury is a very grave offence, and imprisonment and transportation are its penalties. Perjury with the Hindoos is a very light offence, and is punished with a paltry fine, while the crime of obtaining goods on false pretences is punished with mutilation and death.

The various degrees of perjury among the Hindoos are thus defined by "Halhed's Gentoo Code;" chapter xvii, section 3, says: "If a witness speaks falsely through covetousness, he shall be fined one thousand janas; if through destruction of mind, two hundred and fifty; if through terror, one thousand; if through friendship, the same; if through lust, two thousand five hundred; if through wrath, one thousand five hundred; if through ignorance, two hundred; if through inattention, one hundred only."

The Hindoos are exceedingly reproachful toward each other; and for defamation they have no equals. This unrestrained abuse among such a class was calculated to stir up bloodshed, hence to provide against such occurrences, laws were enacted to meet every emergency brought about through scandal. Also assault is minutely defined, such as throwing dirty water upon a woman in the way of contumely. Throwing, upon the body of another, dust, or sand or clay, or anything else of the same kind, or striking with the hand or foot, or throwing upon the body tears, or phlegm, or the paring of one's nails, or the gum of the eyes, or the wax of the ears, or the refuse of victuals, or spittle. Also assaulting with a stone, or with a piece of iron or wood. Hauling by the feet or hair, or by the hand, or by the clothes; seizing and binding another

in a cloth and setting one's foot upon him. Also to raise and strike with an offensive weapon. In the foregoing cases, one peculiarity must be considered, whether the offense was committed by a superior or inferior, or an equal, and again whether against a man or woman. Also the penalty in relation to assault is graded very minutely, such as when no blood is shed, when a little blood is shed, when much blood is shed, when a very great quantity, and when a bone is broken as well as blood being shed, punishments are spun out to meet all the foregoing conditions, which, among nations advanced in civilization, would beget the spirit of mirth rather than a rigorous punishment.

*William Fotheringham.*

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Each man's chimney is his golden mile-stone;
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateway of the world around him.
—*Longfellow.*

Use dispatch. Remember that the world only took six days to create. Ask me for whatever you please, except *time;* that is the only thing which is beyond my power.—*Napoleon.*

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## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Sunday, January 22, 1843. I preached at the Temple on the setting up of the kingdom of God. The subject arose from two questions proposed at a lyceum.

First. Did John baptize for the remission of sins?

Second. Whether the kingdom of God was set up before the day of Pentecost, or not till then?

The following is a synopsis of this sermon, as reported by Elder Wilford Woodruff:

"Some say the kingdom of God was not set up until the day of Pentecost, and that John did not preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins; but I say, in the name of the Lord, that the kingdom of God was set up on the earth from the days of Adam to the present time.

"Whenever there has been a righteous man on the earth unto whom God revealed His word and gave power and authority to administer in His name, and where there is a priest of God—a minister who has power and authority from God to administer in the ordinances of the Gospel and officiate in the Priesthood of God, there is the kingdom of God; and, in consequence of rejecting the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the Prophets whom God hath sent, the judgments of God have rested upon people, cities and nations, in various ages of the world, which was the case with the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, which were destroyed for rejecting the Prophets.

"Now I will give my testimony. I care not for man. I speak boldly and faithfully and with authority. How is it with the kingdom of God? Where did the kingdom of God begin? Where there is no kingdom of God, there is no salvation. What constitutes the kingdom of God? Where there is a Prophet, a Priest or a righteous man unto whom God gives His oracles, there is the kingdom of God; and where the oracles of God are not, there the kingdom of God is not.

"In these remarks, I make no allusion to the kingdoms of the earth. We will keep the laws of the land; we do not speak against them; we never have; though we can hardly make mention of the State of Missouri, of the persecutions there, etc., but what the cry goes forth that we are guilty of larceny, burglary, arson, treason, murder, etc., etc., which is false. We speak of the kingdom of God on the earth, not the kingdoms of men.

"The plea of many in this day is, that we have no right to receive revelations; but if we do not get revelations, we do not have the oracles of God; and if they have not the oracles of God, they are

not the people of God. But say you, what will become of the world, or of the various professors of religion, who do not believe in revelation and the oracles of God as continued to His Church in all ages of the world, when He has a people on earth? I tell you, in the name of Jesus Christ, they will be damned; and when you get into the eternal world, you will find it will be so; they cannot escape the damnation of hell.

"As touching the Gospel and baptism that John preached, I would say that John came preaching the Gospel for the remission of sins; he had his authority from God, and the oracles of God were with him, and the kingdom of God, for a season, seemed to rest with John alone. The Lord promised Zacharias that he should have a son, which was a descendant of Aaron; and the Lord promised that the Priesthood should continue with Aaron and his seed throughout their generations: 'Let no man take this honor unto himself, except he be called of God as was Aaron;' and Aaron received his call by revelation. An angel of God also appeared unto Zacharias while in the Temple, and foretold that he should have a son, whose name should be called John, and he should be filled with the Holy Ghost. Zacharias was a Priest of God, and officiating in the Temple, and John was a Priest after his father, and held the keys of the Aaronic Priesthood and was called of God to preach the Gospel of the kingdom of God. The Jews, as a nation, having departed from the laws of God and the Gospel of the Lord, prepared the way for transferring it to the Gentiles.

"But, says one, the kingdom of God could not be set up in the days of John, for John said the kingdom was at hand. But I would ask if it could be any nearer to them than to be in the hands of John. The people need not wait for the day of Pentecost to find the kingdom of God, for John had it with him, and he came forth from the wilderness, crying out, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is nigh at hand;' as much as to say, 'Out here, I have the kingdom of God, and I am coming after you; I have got the kingdom of God, and you can get it, and I am coming after you; and if you do not receive it, you will be damned:' and the Scriptures represent that all Jerusalem went out unto John's baptism. There was a legal administrator, and those that were baptized were subjects for a king; and also the laws and oracles of God were there: therefore the kingdom of God was there; for no man could have better authority to administer than John, and our Savior submitted to that authority himself by being baptized by John: therefore the kingdom of God was set up on the earth, even in the days of John.

"There is a difference between the kingdom of God and the fruits and blessings that flow from that kingdom. Because there were more miracles, gifts, visions, healings, tongues, etc., in the days of Jesus Christ and the Apostles, and on the day of Pentecost, than under John's administration, it does not prove, by any means, that John had not the kingdom of God, any more than it would that a woman had not a milk-pan because she had not a pan of milk; for while the pan might be compared to the kingdom, the milk might be compared to the blessings of the kingdom.

"John was a Priest after the order of Aaron, and had the keys of that Priesthood, and came forth preaching repentance and baptism for the remission of sins, but at the same time cries out, 'There cometh one after me more mighty than I, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose;' and Christ came according to the words of John and He was greater than John, because he held the keys of the Melchisedec Priesthood and kingdom of God, and had before revealed the Priesthood to Moses; yet Christ was baptized by John to fulfil all righteousness; and Jesus in his teachings says, 'Upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' What rock? Revelation.

"Again, he says, 'Except ye are born of the water and of the Spirit, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God;' and

'though the heavens and earth shall pass away, my words shall not pass away.' If a man is born of water and of the Spirit, he can get into the kingdom of God. It is evident the kingdom of God was on the earth, and John prepared subjects for that kingdom, by preaching the Gospel and baptizing them; and he prepared the way before the Savior, or came as a forerunner, and prepared subjects for the preaching of Christ; and Christ preached through Jerusalem on the same ground where John had preached; and when the Apostles were raised up, they worked in Jerusalem, and Jesus commanded them to tarry there until they were endowed with power from on high. Had they not work to do in Jerusalem? They did work, and prepared a people for the Pentecost. The kingdom of God was with them before the day of Pentecost, as well as afterwards; and it was also with John, and he preached the same Gospel and baptism that Jesus and the Apostles preached after him. The endowment was to prepare the disciples for their missions unto the world.

"Whenever men can find out the will of God, and find an administrator legally authorized from God, there is the kingdom of God; but where these are not, the kingdom of God is not. All the ordinances, systems, and administrations on the earth are of no use to the children of men, unless they are ordained and authorized of God; for nothing will save a man but a legal administrator; for none others will be acknowledged either by God or angels.

"I know what I say; I understand my mission and business. God Almighty is my shield; and what can man do if God is my friend? I shall not be sacrificed until my time comes; then I shall be offered freely. All flesh is as grass, and a governor is no better than other men; when he dies, he is but a bag of dust. I thank God for preserving me from my enemies: I have no enemies but for the truth's sake. I have no desire but to do all men good. I feel to pray for all men. We don't ask any people to throw away good they have got; we only ask them to come and get more. What if all the world should embrace this Gospel? They would then see eye to eye, and the blessings of God would be poured out upon the people, which is the desire of my whole soul. Amen."

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The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
—*Young.*

## CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

THE coronation of a Czar is perhaps the most gorgeous ceremony known to modern times. We may call it barbaric and childish; but it is certainly splendid in the highest degree. It always takes place in Moscow—elsewhere it would not be legal—and for days beforehand the city wears a holiday appearance. An old law, still unrevoked, requires each house to receive three coats of white paint in honor of the occasion, and the inhabitants vie with each other in the magnificence of their decortions.

The grand procession, with which the ceremonies open, is first formed at the cavalry barracks. Sixty heralds, mounted upon cream-colored horses, range themselves twenty abreast before the door and sound their trumpets. The commandant appears and asks, as if surprised, what they will with him; to which the master of ceremonies replies:

"The Czar commands thee to follow me."

The regiment then issues forth, and marches, preceded by the heralds, to the cathedral, where they are awaited by the clergy; then to the law-courts, where the judges are assembled; and next to the headquarters of the various nobles, governors, deputations and guilds; all of whom, after the same formal question and answer, join the procession.

Thus, continually increasing, it passes on to the closed gates of the Kremlin. The trumpets again sound, and the commander of the garrison inquires what the people want.

"The Czar!" they cry.

"What for?" asks the officer.

"To crown him most powerful of the powerful!" shouts the crowd. Upon which the gates are flung open, and they all pass in.

They next proceed to the palace, where, in response to their demand, they are joined by the Czar in a colonel's uniform, accompanied by the Czarina in the dress of a Russian peasant. Thence they go, over a path strewn with bay-leaves, to the cathedral of the Holy Assumption, within which, beneath a scarlet velvet canopy embroidered with gold, stands the famous throne of Vladimir Monomaque. Beside it is a smaller throne for the Czarina, and before it a table, upon which lie a crown, a sceptre and an ermine mantle.

As soon as the Czar mounts the throne he is surrounded by his nobles, who draw their swords and lay them at his feet. The Bishop of Kazan then repeats three times a formula, requiring any one who knows of a reason why the coronation should not take place to come forward and declare it. No answer being made, the Czar kneels, and the ermine mantle is placed upon his shoulders by the Archbishop of Moscow, who says as he does so:

"Cover and protect thy people as this robe covers and protects thee."

To which the Czar replies:

"I will, I will, I will;" thrice kissing the prelate's hand. He is then invested with the crown and sceptre, after which, he himself crowns his wife, holding the crown above her head while both remain in silent prayer. At last they rise; all present kneel, shouting:

"Long live the Czar!"

The nobles approach to swear allegiance, and receive back their swords from his hand. He is then anointed within the inner sanctuary, and next upon leaving the cathedral, passes with the great procession through the chief streets of the city; the imperial carriage, in accordance with ancient custom, being escorted by a guard of a hundred young girls of high rank, armed with huge boquets.

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Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

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## OBSTACLES AND TRIALS.

It is a cause of surprise to many that the Latter-day Saints should have so many obstacles to overcome, and so many trials to bear, when they profess to be the blessed and chosen people of the Lord. Men foolishly imagine that the Lord, a being of infinite power, if He had a chosen people on the earth, would remove from their path every obstacle, and show His approval of them in such a manner that the world would be transfixed with wonder; but, in studying the ancient history of the Lord's people, we find that He did not do this—that their progress was impeded by many obstacles, that their trials were often very severe.

The Lord has given us all our agency, and He will not compel any of us to believe in His word, or serve Him, nor will He make the career of His people so brilliant that men will be compelled to acknowledge His power. Man would deserve but little credit for doing the will of God, if He were to use these means to bring them to a knowledge of His truths. There would be but little opportunity for the use of his agency, and consequently his happiness would be limited.

The people of God, instead of repining because they have obstacles and trials to meet, rather rejoice and feel thankful for such an opportunity of gain-

ing experience. It is the trials which we have to bear that develop and perfect us. In surmounting obstacles, we become self-reliant; we learn to value our ability; we bring into use dormant faculties, and are made to feel that real worth is found among those whose path in life is thronged with obstacles. We have examples of this on all sides of us. We may look at families who have been reared in the lap of luxury. The father has sent his children to the best colleges in the land, where their education has been pronounced "finished." They have traveled over land and sea, and had every advantage and opportunity of gaining experience, but when deprived of the father's indulgences, and the advantages of wealth, through death, or some turn of fickle fortune's wheel, they find themselves totally unequal to meet the emergency, unprepared for any trial, and unable to battle with the strong waves of adversity, where, on the other hand, had they been trained to work for themselves, to face the trying ordeals of life, and depend on their own exertions in overcoming obstacles, they would be able to cope with the enemy; they would not hesitate and tremble, and wonder what course to pursue, because, thrown upon their own resources, they feel that they are alone, and depend on themselves to *do* and *be*. No person can become a true man or a true woman, without self-reliance. To depend on others is, in itself, degrading, and nothing will tend to make a man self-reliant more than adverse circumstances. If he finds himself in a difficult position, where the fierce storms and hot suns of life beat upon him, where he must use his own judgment, fight his own battles, stand upon his own strength or fall, he will gather strength from those trials, and wisdom from his experience. Experience in adversity is often a very severe teacher, but some of the grandest and truest lessons of life are learned from it, and the greatest, most learned and noble heroes were born and reared in its bitterest blasts. It is a great educator, and the great aim of life should be to educate ourselves properly. It is education that we can take with us to the better world, and the trials of this life are given to us to educate and refine us. They will cause us to humble ourselves before our Heavenly Father, to depend upon Him, to trust in His promises, and rely on His Holy Spirit for guidance and comfort. They teach us to feel for another's woes, to have charity for another's faults, to sacrifice our pleasures, that we may minister to another's comfort, and every lesson taught by them will improve and perfect us. Then let us not feel to mourn and repine at everything which appears to impede our progress, but believe that every trial is sent by a wise and loving Father, to increase our faith and prepare us for usefulness in His kingdom.

*Celia E. Bean.*

"There's music in the heir," said the father, as he paced the floor at one o'clock with the baby in his arms.

## SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

II.

THE RESTORATION.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel.— *Rev. xiv: 6.*

THE "falling away" having occurred, and Catholicism dominant, the culminating point of the great apostasy was reached when that "man of sin was revealed" (2 Thess., ii: 3, 4), in the person of Leo X, whose profligacy and licentiousness had exhausted the papal treasury, and to replenish which he had recourse to the sale of indulgences, which proved the last ecclesiastical "straw to break the camel's back," and which almost prostrated the already waning power of the church, opened up the way for the ushering in of a new era, which had now begun to dawn, and the dreams

of a reformation already indulged in became a reality.

Luther, Melancthon, and others, having openly divested themselves of all allegiance to the Pope, and the sequence being manifest in the establishment of a crude liberty, incentives were given, and eagerly grasped by men whose dormant energies were aroused to action by the bold step of their predecessors, "religious liberty" became the watchword, and the "mother of harlots" was delivered of a family great in numbers and various in character, whose descendants were in turn to rebel against parental rule, and establish in their posterity a desire for further liberty, marking a steady progress in the march of empire, which should introduce to poor, benighted mortals the glorious day which was to succeed the time, times and half a time, when the "woman" should again be brought forth from her place, and, girded with her armor (Eph., vi: 13—17), stand forth to give battle to the oppressor who had driven her from the earth and caused her seclusion for so long a time, and continue the war till her offspring should be firmly seated upon the throne of David, and wielding the scepter of Judah, receive the adoration of His loving subjects and rule and reign as King of kings and Lord of lords.

In the year 1820 Joseph Smith, then an obscure boy of tender years, intuitively sought knowledge of God, as the commotion and confusion then agitating the religious world was ill adapted to the wants of his nature, and believing the words of James (James, i: 5) to be steadfast, he sought in faith, nothing wavering, and, in answer to his prayer, the "dispensation of the fulness of times" was given to man, and the restoration of the "fulness of the everlasting Gospel" speedily following, brought to pass the prediction of the Prophet Daniel (Daniel ii: 44), and verified the vision of John (Rev. xiv: 6), which was to revolutionize the man-made theories of the day, and cast the gauntlet at the feet of pseudo-Christianity, unmasking and laying bare its base pretentions, and giving to the world the glorious light of Gospel truth, which is to extend its rays over the whole earth, "and the kingdom and dominion and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the Saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him." (Daniel, vii: 27).

As the "wisdom of this world" has taken issue with the Latter-day Saints upon the subject of this article, we purpose examining a few passages of Holy Writ relating thereto, and leave our readers to judge of the correctness of our principles regarding the "Restoration."

Revelation, twelfth chapter, vividly portrays the apostasy and the utter annihilation of the true Church on the earth; but Daniel, ii: 44, is more comprehensive as to the time of the restoration, which is to be in the time of "these kings." History demonstrates that this event did not take place subsequent to Daniel and anterior to Christ, and so the religious world is ready to grasp Christ's advent as the solution of this prophetic problem. Daniel says this kingdom "shall not be left to other people, but shall break in pieces and consume all other kingdoms and stand forever." Christ's words (Matt., xxi: 43) should go far to remove this theory, as His mission was to the Jews, and if He established a kingdom among that people, it was to be taken from them, and "left to other people," which was corroborated by Paul when he said "So we turn to the Gentiles," clearly demonstrating that the kingdom Daniel saw was not that established by Christ, but was an event yet in the future, and history proves that it did not break in pieces or consume all other kingdoms, but that Rome and her vain philosophies subdued and utterly rooted out the "remnant of the seed of the woman" (Rev., xii: 17), establishing upon the ashes of the *auto da fe* the famous edict of Nice, which for twelve hundred years maintained its supremacy and ruled the nations by the power which the dragon gave to the beast, until "all nations were made drunk with the wine of her fornication" (Rev., xvii: 2).

Men may wrest the Scriptures as the Apostle said they would do (2 Peter, iii: 16), unto their own destruction, but they cannot alter their import, for the fiat of the Almighty has gone forth, and the vision as seen and recorded by John is accepted as a demonstrable fact that an angel was to fly through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth (Rev., xiv: 6). The definite article "the" signifies but one Gospel, and that one defined by the adjective "everlasting," which one compares very unfavorably with the many gospels extant in the world, and as its delivery is to be through the instrumentality of an angel, no doubt ought to exist as to the fact that this vision is a portrayal of something yet in the future, if we apply the test to none but creeds of accepted orthodoxy—for the claims of Constantine, Luther, Henry VIII, Waldo, Calvin, Mennon and others, are not based upon this vision, and have no pretensions in common with it.

Joseph Smith claims that the everlasting Gospel as taught by Christ and His Apostles was delivered to him by an angel, and that the trust was reposed in him, that it might be preached to every "kindred, nation, tongue and people," that they may be taught to worship the God "that made the earth, the seas, and the fountains of water;" Israel's God, who with outstretched arm brought the seed of Israel to the promised land, and through that lineage gave us a Savior, who has, through the everlasting Gospel, established a mediation between man and his Creator, by which means he can, by obedience to its requirements, be privileged to unite his interests with God's people, on the plane of purity, and finally, when he has "overcome, be permitted to sit with Christ on His throne, even as He, having overcome, is seated on His Father's throne."

The God of the sectarian world, being without body, parts or passions, cannot be the God the angel commanded to be worshipped, for such a myth could not be the author of "the earth, seas and fountains of water," which in itself should be conclusive evidence that the restoration of "the everlasting Gospel," in its manner, agency, requirements and effect, is alone established by the doctrine and principles of the Latter-day Saints, who enjoy the various gifts and blessings of the primitive Church, compared with which their organization and discipline so perfectly coincides, leaving no room for doubt in the minds of the honest in heart that the restoration of the "everlasting Gospel" has taken place and all men are required by its provisions to "fear God and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come; and worship Him that made heaven and earth, the seas and the fountains of water." *Robert S. Spence.*

The fewer words the better prayer.—*Luther.*

Be not ashamed of a humble parentage or a humble occupation; be not ashamed of poverty, or even of a small amount of natural endowments; but be ashamed of misspent time and misdirected talents.

## CORNELIUS TACITUS.

WHAT a mysterious, metaphysical compound is human nature! truly the noblest study is the study of the same, for through it we catch glimpses of the spark divine that animates the whole; not every day do we realize this, but at certain moments and under certain influences. Who that is watchful has not felt a mysterious, indefinable thrill pass with lightning rapidity through his whole system by the perfume of a certain flower, or at some of the voices of nature that dart suddenly upon the ear, or the pronunciation of certain words, and above all, on hearing certain names, even of persons he never saw, some who have long passed off this stage of action? There is much in our own systems that

is not dreamed of in our ignorance! Thus the name of Tacitus has long thrown a peculiar influence over me, even when I scarcely knew who he was or what he was famous for; but I somehow got an impression that he was among the immortals. Reading, since, portions of his life and history has increased the music of his name, and I presume to try to make palpable just a spectral image of my rich appreciation of his high and mighty mind, and his singularly virtuous character, made great by his integrity, virtue and honesty, in an age of profligacy, and beneath the rule of a tyrannical, low-minded prince; yet, like Daniel of old, he had the tact and talent not only to evade the "rod of iron," but actually rose, promoted by that very despot.

It is to be regretted that no memoirs of Tacitus' life are extant; the exact year of his birth cannot now be ascertained, but circumstances lead to the conclusion that it was towards the beginning of Nero's reign. Pliny, the younger, informs us that he and Tacitus were nearly of the same age; he gives an account of the great eruption of Vesuvius, which happened in November, 832, (of the Christian era, 79) that he was then in his eighteenth year. Tacitus, at that time high in reputation, was at least four or five years older than Pliny; the place of his nativity is nowhere mentioned. Where he received his education cannot now be known; Massilia (now Marseilles) was at that time the seat of literature and polished manners, yet it is doubted whether his mind was formed and enlarged in that school of learning. It is evident he did not imbibe the smallest tincture of the frivolous science and vicious eloquence that debased the Roman genius. He probably had the good fortune to be formed upon the plan adopted by the Republic, and with the help of sound home discipline and the best domestic example, he grew up in a course of virtue to that vigor of mind which gives such animation to his writings. The early bent of his own natural genius was such that he may be said to be self-educated. The infancy of Tacitus kept him untainted from the vices of Nero's court; he was about twelve years old when that Emperor finished his career of guilt and folly. Vespasian restored the public tranquility, revived the liberal arts, and gave encouragement to men of genius.

In the first eight years of that Emperor, Tacitus was at leisure to enlarge his mind and cultivate the studies proper to form an orator and a Roman citizen. The circle of arts and sciences was narrow in comparison with the wide range of modern times. Quintilian says: "The orator whom I would form should be a Roman of enlarged understanding, a man of experience in public affairs, and exercised in the commerce of the world. What philosopher has ever been an able judge, an eminent orator or a skilful statesman?" That Tacitus agreed with this doctrine is made palpable by his own course of life.

Rome was now governed by a prince who had the good sense and virtue to consider himself as the chief magistrate whose duty it was to redress all grievances, restore good order, and give energy to the laws. The genius of Tacitus attracted the attention of the Emperor, and the foundation of his fortune was laid by Vespasian, and the road to honor laid open to him; but soon death removed this good and noble king, and his son Titus ascended the throne; he reigned little more than two years. And now came an intricate and difficult path for men of genius; Domitian succeeded to the imperial dignity, and he was by nature suspicious, dark, sullen, vindictive, impetuous and sanguinary; yet possessing an understanding quick and penetrating, he could distinguish the eminent qualities of illustrious men whom he hated and dreaded; he saw public virtue, and he destroyed it. And yet, in that disastrous period, Tacitus rose to preferment, and preserved an unblemished character. He had ever a close friend in Agricola, who was joint Consul with Domitian, and had the address to restrain his headlong violence, by his prudence and the virtue of mod-

eration. Agricola had himself chosen Tacitus for his son-in-law, and was ever his true and watchful friend, and as a shield against the hand of a jealous tyrant. "The conduct of Agricola plainly showed that great men may exist in safety under the worst and most barbarous tyranny;" and it may justly be supposed that Tacitus would imitate the same line of prudence and forbearance; and it is certain that, with all, Domitian advanced his good fortune. But probably not feeling secure in such a dangerous atmosphere, he, with his wife, retired from Rome, and absented themselves more than four years; his friend, Pliny, taking the same course. Yet both these great men rose to eminence under Domitian, but both sought shelter from danger by a retreat from Rome, where they could wait in peace for better times.

At the end of four years, news was brought of the death of Agricola. That commander had carried his victorious arms from the southern provinces of Great Britain to the Grampian Hills in Caledonia, and reduced the whole country, as far as the Firth of Tay; but such a rapid course of brilliant success alarmed the jealousy of the Emperor, who dreaded a great military character, and Agricola was recalled. He entered Rome in a private manner, and was received by Domitian with cold civility and dissembled rancor. He lived a few years in a modest retreat, in the exercise of domestic virtue, and endeavoring to shade the lustre of his vast renown. At his death a report prevailed that a dose of poison, by the Emperor's orders, had been administered, but Tacitus was generous enough to acknowledge that the report rested on no kind of proof. He returned to Rome soon after the death of his father-in-law, and then commenced that dreadful era in which Domitian broke out with unbridled fury, and made Rome a theatre of blood and horror. His own domestic servants at last conspired together and took his life, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and the fifteenth of his reign.

Nerva succeeded to the Empire, and possessed virtues unknown to his predecessor. Tacitus now dedicated himself altogether to his history, and was known and universally admired for his genius. Pliny sent him a full detail of all the circumstances of the death of his uncle, the elder Pliny, who lost his life in the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, saying, "If my uncle is mentioned in your immortal work, his name will live for ever in the records of fame, for I presage your history will be immortal. I ingeniously own, therefore, that I wish to find a place in it." The friendship of these two great, good men was like that of Damon and Pythias—it ended only with their lives.

The love of brevity which distinguishes Tacitus, was probably the consequence of his early admiration of Seneca; he was sparing of words, but lavish of sentiments. Lamartine speaks in rapturous praise of the writings of Tacitus, yet "no stone, no sepulchral inscription has been found to tell where the remains of this great man were deposited!" But he, whose works are a lasting memorial, did not stand in need of perishable materials. All the powers that form and constitute a true genius were his, in an eminent degree. The time of his death is not mentioned by any ancient author, but it is probable that he died in the reign of Trajan, and it is concluded that he survived his friend Pliny. Those two writers were the ornaments of the age, both men of genius, both encouraged literature, and were ever the promoters of liberty and virtue. *Hannah T. King.*

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At a social club to which Jerrold belonged, the subject turned, one evening, upon music. The discussion was animated, and a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition. "That song," exclaimed an enthusiastic member, "always carries me away when I hear it." Jerrold, looking eagerly round the table: "Can anybody whistle it?"

BETTER GO IT ALONE.—It hardly needs to be said that all forms of charity are to be avoided which tend to destroy or impair the spirit of self-reliance and activity, on which the welfare of society is so dependent. Young men in any walk of life, who get the most help from

others, are not usually those who succeed best in the end. If one gets in the habit of being carried up the rough ascents on the shoulders of others, he may never learn the use of his legs. It may not be unwise to furnish him with a staff to aid him at his first starting, but let him do his own climbing, if you would hope to make a man of him. The best work has not been done by those who had outside help in the beginning. Many of our great artists began with no stock in trade but a bit of chalk and charcoal, and made their first brushes out of a cat's tail, while others who were fitted out with the nicest palette and easel and an abundant variety of colors, were never heard of afterward.

## COMPANIONSHIP.

It was originally uttered by the Gods, "It is not good for man to be alone," yet while this was first applied to sex, it is just as true in regard to association generally. When one becomes a hermit or a recluse, a fugitive from society, it is easy to be comprehended that there will be created or fostered those singularities and projections of character or attribute, which, in the friction and association with others and in society, would be reduced, toned or rounded, as experience and opportunity was increased or withheld. Solitude is likely to perpetuate selfishness and offensive individualism, while contact with varied humanity will essentially modify and change even the most rugged and intractable of element as found in human organization.

To be sure, there is a difference in susceptibility in this direction. There are natures easily and swiftly moulded to good or evil, there are others who do not yield so readily, yet are finally overcome in either direction, according to association and the influences amid which they move, and it is not an uncommon thing for evil or good results to come to those who are for the time being personally unconscious of any change. The power of continuous example, the influence of spirit upon spirit, may be noiseless and silent, and yet be very effective, even the more effective from this very condition. Any flagrant manifestation of evil would challenge thought and awaken latent self-respect, obtrusive opposition in any direction might arouse antagonism; but a calm and placid exterior, a presumed superiority, the hypocritical profession to serve, may allure the unsuspecting, overthrow the confiding, or bring to pass the moral and spiritual wreck of one naturally well disposed.

Now youth, as a rule, is more easily led than are those of larger experience; unacquainted with the deceptions of life, mistaking often one thing for another, taking the shadow for the substance. There is a little palliation, it may be urged, for some of the follies and excesses which come from the exuberance of physical life and as yet untried powers of youth, and the temptations which say to evil, "be thou my good," the need of self-restraint, of curbing desire, of resisting the fascination of uncultivated liberty. Such are best known only to those who have in life's ordeals felt themselves at times carried captive, may be against even training and conviction.

Every young man and every young woman of Israel should make the selection of companionship, and the formation of associations a study. There should be ambition to seek and enjoy the best; friendship should be counted by units when acquaintanceship runs into the hundreds, and it should never be presumed that sobriety is best secured by association with the drunken, that wisdom of speech is best gathered from the profane, or that intelligence is found most readily among the ignorant. Whatever good may accrue from contrast or comparison, the necessities nowhere call for special intimacy in order to appreciate the good.

Although it was revealed that "there must needs be an opposition in all things," it was also written that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and the wise man declared that those who took fire into their bosoms would be burned, and that they who touched pitch would certainly be defiled. This uncomprehended truth has caused many to make shipwreck of their manhood, their honor, their purity and their faith. Often probably by an appeal to what might be called native pride, or trust in self; sometimes a suggestion of cowardice; again the fear of criticism or the sneer or taunt of being righteous overmuch have been successful in drawing a young man or woman away from the narrow path of right, when temptation in other forms would most certainly have failed.

Young men have not always resisted the glass or the tobacco when a companion or so-called friend has set an example or made an offer. Young ladies have not always avoided association when some one whose opinion was valued or feared has suggested, "Surely you are able to take care of yourself," yet, after experience in both cases and many others, have made such wish that they had "resisted even unto death, fighting against sin."

How many have almost unconsciously imbibed the spirit of skepticism and final apostasy from the Gospel, because of companionship with those who jeered at sacred things, with those who, in defiant swagger, asserted their right to think and act independent of scripture, priesthood, revelation or any authority save their own untrammelled selves.

This thought of companionship is not bounded by the fleeting friendship or momentary associations of life; there is probably a more important phase, a condition in regard to which there is more thought needed, but less used than is desirable; that is, in regard to the selection of companionship with those of the opposite sex. And the final issue of marriage; how rarely are the most enduring features of character taken into account in such selection. Is it not more often accident, or fancy, a flashing eye, a rosy lip, a stylish dress, a clinging waltz, a momentary fascination on the part of a young man. On the part of a young woman, is it not often a curly head (empty, may be), a good figure, a spendthrift's habit, a fast life, more than nobility of character, obedience to parents, devotion to truth, or trust in God, which wins the already too susceptible heart? In neither case is there any exercise of judgment, any power of reason or any deliberate and intelligent choice? There may be what is called love—baby love, or calf love, as some have called it; but no love of exhibited character, no surety of integrity, no real foundation for respect, no worship of attribute, no appreciation of real manhood, but simply the glamor, the easily disguised preference of sex.

Says the Apostle, "How can two walk together except they be agreed;" yet religious sensibility and responsibility sit so lightly on some that one outside the pale of the covenant is preferred to one inside; one inside is probably preferred if single and debauched to one married, though pure, comparatively, as the angels before the throne; yet after all it is curious how "few and far between" are those of our young men who marry out of the church, but there are many of our young ladies who for the seductions of the stranger have bartered the life to come.

The conclusions are obvious, inasmuch as the influence of companionship is subtle and the results not always foreseen, that our youth "avoid even the appearance of evil." If in all our settlements all would give pre-eminence in their thoughts and preference in their association to the best of their immediate neighborhood, righteousness would be more than ever at a premium, evil habit and unfaithful life would become subject to greater and still greater discount, until it would not pay to be dishonorable; it would be a bad speculation to apostatize, it would be a poor investment to raise up sons and daughters, rude, dissipated, disorderly, skeptical or irreligious,

as it really is now, but then there would be no demand for the article, and that so-called great law of demand and supply would operate to the non-production of that which nobody needed or which none would have. This would inaugurate a new development of the Darwinian theory, called "the survival of the fittest," those whose faith in God and practice of right would entitle them to all the blessings of the heavens and the earth. This would bring about a new companionship, not alienating the old, but working with it through the angels, through the spirits of "just men made perfect," the communion of the Saints for ever and ever. *H. W. Naisbitt.*

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The aim of education is to show how to think.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—*George Eliot.*

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet; those he receives, nearest his heart.—*Talleyrand.*

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity.—*Johnson.*

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## INCONSISTENCIES OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

III.

HAVING shown in my former article how truthfully the great Roman Catholic church, in its early rise and subsequent history, has fulfilled all the leading conditions of the prophecies respecting the power of Antichrist that should arise soon after the coming of our Savior, it may be well before passing to the consideration of other subjects, to treat briefly upon some of the leading absurdities of its religious tenets and methods of worship, for although its true place in history is acknowledged by nearly all Protestant denominations, yet they pattern much after the Catholics in many important matters of belief and practice. In fact, Catholicism, as it is termed, is truly the "great mother church," and the source whence all Protestant denominations took their rise; for no Protestant believes in revelation, but, on the contrary, claims that no authority has been committed directly from heaven to man upon the earth since the days of the Apostles, and as all the early Protestant reformers once belonged to the Roman Catholic church, and after breaking off from its authority, continued to exercise the various functions of their new positions by virtue of their former calling as religious teachers, they must either acknowledge Catholicism as the source of their authority, or admit that their authority is self assumed. The latter they do not admit, so the former must be conceded in order to establish themselves upon the foundation of any authority whatever, for without authority they can have no proper existence, or exercise any control or influence that mankind are obliged to either respect or obey. Therefore, in treating upon the leading absurdities of Catholicism, we are simply exhibiting the corruptions of that fountain from which all Protestant Christianity has taken its rise, either as leading branches or diverging streamlets of this great central source.

In organization the great Roman Catholic church has no parallel in either sacred or profane history, but stands out as a new and novel combination of ecclesiastical and political authority. The Pope of Rome is its great living head, who claims to rule by the authority of St. Peter and Jesus Christ. The former, as Bishop of Rome, left the authority which is the rock upon which Jesus declared He would build His Church, and that authority having been handed down from one bishop or pope to another, constitutes each living pope the great St. Peter of the church, who in every age is the vicar or vicegerent of Jesus Christ unto all the world, and as such he holds the right to both ecclesiastical and political authority. It is true the politi-

cal authority once exercised by the pope is not now enjoyed by him because he no longer has the power to enforce it, but the same constitutions and decrees upon which it was originally founded are still a part of the great common law to which all Catholics must subscribe. This principle of temporal power is fully set forth in the decrees of Boniface VIII, who, in his quarrel with King Philip of France, asserted that "Jesus Christ had granted a two-fold power to the church, the spiritual and the temporal sword; that he had subjected the whole human family to the authority of the Roman Pontiff, and that whosoever dared to disbelieve it were to be deemed heretics and stood excluded from all possibility of salvation."

The Roman pontiff is elected for life by the college of cardinals, a body of chief bishops, priests and deacons, who are appointed from time to time by the decrees of the reigning pope. Next in authority to him are the primates and patriarchs, who exercise jurisdiction over all the churches in the kingdoms or nations to which they are assigned. Then follow the metropolitans, or archbishops, who preside over all the bishops within their provinces; and lastly the bishops, each of whom exercises authority over the priests, deacons and people within his respective diocese. Each diocese has its senate, composed of the priests and deacons, whose counsel and assistance the bishop uses in the government of his people. The metropolitan also has a senate, or provincial synod, composed of the bishops under his jurisdiction, which assembles every third year, and the enactments and regulations framed by it affect all the churches in the province. The primates and patriarchs convoke a national council from time to time, and the constitutions and decrees formulated by them have a binding force upon all within their respective jurisdictions. The pope has also his senate of cardinals, who assist him in the government of the universal church, and in whom is vested the authority to elect a pope whenever a vacancy may occur from death or other causes.

Thus all Roman Catholics are subject to the authority of their bishops, the bishops to the metropolitans, the metropolitans to the primates and patriarchs, and all of them to their great head, the pope, who receives his authority from the cardinals, who in turn receive theirs from him and thus they compose one church, possessing authority within authority, or authority within itself. God can have nothing to do with them, for they deny the very means by which alone He could communicate His will to them, namely, immediate revelation; and as for their claims upon St. Peter, no greater absurdity was ever fulminated. Peter was neither a pope nor a bishop, but on the contrary was an apostle, an officer under the Melchisedec Priesthood, whereas a bishop is an officer of the lesser or Aaronic Priesthood, does not hold the keys of the presidency of the Church, but simply exercises control over the local matters of his immediate diocese or bishopric.

From the different works setting forth the principles of the Catholic faith, and defining the manner of their worship, we obtain the following very graphic description of their God: "There is one incomprehensible God, incomprehensible Son, incomprehensible Holy Ghost; three incomprehensibles, yet one incomprehensible, created out of nothing from the very first beginning of time, and existing beyond the bounds of time and space." In other words, he is an incomprehensible nothing, existing nowhere. Idolatry is a thousand times more reasonable than the worship of such a being as this, for the idolater has something, or a being of some substance upon which to be stow his devotions, while this intellectual and highly civilized Christian has absolutely nothing.

In addition to this great absurdity with respect to God, the Ecumenical Council of 1870, in their published canons, decreed as follows: "If any one confess not that the world and all things which are contained in it * * * have been produced out of nothing, let him be anathema" (or accursed). "If any one shall say that the one true God, our

Creator and Lord, cannot be certainly known by the natural light of human reason, through created thought, let him be anathema" (or accursed).

With respect to the first of these declarations, it is too absurd to require any refutation, for its refutation is self expressed, and as regards the latter the Bible plainly teaches that "no man by his own wisdom can find out God," for as "the things of man are known by the spirit of man, so also the things of God knoweth no man save by the Spirit of God."

In the seventeenth article of their faith they make the following declarations: "I do also profess * * * that in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist there is truly, really and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that there is a conversion made of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, which conversion the Catholic church calls transubstantiation." Article nineteen reads as follows: "I do firmly believe that there is a purgatory, and that the souls kept prisoners there do receive help from the suffrages of the faithful." If this principle be true, it does away entirely with the Bible doctrine that all mankind will be judged for the deeds done in the body.

"Article XX. I do likewise believe that the Saints reigning together with Christ are to be worshiped and prayed to; and that they do offer prayers unto God for us, and that their relics are to be held in veneration."

Article XXI. I do most firmly assert that the images of the blessed virgin (the mother of God) and of other saints ought to be had and retained, and due honor and veneration ought to be paid to them."

Every Roman Catholic church possesses among its most conspicuous decorations life-sized images or pictures of Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary and every worshiper who enters the church bows down in reverence to them. To the image of the Virgin Mary the following psalm of praise is recited once a week by those who are admitted into what they mysteriously call the "Confraternity of the Sacred Rosary:" "In thee, O Lady, have I hoped; let me never be confounded. Receive me into thy favor, incline me thine ear. Into thine hand, O Lady, I commend my spirit. Bring unto our Lady, O ye sons of God, bring praise and worship unto our Lady. Let Mary arise, and let her enemies be scattered. How amiable is thy dwelling, O Lady of hosts. * * * Let everything that hath breath praise our Lady."

This species of worship, both in its enunciation and practice, is but the acme of heathen idolatry, and is directly in violation of the second commandment: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image in any likeness of any living thing that is in the heavens above or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor worship them."

"Article XXII. I do affirm that the power of indulgencies was left by Christ in the church, and that the use of them is very beneficial to Christian people."

I referred briefly to indulgencies in my last article, showing that by the payment of a paltry sum of money to the priest, the most diabolical crimes could be atoned for and full expiation granted to the deepest dyed criminal that walks the earth. If the practice can be "beneficial to Christian people," then indeed must Christian people be benefited by the commission of crime, for the assumption of authority to remit sins in this way is not only a most terrible crime itself, but it countenances and encourages others to commit crime, and throws down all those safeguards to morality so strictly inculcated in the scriptures. Indeed it provides a mantle for all manner of sin even before it is committed, and encourages and fosters wickedness of every character.

In the construction and decoration of their churches, the Roman Catholics pattern much after the early customs of the heathens, many of whose temples were

rededicated as places of Christian worship. The finest heathen temple now extant is the Pantheon, or Rotunda, which, as the inscription over the portico states, "Having been impiously dedicated of old by Agrippa to Jove and all the Gods, was piously reconsecrated by Pope Boniface IV to the blessed Virgin and all the saints." Altered only in this respect, it serves as well for the popish as it did aforetime for the pagan worship. As then, everyone might discover and address himself to the God of his country, so now each one chooses the patron saint that he prefers and does homage to him or her with the same obsequious deference that the heathen did to his images of wood or stone.

The tapers so profusely used in the Catholic churches resemble the heathen lamps and candles that were kept perpetually burning before the altars and statues of heathen gods, and the sprinkling of water at the commencement of mass is but another method of perpetuating a heathen custom. Of the vestments worn by the Catholic clergy, Dr. Priestly says: "These are signs and badges of their character, which were generally borrowed from the heathen ritual. Thus," he says, "the shaven heads and surplices (customs still prevailing) were borrowed from the Egyptian priests and the *crosier* or *pastrol staff* was the *lituss* of the Roman augurs."

All Catholics are forbidden to read the scriptures without a special permit from a proper authority, and those who presume to disobey this injunction "cannot obtain forgiveness of sins," according to the solemn decrees of the Council of Trent. Yet Jesus said, "Search ye the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." John v: 39. They also strictly enjoin that all Catholic services shall be conducted in the Latin, which but very few if any but the priests understand, whereas Paul says, 1 Cor. x: 16—19, "In the church I would rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue."

They forbid their clergy to marry, and enjoin strict celibacy on all orders of monks and nuns (the latter of whom they flatter with the idea that they are "married to Christ," in which they not only violate the first commandment of God, "to multiply and replenish the earth," but also fulfil the prediction of St. Paul relative to another characteristic of that anti-Christian power which should arise, having a "conscience seared as with a hot iron forbidding to marry," etc.

Their consciences must truly have been "seared as with a hot iron," when they could punish with death, and amidst the most horrible tortures, all those who presumed to differ with them in religious belief, or who doubted, in the heart, their authority, yet would presume to expiate, for a small sum of money, the most diabolical deeds known in the catalogue of crime. It is estimated by some Christians that between three and four hundred thousand persons suffered the rigorous penalties of the inquisition from 1481 to 1808, over thirty thousand of whom were burned at the stake; and during the progress of all this bloodshed for simple disbelief or heresy, the coffers of Rome were receiving the wealth of the world, which was flowing in, in never-ceasing streams, from the sale of their notorious and wicked indulgencies. In the midst of all this carnival of crime, Pope Leo X, in triumphant exultation, is said to have exclaimed, when contemplating the immense revenues of the church. "Oh, how profitable, indeed, hath the fable of Jesus been to us!"

The Pope of Rome also assumes many titles that are most blasphemous, such as, "Most Holy God upon earth," "Our Lord God the Pope." Pope Martin IV, having, in 1621, excommunicated the people of Sicily, would not be persuaded to absolve them until by their embassador prostrate upon the earth, they entreated him, saying, "Oh, Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, grant us thy peace." The fathers of the Council of Lateran said to Leo X: "We respect your divine majesty; you are the

husband of the church, the prince of the apostles, the prince and king of all the universe. Thou art the pastor and the physician; thou art God." Thus this great power fulfils another important prophecy of St. Paul contained in 2 Thessalonians ii: 3, 4. "Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come (the coming of Christ), except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

As a befitting climax to all this catalogue of absurdity and wickedness, the Pope claims the divine attribute of infallibility. As early as 1680, Agatho, in an epistle to the sixth general council, held at Constantinople, said that "the chair of Rome never erred, nor can err in any point," and that "all the constitutions of the Roman Church are to be received as if they had been delivered by the divine voice of St. Peter." This doctrine of infallibility was fully accepted and solemnly enunciated as a cardinal principal of the Catholic faith by the Ecumenical Council that assembled at Rome in the year 1870.

In conclusion, therefore, we find that the Roman Catholic church possesses no authority from God, Jesus Christ or St. Peter, but that it is a self-constituted, self-maintained and self-perpetuated power. That in the construction and decoration of its churches, the manner of its worship, the dress of its clergy, as well as in many of the principles of its faith, it assimilates very closely to the pagan worship and customs of the several nations that existed under Roman rule during and prior to the days of our Savior, and that its religion, as a whole, is but an intricate and mysterious compound of heathen superstition, coupled with a few sophistical imitations of Christian principles and observances. Viewed from every standpoint, it presents those bristling horns and ugly features of deformity that were to be the sure signs and form the true characteristics of that great "anti-Christ," the "mother of harlots," the "abomination of desolation," that should make "all nations to drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornications," and that should be reserved for the great day of burning, when Christ should come to take vengeance upon the wicked. *Jos. A. West.*

He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of a man who begs for his daily bread.

## IN THE WAKE OF THE CHURCH.

III.

NAUVOO.

It is more convenient to reach Nauvoo by way of Montrose, the Iowa town directly opposite, than by means of any of the distant railroad towns in Illinois, since none are much nearer than Carthage, eighteen miles distant. A railroad runs between Burlington and Keokuk, and thence down on the sand bank of the Mississippi to Saint Louis, so by striking the great river at either of the two places mentioned, or at Quincy, Hannibal or Saint Louis, all of which are crossing points of great trunk lines, the pilgrim may have direct communication with Montrose. It is advisable, however, in making this chopped up journey, to precede it with a careful study of the latest time schedules, and thus render connections more easy, with a consequent saving of time and money.

At the blustering close of a stormy day, on the particular visit which it is the object of this article to describe, my friend and I arrived at the growing town of Burlington, and proceeded at once to seek the train which was to carry us

down the river to Montrose. It was not far distant and was found to consist of a locomotive and two dimly lighted coaches, one of which, to our evenings enjoyment, contained a lively wedding party from the rural district, whom neither the solemnity of the occasion, the storm without, nor the presence of their fellow passengers could suppress. As the dusk turned into darkness, the storm was seen to be largely an electrical commotion; sheets of ghastly light would mount from the horizon far up towards the zenith; and at times the heavens would be one continuous glare, casting a lurid, unnatural light over the storm-beaten landscape; these phenomena followed each other in the most rapid succession, until at times there would be an unbroken and almost uniform illumination of the surrounding country for some minutes. This display, which was so strange to us, was said to be a very common occurrence in that region. It lasted for hours.

Shortly after ten the train reached our destination; it was no joke to traverse the three rods which lay between the train and the plank sidewalk opposite, seeing the rains which had poured down in torrents for several days, had so thoroughly soaked this loamy soil, as to render it, practically, bottomless mud, nor was there too much light on the subject; even the electricity had failed us. After examining the unforbidding inn near the station, and surveying the suspicious appearance of its gruff and burly proprietor, we decided to go up town to a boarding house, as a matter of self-preservation, and there after awaking the people we found a comfortable and clean room, which promised well for a good night's rest.

At daybreak, according to our plan, we set out for the river bank, we had settled with the proprietor the night before, in view of an early departure. Our first desire was to obtain a view of the historic city on the opposite bank; but we found that a forest covered island of considerable extent stood between us and the greater part of the town. The next point was to find transportation across to Nauvoo, and luckily we found a boatman half clad and poverty-stricken, who, even at that early hour was looking for the worm, after the manner of the early bird. The bargain was soon struck, the boat was bailed out, the boatman's coat served as a protection from the dampness of the seat, and under the cheerful auspices of a fair sky, we pulled out for the once populous city of Nauvoo. Since the wooded island before mentioned lay directly in our course, it became necessary to pull around it, and like a reasonable being and experienced boatman, our crew chose the upstream end to circumnavigate. The island upon close inspection was found to be a forest covered swamp, entirely submerged at high water. As we progressed, the site of Nauvoo gradually became visible; and we saw stretched before us a wide strip of low meadow ground, backed by an elevated ridge. To the north the ridge was brought to an end somewhat abruptly by the river, which between Montrose and Nauvoo flows about north and south, but which a little to the north of the direct line between these two places sweeps around from the east almost rectangularly, thus leaving the ground occupied by Nauvoo with river frontage to the north and also to the west. The ridge follows along down the river bank, sometimes distant and again close, at times a precipitous bluff at the water's edge and then again a gentle swell at some distance back. A sluggish boat was pulling laboriously up the stream near the other bank, emitting dense volumes of smoke and steam, she was evidently a freight boat, being flat and without the tiers of upper decks which characterize a passenger steamboat; she paddled along by means of an ungraceful stern wheel (peculiar to the Western rivers), the last we saw of her she was clumsily endeavoring to touch at the North Nauvoo dock for the purpose either of dropping merchandise or taking up produce, and I might have added Temple stone, had the visit been a few years earlier, when the destribution of this stone for forty miles up and down the river was so active. After a long

pull against the current, and a continuous watch for the snags and timber, which infected the stream, we pulled into the Montrose or west wharf at Nauvoo; and after settling with the boatman—whose poverty was certainly due to lack of customers, not to moderation of charges—we struck out on foot across the bottom land for the town.

The greater part of the town at the present time—it seems to have been otherwise in the days of '38–'46—is located on the ridge mentioned above, with a few houses near by on the meadow land, and an unoccupied strip a quarter of a mile wide between the houses and the river on the west. It was yet very early morning and the streets were deserted, so we were left utterly at sea as to which way to go. The Temple we at once concluded must have been erected on one of the highest points of the ridge, and so we walked up to what we considered a likely location; our first conjecture was further strengthened as to the site by the presence in that neighborhood of a drug store and several other buildings constructed of finely wrought white stone, which we assumed to have come from the walls of the Temple. And so it proved, for after a short walk down a street in that neighborhood we met a man who turned out to be the owner of the Temple lot, which we had passed a block or two. We were aware that we would not find much of the Temple standing, but thought we would at least find a vacant lot centrally located, upon which would be here and there a peice of the wall still left; we expected to see the cellars and foundations, the former perhaps partly filled up with ashes and debris, and the latter despoiled ruins; surrounding this sad wreck, our minds had pictured a wilderness of stones strewn around in the utmost confusion, the remains of what had once been a beautiful structure, erected by a devout people to the true God. But it was not so. It was as if the legions of Satan, drunk with the temporary success which had attended their onslaught, had turned exultingly from the scenes of suffering and woe, consequent upon a ruthless destruction of a people's homes and property, and a barbarous expulsion of the community, so robbed and outraged into a boundless, snow covered and almost trackless wilderness, to the work of leveling the walls of the building which had rendered Nauvoo, the Mecca of God's people. Nor was the destruction of the walls enough, for satanic hate further decreed the scattering of the dressed stone to the four winds; the filling of the basements; and the transformation of the Temple lot into a garden, thus causing the noble edifice and its site to live only in the memory.

And so we found it. Our guide, Mr. Bahmann, present proprietor of the lot and a store opposite, lead us up the street to the middle of a certain block and turned into a gate, which opened through an ordinary fence. We saw nothing within to betray the former site of a costly edifice; along the front fence there were two rows of currant bushes with a path between, on the left or north of the lot and towards its front was located a one story dwelling, the front part of which was then used as a grocery store; in the rear of the dwelling and at the back of the lot was situated a two story lumber barn, trees and fences bordered the property, and various kinds of plants, bushes and trees were scattered here and there over the inclosure. If we had not received the renewed assurance of our guide, that this was the place we sought we should have discredited him. Here was a house and yard, not even on the corner of a block; with all the usual surroundings of a semi-rural home, distinguished from its neighbors in no special manner, perfectly level with fruit trees and flowers—and this, we were thrice assured, was where the Nauvoo Temple used to stand. The precise limits of the structure were pointed out; it was in the middle of the lot as regards north and south, with its front wall about half way from front to rear, and the rear wall coincident with the back fence. Upon this ground stood a wagon with freight for some neighboring town; a large sized peach tree was

growing a little to the rear of the center of the building site, and a well, which was described as the only remnant of the Temple on the lot, except a few scattering pieces of rock from the walls which had been thrown near the fences in clearing the ground for cultivation. The owner who has been long in Nauvoo, and has been questioned so often, was very familiar with the architecture of the building, and could even sketch with apparent accuracy its characteristics and even many of its details. The water of the well was quite sweet; Mr. Bahmann described it as having been located near the fount supported by the carved oxen. His discourse was intensely interesting to us; descriptive as it was of the building as it stood complete, of the destruction by fire, of the blowing down of the north wall which stood many years after the conflagration, and finally of the carrying off for building purposes of the cut stone. In his store he showed us a part of one of the rays, formerly on the second story front. His son, a young man with natural instincts of an antiquarian, had made a vast and unique collection of the ancient "mound builders," and more recent antiquities.

Having secured, each of us, a souvenir of the Temple, we asked for the former residences of Presidents Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. They were both down the hill in the bottomland. The residence of the latter was found to be a brick building in astonishingly good repair, situated on the north west corner of a block. It has a main part with two wings, and a porch in front, which is not farther than six feet from the street. A rose bush had been trained over the lattices of the porch, and at the time of the visit, in June, was gorgeously in bloom. A young lady answered our knock, informed us that it was Dr. Parker's residence, that he was away and that we might inspect the interior. The house was solid and cheerful, and historically interesting.

About south of the building just described, and on the waters edge—the town site, I should have stated, has a more or less extended frontage on the river to the south, due not to a change in the direction of the stream, but to a widening of it at this point—we found the often mentioned Nauvoo House. There are two of the Prophet's houses standing, the older one, the Mansion House, faces the west and is a block north of the Nauvoo House; it is a frame clap-boarded building, one and a half stories high, formerly covered with a coat of whitewash or paint, but which has since been washed of in some places and been very badly discolored in others. The Nauvoo House comprises two parts. The older part is nearer the river, and is now occupied by Major Bidamon the former husband of Emma Smith, the widow of the Prophet. The more recent additions designed to be the principal part of the house, is constructed of brick and remains as it was left by our people, unfinished. It is remarkably well preserved and substantial. The ground floor of the new part is on a level with the second story of the remainder of the house, caused by a very rapid descent of the ground, and the consequent possibility of making a basement under the building which is nearer to the river bank. We found Major Bidamon to be a massive man, cordial in his treatment of us, and apparently neither a very strong advocate of Reorganism nor a bitter enemy of the Church. All relics of the Prophet Joseph he said, had been removed by the "boys" at the time of Emma's death. Lack of time hurried us to the landing. An old German, on the way, having learned our names, said he would like to have our people all back there again—but since he was the proprietor of a corner grocery, we suspected him of sinister motives. We retraced the lane to the dock, boarded a steam ferry boat, which might have been Fulton's yacht, and were drifted over to Montrose, on our way to Carthage by rail.

*Richard W. Young.*

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Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible; a man might as well have a smoky house and scolding wife, which are said to be the two worst evils of our life.—*Spurgeon.*

# LAST WORDS.

THE last words of dying men possess an interest which is far beyond that merited by their significance. Webster's "I still live!" has been more frequently quoted than any sentence from his eloquent speeches. A court of justice will receive as evidence the last words of one who knows that he is dying. Do not these and similar facts suggest that we all instinctively believe that death, when close at hand, stimulates to insight and truthfulness? Read from this point of view these words of the dying great, published in a Boston paper, are significant.

Dr. Johnson, passing away calmly after a tumult of uneasiness and fear, said to one who stood close beside his bed, "God bless you, my dear!"

The celebrated Dr. Adams, rector of the high school of Edinburgh, in some moments of delirium preceding his death, whispered, "It is growing dark, boys;" stretching forth his hand, "you may go!"

Queen Elizabeth of England, lying on her royal couch, was heard to moan out the heartrending words, as she closed her eyes forever, "All my possessions for one moment of time!" But the noble Wesley simply exclaimed, in calmness of spirit, "The best of all is, God is with us."

Poor Robert Burns, out of his head when he drew his last breath, cried, "Oh, don't let the awkward squad fire over me!"

How curious, indeed, that Lord Thurlow should have cried out, as he passed away, "I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying!"

"*Ah! mes enfants*, you cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time!" So said the brilliant wit of France, Scarron, as he lay dying that hour with a host of weeping friends around him.

It was a Christian philosopher, John Locke, who exclaimed with his latest breath that solemn day, "Oh, the depth of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God!"

How strange to think that the great Mirabeau, after a life of such wild discord, should have cried out frantically, as he lay waiting for the last change, "Music! Let me die to the sound of delicious music!"

Washington, with the smile of a saint, looked up into the face of his weeping wife for the last time, as she bent over him at Mount Vernon that dismal day, and calmly said, as he crossed his arms above his noble heart, "It is well."

And the last words of Luther's friend, Melancthon, are wonderfully striking, it seems to me. The former asked him that hour if he desired anything. "No, Luther; no! Nothing, nothing but heaven!" he answered, and died with a smile upon his face.

The ruling passion may be said to have been still strong with Chesterfield when he passed away, for the last words he uttered were, "Give Daytolles a chair!"

Did poor Cowper say anything before he died—he who had always dreaded even the thought of dying? Why, it is said he sank to rest as peacefully as a little child.

Hobbes, the deistic philosopher, said just before he gasped his last breath, "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark;" but the sweet Herbert said, "Now, Lord, receive my soul!"

The deaf Beethoven, whose whole soul had been full of glorious harmony throughout his life, cried out at last, "Now I shall hear!"

The sun was shining very brightly in the room where the great Humboldt lay dying, and he said, as he watched the beautiful rays, "How grand the sunlight! It seems to beckon earth to heaven."

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died the same day, but one said with his last breath, "Independence forever!" and the other, "I resign my soul to God —and my daughter to my country."

Sir Thomas More said to an attendant, as he ascended the scaffold on the day of his execution, "I pray you see

me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

Beautiful Anne Boleyn, just before she knelt down to lay her head on the block, clasped her neck with her hand and said, "It is small, very small, indeed!"

What could have possessed Franklin to say to his friends on his deathbed, "A dying man does nothing well?"

What a strange question for Cardinal Beaufort (or any other man) to ask at the last moment of life, "What! is there no bribing death?"

Scott said, even when death was creeping very near, "I feel as if I were to be myself again."

And Hood, tired out, whispered only the words "Dying, dying!"

Sorrows are our best educators. A man may see farther through a tear than a telescope.

A kick from an enemy often sends a man higher than a boost from a friend. For this reason it is well to love your enemies.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—*Robert West.*

Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.
*Milton.*

## PRE-EXISTENCE.

"And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."—*John xvii, 5.*

Could I behold the life I left,
Once gaze on scenes I saw on high;
Or grasp the meaning of my life,
And analyze mortality;

See through the darkness of the past,
Behold the secrets of my birth;
And know again why God desired
My presence on this darkened earth;

Could I but feel the zeal of old,
When He revealed Salvation's Plan
That caused hosannas from my lips
And raised to Gods the spirit man;

Or know how eagerly I prayed
That God would grant me leave to go
To gain a body and to learn
The secrets of his power to know;

And then behold in coming Time,
Or, rather, when Time is no more,
How I, if faithful, should obtain
Such gems and crowns as Father wore:

A God, enjoying all that is;
With power to make, with power to save,
Triumphant o'er intelligence
Victorious o'er the gaping grave;

If this I knew, how could I spend
My time in vice, in wicked ways?
Profane the Lord who granted this;
Thus lose the prize, and end my days?

How could I sin, how seek for joy
Among the things that fade and die?
And how devote my days to gain
The riches that take wings and fly?

Who knows but those who love on earth
Once loved in Heav'n, and promised there:
Together fell that they might rise,
Each other's pains and triumphs share?

Give answer thou, my soul, and say:
I left the world of Heav'nly bliss,
The friends I loved to call my own,
To suffer all the ills of this,

Because I saw the joys I had
Compared not with what was to gain.
Because I hoped for greater things,
I fell to rise, I'll die to reign.

Let others seek for freedom here
Clasp close the pleasures of this earth,
I look for freedom, only when
I go to Him who gave me birth.

Help me, O Lord, on Thee rely,
On Thee depend for Comfort's voice,
Faithful endure, pain, sorrow, death,
And then at length with Thee rejoice.

*Edward H. Anderson.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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## 1882.

REFLECTIONS upon the year that is past can but be gratifying to those interested in the cause of Mutual Improvement. The organization of new societies, the perfection of partial organizations and the progress made in the adoption of better and more systematic exercises, made interesting and profitable to the largely increased membership of the Associations, are features that have distinguished the year's work among them.

The new settlements being founded in Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado have promptly incorporated in their Ward organizations Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. There are very few, if any, of these new settlements that have failed to provide their youth with this means of improvement. Being thus supplied with advantages which older places were without for many years, it is reasonable to look for a high status of civil and social intercourse being attained among them while their towns and villages are yet young. The moral, educational and refining influence which attends the Associations, is the very best force that could be applied to prevent the lawlessness, hoodlumism or too common rowdyism which prevails in country places and is almost universally observed in new settlements founded on the borders of civilization. The perfect organization which the Latter-day Saints have ever maintained, even in the most isolated places, from the commencement of their grand pioneering labor of colonization has always secured a degree of safety and observance of order that other colonists or frontier communities have been unable to provide. With the aid of the Associations our new settlements now and hereafter add to their ordinary condition of safety and good order, the pleasing spectacle of well conducted social and intellectual societies, where mental and spiritual development is fostered and the politeness and civility of cultivated society takes the place of the vulgar or blasphemous address, rude conduct or street loafing which, though characterizing the mining towns and border settlements of the outside world, ought never again to be known in connection with our people's new settlements.

Though Stake organizations were completed in 1878 in all the Stakes during the Territorial tour of Elders Junius F. Wells and M. H. Hardy, since that time new Stakes have been organized and vacancies have occurred by removals and other causes in the organizations in the older ones. The expiring year has witnessed the filling up of all vacancies and the organization, under the direction of the Apostles and Stake Presidents of organizations in the new Stakes not previously provided for, until now there is a Stake Superintendency in all of the organized Stakes of Zion, and but few Wards in the Church in which there is not an Association. We anticipate the most complete and satisfactory reports that have ever been made at the conference in the Spring.

The exercises of the Associations during the last and present season are certainly of a higher, more entertaining and profitable nature than ever before. Those Associations, and they are many, which adopted the suggestive programme supplied them in 1878, and have taken up systematically the Scriptural exercises therein provided, have the satisfaction now of marking the progress they have made. They have in some instances completed the subjective course of the Bible and the attentive members can tell on a moment's reflection the principal

contents of that sacred record, having the leading historical events which it chronicles arranged in their minds in such order that it appears no longer a vast incomprehensible collection of dry texts, but an encyclopedia of the most useful and instructive lessons. Similar progress in the Book of Mormon and Church history subjects have made the leading events which they record familiar household topics to the rising generation whose researches in the latter subject—Church history—have called vividly to the minds of their parents the soul stirring scenes that tried their integrity in the early days of the Church. This helps to make the history of the Church more complete than it would otherwise be, and Associations should not fail to encourage the members, whose parents have been many years engaged in the cause of Zion, in the habit of conversing with them upon their early experiences. Whenever a circumstance of peculiar interest is narrated, it ought to be written down—it may take the form of an essay or contribution to the manuscript paper and thus be preserved. Not only should this exercise be encouraged so far as it relates to early Church history, but also for the purpose of collecting and preserving facts pertaining to the early settlement of the respective towns, cities and counties in which we live. It would not be a bad idea for the Association of each settlement to take the duty to itself of providing, by appointing a competent member or members to the labor, a history of the settlement, growth, changes, —religious, political and social—and general progress of the village, town or city in which it is located. Let these historical essays be filed with the librarian and carefully preserved. They will form the foundation of a history of the Territory and of our people that will be invaluable.

The season commencing in October found nearly all of the Associations supplied with the new Roll and Record Books, and they are now in universal use. The first edition not being sufficient, a second was issued, and there have been distributed about two hundred and fifty of these books, which indicates the probable number of Associations now in existence. An average membership of forty would make our total ten thousand members. We believe the reports will show a greater average than that, and considering that these figures do not relate to the temporary membership secured by the novelty of a new organization, but are the result of a steady increase from the bed rock, which nearly, if not all of the Associations, struck after their first "send-off," they are of singular significance—being reliable evidence of the deep determined desire of the young men of Zion to devote themselves to the duties of active life in the service of God and the building up of His Kingdom on earth.

Thus at the beginning of another year, we have every reason to feel sanguine of the success our work of mutual improvement is designed to accomplish. Our organization, which in the beginning some predicted would speedily fall and crumble to pieces, is more perfect and stronger, and embraces a larger membership, extending over a wider territory, than ever before. Our exercises are more systematic and progressive in their character and the results more satisfactory. We have learned by experience some very important and useful truths, and are assured that we are exploring a region abounding in the richest treasures of knowledge, which it is our business to collect and harbor for our own welfare and happiness, for the credit of our organization and for the eternal glory, to which we may contribute, that is to adorn the habitations and all the institutions of Zion.

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Fortunate the man who lives so that when he dies it may be said of him, "Diffusing joy all around, he never caused a tear to fall but when he died."

"Kill time to-day, and, to your sorrow,
He'll stare you in the face to-morrow;
Kill him again, in any way,
He'll plague you still from day to day;
Till, in the end, as is most due,
Time turns the tables, and kills you."

## "OUTGROWING MORMONISM."

One of the most difficult things anyone ever tried to do, either in this world or in any other, was to outgrow, "Mormonism." We say *tried to do*, and we say it emphatically, for that is just as far as any man or woman ever succeeded in getting, who was ignorant or foolish enough in the first place to attempt that which they might have known beforehand—if they knew anything of "Mormonism" at all—was an absolute impossibility. The term "outgrowing," or growing out of, like many other English words, may be susceptible of different shades of meaning, but for the present we have only to do with that particular definition, so frequently employed by anti-"Mormons" and apostates, to indicate the act of surpassing, transcending, or getting above and beyond. Now, in order to prove the truth of what we have asserted, viz.: the impossibility of outgrowing "Mormonism," the first and indeed the only thing necessary for us to do, is to show what "Mormonism" really is.

"Mormonism," as its votaries understand it, and they are the only ones who are capable of understanding it correctly, is only another name, and a nickname at that, for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the all-extending scope, the all-including comprehensiveness of which, so far as truth, intelligence and righteousness are concerned, have already been set forth in a former series of editorial articles in the *Millennial Star*, from the initial one of which we here borrow the opening paragraph:—The Gospel of Christ is the science of salvation. Like any other genuine science it is based upon eternal truth, and is the compiled, epitomized result of experience, profound research and intelligent reflection. It is the condensed product of divine wisdom, the *summum bonum* of celestial knowledge, the key to all heavenly mysteries and the only way that leadeth unto everlasting life. It embraces all truth, whether known or unknown. It incorporates all intelligence, both past and prospective. No righteous principle will ever be revealed, no truth can possibly be discovered, either in time or in eternity, that does not in some manner directly or indirectly pertain to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the way of salvation in this life, it is the means of exaltation in the life to come. It can never be dispensed with, for it will never cease to be necessary. It is a medium of never-ending exaltation and advancement. It encompasses all virtue and precludes all vice. Error cannot invade its dominions nor truth transcend its boundaries. Eternal life, because it includes all other gifts, is called the greatest gift of God. The Gospel of Christ, because it comprehends all principles of progression, is the only method whereby eternal life may be attained and perpetuated.

The above, in brief, is a "Mormon's" definition of "Mormonism," the correctness of which is capable of easy demonstration by any individual honest and upright enough to investigate its principles and make a fair and full experiment of their virtue and authenticity. It is the origin of all that is good and great, the reservoir of all things grand and glorious. The sun that shines in mid heaven, shedding forth warmth and radiance upon the surrounding worlds, is no more certainly the centre of life and light to the revolving universe, than is the thing misnamed "Mormonism" the source and fountain of all truth and intelligence that ever was or ever will be revealed from God to man—the beginning of all things pure and praiseworthy shot forth like rays from the rising Sun of Righteousness, and existing upon earth as the far-reaching reflections of its effulgent beams. It is the ocean of universal truth, into which all the rills and rivers run, the primal source from which they emanate and the final receptacle unto which they must return. "Mormonism" has been called, and perhaps honestly considered, a medley of all religions. The mistake is one which might easily be made, for it is but fair to

presume that there is something good in every religion, and "Mormonism," be it remembered, embraces everything that is good. It takes in all that is true in Protestantism, it leaves out nothing that is wise and worthy in Catholicism. It circumscribes, absorbs and amalgamates all that is pure, upright, virtuous and praiseworthy in heathendom as well as in Christendom, and as sternly repels, rejects and repudiates all that is evil and erroneous, let it call itself by any name or spring from whatsoever source it may. Correctly interpreted and thoroughly understood, "Mormonism" simply means Christianity—pure, primitive, unperverted Christianity, which had its existence in the heavens long before ever this earth was created, and will continue to exist and flourish when the heavens and the earth shall have passed away.

People who talk of "outgrowing Mormonism" are either darkened in mind or dishonest in their hearts, for nothing but ignorance or dishonesty would at any time give sober utterance to an idea so ridiculous. As well might the minnow talk of outgrowing the sea, or the chimney spark of eclipsing the noonday sun. The withered Autumn leaf could with equal consistency claim to have outlived the limb from which it has fallen; the lightning-struck branch which refuses to longer blossom and bear, and the separation of which from the parent tree is absolutely essential to the health and well-being of the remaining branches, might with just as much reason assume to have outgrown the grand old trunk from which it formerly drew life and nourishment, as for the dried-up, spiritually dead, eternally doomed apostate—who, having listened to the promptings of worldly pride or yielded to the seductions of sinful indulgence, has let loose of the iron rod of righteousness, relinquished his hopes of happiness here and hereafter, fallen off from the lightning express train of everlasting truth, made shipwreck of the glorious faith upon which his once contented soul was steering steadily onward towards the promised haven of eternal peace—to plume himself on having out-distanced and left behind the ever-advancing, ever-increasing, everlasting cause of Christ to which he was once so proud and happy to have belonged. And yet this is the plea put forth by nearly every apostate and his supporters. It may not be the exponent of their actual views, but it is the almost invariable expression of the opinions to which they pretend. Very few indeed will be found honest enough to give the real reason for their apostasy. Self-justification, at any cost, is the ruling impulse in the bosom of the apostate. Rarely ever will they acknowledge themselves in the wrong, and the simple violation of truth, after its wholesale sacrifice and abandonment, is but a mere feather-weight upon the scales of their consciences.

We are reminded by this characteristic, of the story of the American Indian who had lost his way in the forest, but on being questioned by a passing trapper if such was really the case, indignantly drew himself up, wrapped his ragged blanket around him with all the dignity of a Roman senator, and with eyes flashing fire and cheek flushing with resentment and wounded vanity, exclaimed: "No! Injin no lost. Wigwam lost. Injin here." The apostate in like manner supposes or pretends to suppose that the Church of God has gone entirely astray, and that he alone among all its members is treading in the straight and narrow path that leadeth unto eternal life. This, in such instances where a measure of faith in the final outcome of the cause survives the act of rebellion against the Priesthood, and the abdication or rejection of a portion of the Gospel's principles, is a proceeding well evidenced in the case of David Whitmer and others who have become disaffected and fallen away in partial unbelief. But it is quite as often the case that the fires of faith are utterly extinguished, and that entire repudiation of the Gospel's divine doctrines, either affected or sincere, follows the unrepented perpetration of sin and the outward act of excommunication, when the unfortunate transgressor, ruled by his

own selfish will, refusing to repent or submit to the authority and decisions of an inspired leadership, rebels against his Maker, as did Lucifer in the beginning, and allows the arch adversary of his soul to slip the silken noose of apostasy over his head and "lead him away carefully down to hell."

The only possible way to outgrow "Mormonism," is to grow too small for it, and let the mind become so darkened and contracted that it can no longer comprehend and appreciate its greatness and glory. Anyone who talks of outgrowing it in any other way, either never had any "Mormonism" to outgrow, and are as ignorant of the real meaning of the word as those who originally applied it as a nickname for Eternal Truth, or else he wilfully perverts a fact and permits his tongue to bear false witness against the inward convictions of a violated conscience. It is a comparatively easy matter to outgrow error. The human mind, in the line of its duty, is essentially progressive, while error always tends in the opposite direction. The mind that loves truth and cleaves to it in its onward course, is just as sure to leave error in the background, as is the unwearied sun, which faithfully pursues the diurnal path marked out by the finger of its Creator, to emerge from behind the mists and banks of clouds which would fain obscure his glorious gaze or hinder his onward march to the bright goal of an endless anticipation. It is simple enough to understand how the truth-loving intellect can out-soar error. But how the mind, even of the mightiest, can transcend eternal truth, like an ambitious stream attempting the impossible feat of surmounting its own source, striving to attain the unattainable, to exhaust the inexhaustible, to overreach the infinite, undiscoverable origin of never-ending intelligence, is not quite so easy of comprehension. And yet this is what the apostate asserts when he declares that he has "out-grown Mormonism." He arrogates to himself power which the Almighty does not and would not even pretend to possess. Not even He, the all-wise, omnipotent Creator of heaven and earth, with all his unbounded wisdom, wealth, intelligence, power and authority—and we speak it with all due reverence and respect—is capable of outgrowing or coming to the end of what the world terms "Mormonism." It has no end to come to. It is as high and as wide and as deep as eternity, and as everlasting and interminable as Divinity itself. He cannot come to an end. He cannot arrive at the terminal point of that which would limit His never-ending progress, and cause his omnipotent supremacy to cease. He cannot solve an insolvable problem. He cannot perform that which cannot be performed. "With God all things are possible," excepting impossibilities, and of all problems and performances, the impracticability of which is self-evident and their failure a foregone conclusion, "outgrowing Mormonism" will invariably defy every effort at successful solution, and forever cap the climax of the unfeasible and the impossible. *O. F. Whitney.*

## HERMANN AND THE HUCKSTERS.

HERMANN, the magician, has been playing off a few tricks upon the hucksters of the St. Louis market. These dealers in eggs, vegetables and game were astonished at the treasures the magician found in their "truck," and the boys were delighted at the free exhibition of Hermann's skill.

"How do you sell these soup bunches?" said he, picking up a peck measure full of herbs. "Two cents apiece," replied the apple matron behind the lay-out. "That's cheap," said Hermann, "very cheap," and then suddenly looking into the heart of one of the bunches, he pulled out a plethoric wad of twenty dollar bills. The woman made a grab for the money, but as suddenly as it

appeared it vanished, and she looked from the bunch to the magician and from the magician to the bunch in a puzzled way. "Go 'way with your foolishness!" she said at last, and declined to be further interested.

A couple of stalls below there was a great selection of eggs. These at once caught Hermann's eye. "Are these eggs fresh?" he inquired of the damsel in charge. "Yes, sir." He picked up one and rattled it beside the woman's ear. She started back at the peculiar metallic sound, whereupon he smiled accusingly at her, broke the egg and took out two five dollar gold pieces laying in the yolk. She stared, and he got ten dollars more out of another egg. After collecting about thirty in this way she suddenly declined to have any more eggs broken. As she spoke a blue tongue of flame sprang out of a score of eggs on the tray, and the whole party started back in affright. The flame died away, and the woman turned on Hermann with almost a curse, "You are a sorcerer!"

By this time a great throng of people had gathered around, and each new feat of the master was honored by a round of applause. A stall or two lower down Hermann picked up a cabbage and asked the man if it was not imprudent to leave his valuables exposed in that way. The man glowered at him, and said he was not there for joking. "What will you take for the cabbage?" inquired the maestro. "Five cents." The money was passed, and the cabbage became the property of the magician. Taking a knife, he cut it open, and before the astonished gaze of the multitude there lay a perfect nest of treasures. Hermann deliberately began to fill his pockets, first with a wad of bills, a hundred dollar one on the outside, then a gold watch and chain, next two or three diamond rings, and finally a heaping handful of twenty dollar gold pieces, and last of all a United States Bond for one thousand dollars. Powers of description fail to paint the changes which passed over the huckster's face as this find was being appraised and pouched by the magician. Doubt, fear, avarice and despair flitted one after another over his countenance. And at last, when the cabbage was evidently empty, he flung himself on the bench behind the stall and refused to be comforted. "That's a pretty good trade," said Hermann, and the boys cheered him to the echo.

A few paces further on was a game-dealer's stand, and here the miracle of the day was performed. Picking up a rabbit that was lying without any head on the pavement, Hermann asked the man how long it had been dead. "Only a day or two." "Smell it," said Hermann. The reporter sniffed at it, and it certainly was gamy. "Don't you know how to freshen up animals?" said Hermann to the man. And he took the rabbit, doubled it up and back, and put it down on the pavement with a head on it and evidently alive. The dead rabbit at once leaped in among the boys, who chased it and finally brought it back, in sore need of the kindly magician's good offices again.

Then he took a dove from the cote over the stand, deliberately wrung its neck, pulled off its head and threw it to the owner, and before he had time to examine it, returned him his pigeon none the worse for wear.

By this time the crowd was so large that locomotion was impossible, and with a quizzical glance at his admirers, Hermann hurriedly boarded a car and disappeared towards the south.

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THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL.—The Holy Grail is said to have been a precious stone, a jasper of great brilliancy, which fell from Lucifer's crown when hurried from heaven. This was caught by the angels, and held pendent for a long time between heaven and earth. When Christ came down to be the Savior of the world, the stone also descended, and a cup was made from it, which came into the possession of Joseph of Arimathea. At the last supper the Lord drank from this cup—and Joseph caught therein his blood shed upon the cross. On this account the cup received the power

of giving everlasting life, and was called the Grail—(from the Gallic word signifying dish or vessel). Joseph was said to have been kept alive forty-two years in prison by its miraculous powers. After the destruction of Jerusalem, Joseph was released from prison by Titus, and, being commanded by an angel, made a receptacle for the Grail, the guardianship of which was to be intrusted only to pure hands. It was handed down to Titurel, the father of Amfortas, a French king, who built a castle for the guardians of the Grail and a sanctuary for the holy cup itself. A religious order called Templars was instituted, who were elected for their virtues and were supported by the miraculous powers of the holy vessel, which was renewed every Good Friday by a dove which brought from heaven a consecrated wafer which it laid upon the stone. The castle was surrounded by an extensive forest through which no one could pass unless led by the Grail. To pagans the Grail was quite invisible, but to believers His will could be read upon the stone in writing, which disappeared again. The Knights of the Grail were selected by it, from all countries, for their moral worth and purity, as their names appeared upon the surface of the Grail. Its first guardians had been those angels who were neutral during Lucifer's revolt against God.

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

1. Dr. Franz Joseph Gall, born in Baden, Germany, in 1758, died at Paris in 1828. In 1805, in conjunction with Dr. Spurzheim, he published the first treatise on phrenology. Little improvement in the original science, as expounded by them, has been made; and though the believers in its accuracy have multiplied by thousands, it is not considered one of the reliable or exact sciences.

2. The lesser Priesthood was especially conferred upon the Tribe of Levi, hence it was called the Levitical. It was confirmed upon Aaron, a Levite, and the natural right to its presidency forever established and decreed to rest upon the first-born of the descendants of Aaron. There is no difference in the Priesthood, which is eternal, and its being called the "Levitical *or* Aaronic" probably arises from the above facts.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1. Was Cain the first-born son of Adam and Eve?

2. Are Belief and Faith synonymous in all respects?

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QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—BEAVER.

The conference of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of Beaver Stake was held in the Beaver meeting-house, Dec. 31, 1882. President John R. Murdock called the meeting to order, and after the opening exercises, he stated that on account of the removal of Supt. S. A. Wixom from the county, it would be necessary to elect another.

William Ashworth was then elected Superintendent of the Stake, with W. H. Bakes and R. Maeser, counsellors, and W. H. Farnsworth, secretary.

As there were no reports handed in, and no further business to transact, the following named brethren addressed the conference: B. Ferguson, W. G. Bickley, W. H. Bakes, F. R. Clayton and R. Maeser. The subjects spoken upon were missionary experience, study of theology, varied exercises of associations, etc. Bishop Henry Lunt, of Cedar City, also addressed the conference for a short time, relating some of his early experience in the Territory, contrasting it with the present. The meeting was well attended and a good spirit prevailed. Much good instruction was given by the speakers, who were filled with the Holy Spirit.

Conference adjourned until Sunday evening of the general Stake conference.

Benediction by Solomon Walker.

*W. H. Farnsworth,*
Secretary.

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

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## GEORGE A. SMITH.

NAUVOO TO WINTER QUARTERS.

LABORING diligently in the neighborhood of the Staffordshire potteries, preaching, administering the ordinances, organizing branches and attending conferences, Brother George A. was busily occupied until the time arrived to return to America. His health had been very poor during a great part of his mission, his left lung being affected to such an extent that he suffered acute pain at times, and was compelled to desist from public speaking. He never recovered from the affection of his lungs contracted on this mission, but suffered more or less from it until his death. He, notwithstanding this, attended meetings on every opportunity, and never failed to take an earnest interest in promulgating the truth at public assemblies, at the firesides of those who entertained him, among strangers, on the roadside, in public houses, hotels and inns; and he had the happy consciousness on his departure from England that he had done his duty, filled his mission and was acquitted of the responsibility to warn his fellow men, in that country, of the judgments of Jehovah. During the period of his mission, many hundreds had received the Gospel. The Worcester, Stafford and Hereford conference numbered above fifteen hundred members, while the mission consisted of several thousands, having attained a foundation and growth which insured its perpetuation and prosperity as long as it should be the will of the Father that His word shall be carried there. On the second of April, 1841, in company with President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, Willard Richards and family and Wilford Woodruff, Brother George A. sailed out of Liverpool on board the ship Rochester, bound for New York.

From the time when Brother George A. first met Miss Bigler in Kirtland, the attachment then formed between them was tenderly cherished, during all the vicissitudes of their separation. The autobiography from which we glean these pages, is strewn all along with brief allusions to letters passing between them, and the evidence is abundant that their marriage, at some time, was a settled affair from the beginning. The bewitching side glances of the young sisters in Manchester never phazed his true heart, though he acknowledges that if it were not that his affections were already placed and for the impropriety of Elders on missions paying special attention to any of their flock, the temptation might have been too great for him.

Brother George A. arrived in Nauvoo, from his mission on Tuesday, July 13, finding his folks all well; the next entry in his journal is as follows, it is the only one recorded that day: "Wednesday, 14th. Visited Bathsheba W. Bigler." On the following Sunday they were married, Don Carlos Smith performing the ceremony. They struggled along in poverty, as the people generally did in those days, living in small log huts and striving to keep body and spirit alive by such poor means as fell in their way from day to day; but the duties of his

Apostleship kept Brother Smith very actively employed. He made a tour with the Twelve of the principal towns of Illinois, holding meetings and baptizing. On his return he met President Joseph Smith at Green Plains, where together they had been conversing privately for sometime, when the Prophet wrapped his arms around the young Apostle, and pressing him to his bosom, said: "George A., I love you as I do my own life." The latter was so much affected, that he could scarcely speak, but replied: "I hope, Brother Joseph, that my whole life and actions will ever prove my feeling and affection towards you." This incident is one which Brother George A. ever reflected upon with great pleasure and satisfaction. It was eminently characteristic of the strong, impulsive, warm-hearted man of God, who thus won the devoted esteem of his friends and followers.

In the spring of 1844, Thursday, May 9, Brother George A. left Nauvoo in company with Elders Wilford Woodruff and Jedediah M. Grant on a preaching and electioneering tour of the Eastern States. After holding several conferences in Illinois and Michigan, Elder Woodruff proceeded to Boston, leaving Elder Smith in the latter State where he was busily engaged for several weeks holding meetings and advocating the candidacy of General Joseph Smith for the Presidency of the United States.

On July 13th, the first word was received of the murdering of Presidents Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Brother George A. writes in his journal: "We *could not* believe it." In the evening, Elders C. C. Rich, Graham Coltrin and David Fullmer, who were with Brother Smith in Michigan, started to return home. They united in pronouncing the rumor of the Prophet's death a hoax. On the following day, however, as they were going to meeting, they were met by Brothers Jones and Thompson, from Laharpe. These brethren confirmed the report, giving particulars of that awful tragedy. The journal says: "Our hearts were filled with grief, and we spent the day in mourning. Deep sorrow filled the Saints' hearts, and many gave themselves up to weeping." On the 15th, the brethren started directly for home, holding a few meetings on the way, where they were compelled to stop. On the 27th, they reached Nauvoo, and Brother Smith took a most energetic part in the labors of the Twelve, which were unceasingly pursued to carry out the word and will of the Lord respecting the completion of the Temple, etc. He says: "From the twenty-seventh of July until the second of September, I spent my time attending councils, giving instruction, visiting the sick and using all my efforts to hurry on the building of the Temple and to prevent division in the Church."

During the trying days, from the death of the Prophet until the exodus from Nauvoo, Brother George A. was occupied attending to public business in that city. In the councils of the Twelve the most important matters relating to the welfare of the Church were being discussed. Among these matters were the assumption of Sidney Rigdon, the drawing away of Emmet and his followers, the apostasy of William Marks, and many others who had held positions of trust, the building of the Nauvoo House, the completion of the Temple and the work therein, the defense of the people after the charter of Nauvoo was repealed, and the preparations finally to leave the fair city of Joseph for the wilderness of the West. The great wisdom and unity of the quorum upon whom devolved the duty of deciding upon all these significant affairs, caused its members to seek the Lord most diligently, and left them no time for thought or consideration of selfish or private matters. In those days, the faith of the Saints was put to the test and their integrity proved by the fidelity of their works. The completion of the Temple, by a people harrassed on every side by the ravages of mobs, reduced in property and spending their nights on guard and their days at work, was in itself a labor that should forever enshrine the memory of those who did it among the

faithful, indeed, whose works shall forever praise them.

"On Saturday, January 8, 1846, met in council with the Twelve in the southeast corner room, No. 1, in the upper story of the Temple. Kneeling around the altar, we dedicated the building to the Most High, and asked His blessing upon our intended move to the west, and asked Him to enable us, at some day, to finish the lower part of the Temple, and dedicated it to Him, and prayed that He would preserve it as a monument to Joseph Smith. * * President Brigham Young addressed the Saints in the grove, and informed them that the company going west would cross the river this week.

Sunday, 9. I packed up my goods, and sent my family over the river, remaining myself to close up some further business and to fit up an additional wagon. Thirty or forty State troops are in town. In the afternoon the Temple was discovered to be on fire, but it was put out before doing much damage. The band played on top of the Temple."

The people gathered on the Iowa side of the river at Sugar Creek, where the organization of companies of hundreds and fifties and tens was proceeded with as rapidly as possible. On the eighteenth the weather being extremely cold, Brother George A. organized members of his family into a company with Jacob Bigler, captain; Henry W. Bigler, clerk; John D. Chase, commissary. It consisted of twelve persons; with the following outfit: "Five wagons and nine horses, six of which are good and serviceable, two yoke of oxen, one thousand pounds of flour, twelve bushels of corn meal, three bushels of parched meal, three hundred and fifty pounds of sea biscuit, one hundred and fifty pounds of meat, two bushels of seed corn, two of wheat, three of buckwheat, two sets of plow irons, one shovel plow, two spades, two hoes, five augurs, one wedge, thirty pounds of iron, twenty extra horse shoes, thirty pounds of cut nails, one extra king bolt, two chains, fifty pounds of soap, one hundred papers of smoking tobacco, three rifles, three muskets, one brace of pistols, two kegs of powder, one hundred pounds of lead, and twenty-five pounds of shot. On the same day he says: "Four pieces of artillery came into camp, two six pounders, one three, and one short twelve pound iron gun."

The gloom of winter, snow heaped around their tents, wind blowing drearily and many people sick, lying in smoky, wet tents, in sight of the comfortable homes on the opposite bank of the great river, which they have left forever, is the picture one must contemplate in reading of the Saints' departure from Nauvoo. In the midst of this distress, however, there is a cheerful spirit hovering around them, whispering hope and breathing words of comfort to them to be enjoyed in the far off wilderness, where beyond the power of mobs, "in peace and joy the Saints may ever dwell."

For several days, preparations to start were going on, and finally, on the first of March, the company moved, about five hundred wagons in the procession. The travels across Iowa to Winter Quarters, the delays on the way, the many incidents of that most eventful pioneering journey, it is impossible in this brief sketch to trace. About the twentieth of June, Brother George A. and company, reached the big camp at Council Bluffs, on the Missouri, and selecting a suitable place for their encampment, pitched their tents. He at once proceeded in council with the Twelve to arrange for the advancement to the mountains.

His journal contains accounts of discourses delivered by President Young on the gathering of Israel, by Elders Orson Hyde and H. C. Kimball, and of the great satisfaction and pleasure the brethren felt at being free from their enemies.

"Tuesday, June 30. Late in the evening, Captain Allen, a United States officer and five others came into camp.

"Wednesday, July 1st. Clear. At ten a. m., Captain Allen delivered a speech to the camp, informing us that he was instructed by Colonel Harvey, who was also instructed by the President, to in-

vite the Mormon people to enlist as volunteers in the United States service for one year, and go and take California. He stated that he wanted five hundred men to be ready in ten days to go with him to join Colonel Carney, who is already on the March. Those who volunteered would get seven dollars per month for clothes, their arms found and given them when the year is up for their own, and their provisions and outfit to be all supplied by the United States. In the evening the Twelve met in council.

"Thursday, July 2d. The Twelve met in council in the evening, and decided that President Young should go to Pisgah and raise the volunteers."

If evil be said of thee, and it is true, correct it; if it be a lie, laugh at it.

## TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT.

III.

After having considered the history of Territories and their relation to the national government, their organization would follow in a suggestive order. To properly understand the growth and functions of government, a brief survey of their history, combining the social conditions of man out of which they have evolved, is first of all requisite to a mature conception of the proportions which they have assumed. If we trace history through its varied and unmistakable channels, and especially that part which materially concerns the policy of nations towards their territories, we discover in every sound national policy a tendency to assimilate all the subjects by a uniform government; hence we may conclude that where territories have been organized so as to make their inhabitants insecure in the protection of home interests and domestic relations, there has been a correspondingly insecure and unreliable source of governmental authority; or, secondly, there has been a disinterestedness in maintaining a national unity and honor which must be made paramount to individual selfishness or personal eminence to which an immoral and a degenerated populace have elevated their unscrupulous politicians; or, finally, there has been a jealousy engendered by a fear that a more substantial growth in the body politic or religious element would demand a radical change which a degeneracy is never prepared to undergo. Where fear has thus seized the public mind the brain is sure to transform it into malice, and malice has never in the annals of history done the accused justice.

While the first two principles have greatly influenced other territorial organizations, the last one more especially depicts the disadvantages which the founders of Utah have had to encounter in their political struggles. The religious degeneracy of the world was transformed not into new and purer life but into a beast of prey. In that transformation there was an universal tendency to break down the social system, and rob the "Mormon" people of that which has facilitated and solidified their growth. And though the religious world had not sent forth a new shoot to tap the fertile soil of a richer land untilled for centuries, yet when the germ of revelation, severed from branch and trunk, took deep root in the orchard of truth a withering sense came over the mind of man and infidelity sprang up, the only alternative for a mind not clouded with fanaticism which haunts the world and crazes the brain of man with the belief that his own shadow is the ghost of some monster.

It is the systems and social conditions of man that characterize governments; and as widely as the Egyptians differed from the Persians, or the Chinese from the Greeks in their social systems so also did they differ in their forms of government. But the social conditions of man are more the outgrowth of religion than any other factor in the civilization

of the world. If religions differ extensively, social systems disunite, and in the same degree political ends fail to connect—at least history on every page so indicates. Nearly all Europe in the Middle Ages became Romanized, or in other words imbibed Roman laws, Roman customs and Roman arts by the introduction of one religious system; and whenever any territory of the pope —for such the nations of Europe were in nature if not in form—disintegrated itself by any peculiarity of religious notions a direct conflict ensued and that territory must submit to the loss of some of the scanty rights it enjoyed. When the two great religious powers (Protestantism and Catholicism) stood aloof, each offered to its followers a government which exactly corresponded to its social systems, the offspring of a peculiar religion. To-day they hold equal footing only where the one has compromised with the other; but so long as there was no compromise there was no political union, the territory of the minority always suffered under the administration of the majority—and Protestant no better than the Catholic.

History teaches that the people of no territory in the world ever received more political than religious rights; then if we shall expect more political rights for the Territory of Utah, if we shall expect an organization adequate to the just demands of this Territory we must first look for the religious rights our faith, our purity, our morals, our integrity and our sufferings entitle us to; in short, religious rights must precede political. While in all other countries the rights of any class depend greatly upon the will of the majority, the people of the United States feel that they have a safeguard against the majority rule in the Constitution. That the States have this protection is evident from the restrictions which it places upon the general government; but it would appear that the Territories were left to the mercy of any legislation of Congress just as much as ever the colonists were to that of the Parliament of Great Britain. Here again is another repetition made on so many pages of history—a maxim, that no nation has ever suffered in its childhood a wrong that it has not been able to inflict upon its children—as it has petitioned for its inherent rights of the most sacred nature, so it may be petitioned, for the sacred inheritance that belongs to its offspring.

If, as has been indicated, all Territories have conformed in the main to the national organization can we not reasonably expect that the organization of the Territories of the United States shall conform to that of the State or nation? It may be said, too, that our Territories have been thus favored in their organization; but should the people of any Territory become unpopular with the people of the States, where is their constitutional protection? Where is their home government? Absolutely subject to the power of Congress. Can the people of any Territory claim that they are any more secure against a tyrannical Congress than the colonists against a tyrannical king, or the Christians against a tyrannical emperor? We have the right to petition Congress; the colonists had the right to solicit the favor of Parliament, and Paul the right to come before the emperor; but Paul was not heard, the colonists had no voice, and, what assumes a factor in the couplet of the proportion when civilizations are compared, we have no vote.

In the highest forms of government the departments essential are the legislative, the judicial and the executive. Anciently the duties belonging to these departments were vested in one man, the king or emperor; but in the progress of political institutions the principle of equality in man has been more extensively recognized. To-day the United States more than any other nation enjoys the advantages of this division in government. That they should be as distinct as possible experience has taught us; but that they should be filled by men who, to say the least, are dependent upon the will of the people experience has ever made impressive and imperative. Although these departments exist in the Territories only one is filled

by the voice of the people, and in Utah —Arizona included as a blind—this is fettered by an unjust absolute veto. That Congress has the right to legislate for and provide governments suitable to the wants of the people of the Territories is inferred from the Constitution, though it is evident that its framers did not foresee the consequences that would arise from an emergency peculiar to that of our own times. That Congress has not the right nor the power to govern the Territories is not implied in the Constitution, but on the contrary the power of the United States to acquire new lands would, according to all precedents in the history of nations, give Congress the right to govern them. The power of Congress "to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory, or other property belonging to the United States," has been considered by many to refer merely to the control and disposition of the land without any reference whatever to the inhabitants; but a careful investigation of authoritative writings goes to prove that though the Constitution does not give Congress nominal authority yet authority to govern the people is implied.

Story, on the subject, has the following to say: "As the general government possesses the right to acquire territory by cession and conquest, it would seem to follow, as a natural incident, that it should possess the power to govern and protect what it had acquired." And what is worse for the Territories, this implied power of Congress is not limited by Constitutional restrictions; unless the doctrine of Mr. Douglass, that Territorial government should conform with the State so far as the people have the ability to assume responsibility separate from and independent of Congress without transcending the bounds of State limitations, could be permanently acknowledged by Congress. It is true that Congressmen are responsible to their constituency for the faithful performance of all the duties that directly or indirectly contribute to the interests of the States individually or collectively; but so long as the legislation is not likely to come home to them the people of the several States can not have that grave concern for the welfare of the Territories with whom there is so little in common—notwithstanding the government claims to be a tender parent.

Roman provinces suffered from Roman governors, English colonists suffered from English governors, and for the same reasons, United States Territories suffer from federal governors. Officials serve the people well only when they are responsible to the people whom they serve, for their official conduct. With this theory of territorial government, we confront the favorite theme of those who are wont for political gain, to advocate—not argue—the federal supremacy. They say if government pays these officers, government should have the power to say who these officers shall be and to whom they shall be responsible. From such premises as these, it would follow, that when a territory is willing to pay its officers, it should have the power to elect them: more than that, if the premises be true, those States that more than contribute their share to the expenses connected with the postal system should have the power to appoint postmasters for those States that do not. But this is contrary to the genius of American institutions. Every citizen should have all the rights he is qualified to enjoy. It would really appear that if our republic were more deficient in one thing than in another, it is the inequality that exists between the States and the Territories, and it is evident—if Congress continues its policy marked by a reluctancy to admit territories into the Union —that territories will, by a growing discontent, begin to suspect the fidelity of the parent government, and make such a policy a great issue in American politics.

*J. M. Tanner.*

## PERSONAL MANNERS OF NAPOLEON.

GRAVE, reserved, and silent as Napoleon was at the time of his debut, he, now that he had no longer to impose any restraint upon himself, spoke very

loud and used many gestures. He expressed the most decided and absolute opinions with extreme volubility, and with an eloquence which he had created for himself, that was full of imagination, of glow and of fire, but that was also unequal and incoherent. None knew better than he how to be by times flattering and imperious, insinuating and haughty. But he had no moderation; whichever character he assumed, he assumed completely, as a man accustomed to dazzle, to subdue, to be always acting. He consequently easily became pompous when he wanted to be dignified, and vulgar when he wanted to be simple, often introducing a harlequin trick in the midst of a tirade after Talma.

There was no doubt a powerful seduction in his language, but it was a kind of armed speech which made his interlocutor suspicious, and overwhelmed without persuading him. The artifice, the calculation, the intention of laying hold of his opponent and drawing him along by the abundance, the accumulation, and impetuosity of his ideas were all too evident, and the result was that his conversation was most frequently only a long monologue. Men came away from the interview astonished, silenced, but not convinced. His natural violence was betrayed at every instant by vehement gesticulations and hasty expressions. What he wanted most was ease. He had none of the coolness, the simple and calm dignity of a man who is master of himself, who says plainly what he means, and who knows what is due to others. This sublime player had one great defect in his style of acting—he allowed the immense contempt he felt for humanity to be too clearly seen. The courtesy that gives such a charm to social intercourse does not depend on insinuating manners; it is based upon respect for others; and when this respect is not felt, the great art is to be able to feign it.

Macaulay, in comparing Napoleon to Cæsar, very rightly says that Cæsar was greatly his superior on one point, he was a *perfect gentleman*. Talleyrand wittily expressed nearly the same thing when he said, "What a pity that such a great man should have been so badly brought up!"

If we may judge, not from the reports of his enemies, but from the disclosures of his most faithful and devoted servitors, Napoleon treated those who were admitted into his intimacy with a familiarity that no man who had any self-respect would have tolerated for a minute. Meneval, his former secretary, represents him as pulling the ears of his interlocutors, sometimes hard enough to make the blood flow, giving them a slap on the cheek, at times, even sitting down on their knees. These acts of graciousness were marks of special kindness with him, and men of the highest rank were proud of such tokens of his favor. Such habits were calculated to produce stiffness in manners with strangers. He was too familiar when he wished to please, and too stiffly declamatory when he wished to command respect. *Pierre Lanfrey*.

## THE ECHO CANYON WAR.

### III.

### LOT SMITH'S NARRATIVE.

After Rockwell went into the valley with the cattle we had taken, I returned to the vicinity of the last camp of the army on Ham's Fork. As it was getting late in the season and no evidence of intention to retreat being manifested by the army, it appeared to me that something ought to be done to show them that we were at least determined that they should go no farther, and that their present location was too near our forces to be pleasant. Having Rockwell's men left with me, I felt that my command was pretty strong, and began maneuvering accordingly. We soon struck the trail of a detachment of troops and following it found ourselves unexpectedly in close quarters with quite a large force.

I was mounted on a government mule at the time, and seeing that we were nearer the enemy than we were willing to be, I felt a little out of place. We, however, tried our old dodge of riding away over rough ground, and soon disappeared, leaving the impression that our numbers were far greater than they really were. In the evening, we returned to within half a mile of the main encampment, determined to take the troops' animals early on the following morning.

We attempted to remain up all night, but found the cold so intense, that I ordered the boys to sleep until two hours before daylight. They, however, couldn't be kept quiet, but long before that time, were jumping up and down in the effort to keep warm. Whether attracted by the sound made by our stamping or not I did not know, but suddenly we heard the tramping of animals, and the picket guard reported a hundred or more horsemen on the march. I left our packs in charge of Captain Haight and a squad of men, and followed the troops with the remainder. A few miles distant we overtook them, coming up quite close before being discovered. We found them to consist of Captain Marcy and company of about one hundred men. When they saw us right at their heels there was some lively scampering for a few moments and the enemy was brought into line. We halted about forty yards from them and I advanced and met Captain Marcy about twenty paces from his line of battle. He introduced himself, saying he supposed I was Captain Smith. I replied in the affirmative. He then said that the soldiers he commanded were United States troops, and asked me what armed force it was I had. I told him they were from Utah. "What is your business out here?" he inquired. "Watching you. What's your business?" I asked. He said they were looking out a way into Utah. "Nonsense," said I, "you have left the main road to the valley long ago. It passes through Echo Canyon. I have been that way myself many a time." The sneering way in which I said this caused him to smile. It was the only expression except the utmost coolness and civility I got out of him that morning. I afterwards regretted the rough manner I assumed toward him, for he remained perfectly calm, and was very gentlemanly during the whole of our interview. While we were engaged talking, his men were knocking the powder down in their guns and getting ready for the expected encounter. I knew all the time that Marcy was out hunting for me, and that he had been up the river on that business. He was now going down the stream on the same errand, but had found us before he expected to. He evidently did not want to fight, talking about almost everything but our present position. He at last said he regretted the difficulty that seemed imminent, and that the officers did not want to come to blows with us. I told him the Administration seemed to want them to, and that their coming here, put us in the position of a man holding off the hand that clutched a knife with which to cut his throat. We had a good hold of that arm raised against us, and would keep it. He said that he had letters of introduction to parties in Salt Lake, among others to President John Taylor. I told him he had better send them in, as he would not be able to go in himself that winter. He asked me if I would take them. I replied that the probabilities were that I should not go in either, and, observing that time was passing, we separated. I went directly towards his men, and he followed some distance after. My men skirted around to the right and we struck off to find our packs in charge of Captain Haight. As soon as Marcy returned to his troops, he sent out scouts to watch us. I told the boys that though we came for mules, we had no time to stop and catch them or anything else, that we would have all we could do to keep from getting caught; and that in three minutes we might expect the devil turned loose. Within that time, they came with beating drums, and fife, and bugle calls, shouting, etc. The whole force were out to meet us. We paid little attention to them, but were eagerly

looking for our comrades. We soon came upon them, but by that time were nearly surrounded by Marcy's command, the troops forming a long line below us. There was no apparent way of escape but up a steep mountain or to cut through the line. I rode into the river, and found the bank on the other side very steep. I sent my horse for it, and he went up with difficulty; I knew the rest could not do it. Matters then looked pretty blue for a few moments, as we could hear the troops thundering on as they drew in their circle around us. I ran up the river some distance, and found the bank cut by a ravine. Just as we all got across and had safely clambered up the bank, the cavalry came upon us and commanded us to halt. The boys sent back their compliments, more expressive than elegant, and the main body gave up the chase, as we leisurely rode up the hill. I sat down on the hillside, and looking across the river at them, imagined how chagrined they must feel, having let us slip through their fingers after having their hands fairly upon us. I had just started down the hill and observed to our men that if fighting had commenced, we would not have left those rocks, when Lieutenant Abbott came riding down like Tam O' Shanter, exclaiming, "The troops are upon us!" I could not believe it; but sure enough there they were within range. They jumped off their horses, took good aim, and sent forty shots among us before we could count ten. If ever I was mad, that was the time. Luckily for us they were in short range and over shot the mark—except Mark Hall, of Ogden, who got a bullet through his hat. Two horses were shot; a grey one falling near me. The troops thought I had fallen and shouted exultingly. I felt happy to know that they were mistaken.

## A NATURAL ROCKERY.

Gray limestone rocks in massive crags are piled,
And form a rugged hillock towering high;
And nature here, in pristine beauty wild,
Has planted ev'ry nook and cranny nigh
With shrub and vine, and flowers of varied hue,
And trees, that deeply shade the copse beneath,
And grasses, plumed and tasseled in the view,
That many a rock in tufts of bloom enwreath.

'Tis springtime changing into summer days,
While spring flowers linger, and the summer buds
Are bursting in the warmth of genial rays
That over all the scene in sunshine floods.
And here, enraptured with the view, I rest,
To picture nature's skill with ready thought,
For nature's works in landscape views suggest
The principles of art by nature wrought.

Here hemlock spruces, tow'ring in the skies,
Wave out their branches o'er the rocky scene,
Above the broken crest, where maples rise
With rounded foliage, massive, deep and green,
O'er buckeyes spreading, forming bowers of shade,
The grape vine clambers trailing and entwined,
And hanging in festoons o'er many a glade,
Till rocks and trees in beauty are combined.

The dogwoods, white with ling'ring mass of bloom
Their flat topped branches spread on ev'ry side;
The flaming red-buds, changing, now assume
Their summer leaves throughout the copses wide.
Azalias, fired with blossoms orange red,
And laurel, bursting into rosy light,
With blossoms o'er their ever deep-green bed,
Fill all the shrubbery with colors bright.

A spring that gurgles from a moss grown bank
And flows a purling streamlet's silv'ry mark,
Makes here a genial place for mosses dank,
And ferns that love to hide in crannies dark.
While starry campions dark crimson shine
Within the copses of the shrubs and trees,
Along with clustered ferns and columbine,
And blooming bunches of anemones.

There's beauty in the lichens on the blocks
Of massive stone, reposed in green and gray;
There's beauty in the tumbled pile of rocks
All picturesque in nature's wild array;
And still enhanced by shrubbery profuse,
And ferns, and flowers, and mosses ever green,
The rocky hill shows nature's happy use
Of beauty springing from the roughest scene.

*Joseph L. Townsend.*

# ETERNAL DURATION OF MATTER.

v.

JESUS having taken affectionate leave of his sorrowing friends, at length yielded up the ghost, and his disembodied spirit took its rest in paradise, while his lifeless corpse was carefully wrapped in linen and laid in a sepulchre; but for fear of some imposition being practiced by his disconsolate and sorrowing disciples, the door of the sepulchre was secured with a great stone, and sealed with the initials of kingly authority, besides a strong guard of Roman soldiers who watched around the door by day and by night. But early on the morning of the third day, an angel descended, at the glory of whose presence the soldiers fell back as dead men. The seal was broken, the great stone rolled away, the door of the sepulchre was opened, and his body re-animated by the returning spirit, awoke from its slumbers and came forth in triumph from the mansions of the dead. Now when his friends and disciples came to the sepulchre and found not his body but saw his grave clothes lying useless, they were troubled, supposing that he had been moved to some other place; but the angel of the Lord said unto them: "He is not here, but is risen," and called them to come and see the place where he had lain. Now let us bear in mind, that it was the same corporeal system,—the same flesh and bones, which had yielded up the ghost on the cross, and which had been wrapped in linen and laid in the tomb, that now came forth from the dead, to die no more. Now in order to assist his disciples in understanding this subject, that they might know the difference between disembodied spirits and resurrected bodies, he not only ate and drank with them, but called upon them to handle him and see; for, said he, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." On another occasion, he exhibited his wounded side and hands, and called upon Thomas to put his finger into the prints of the nails, and to thrust his hand into his side where once the spear had pierced; and finally, after being seen of them forty days, he led them out as far as Bethany, and there he was taken up into heaven from their presence and a cloud received him out of their sight.

Now, let us inquire, what was the physical difference between the mortal body of Jesus Christ and his resurrected body? They are both the same flesh, the same bones, the same joints, the same sinews, the same skin, the same hair, the same likeness or physical features, the same element, or matter; but the former was quickened by the principles of the natural life, which was the blood, and the latter is quickened solely by the spirit, and not by blood, and therefore is not subject unto death, but lives forevermore. With this glorious body he ascended to the Father, and with this glorious body he will come again to earth to reign with his people. This view of the resurrection is clearly exemplified in the persons of Enoch and Elijah, who never tasted death, but were changed instantaneously from mortal to immortal, and were caught up into the heavens, both body and spirit. This change upon their physical systems was equivalent to death and the resurrection. It was the same as if they had slept in the grave for thousands of years, and then been raised and restored to eternal life. When Elijah, for instance, was taken into the chariot of fire, and carried from the presence of Elisha, he did not drop his body, but only his mantle; for if he had dropped his body, the sons of the prophets would have attended to his burial, instead of ranging the mountains in search of him. This same subject is made equally plain in the writings of Job, who declares, saying: "I know that my Redeemer lives, and that he will stand in the latter day upon earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my FLESH shall I see God." The Jewish prophets also understood this matter in its clearest light. Isaiah declares, "Thy dead men shall live—to-

gether with my DEAD BODY shall they rise." Daniel speaks plainly of the awakening of them that sleep in the dust. Ezekiel illustrates the subject very clearly in his vision of the dry bones. (Ezekiel xxxvii.) He not only mentions their being raised from the dead, but the bones, the sinews, the flesh, the skin; the spirit by which they will be re-animated, are all brought to view in a clear, plain and positive manner.

The writings of the Apostles abound with clear elucidations of the physical nature of the resurrection; for on this one point depended the whole foundation of the Christian system. Hence Paul argues, that if there is no resurrection, then Christ is not risen; and if Christ be not risen, then their preaching was vain; and their faith and joy was vain; they were yet in their sins, and the Apostles were false witnesses; and they were of all men the most miserable. But there is one view which Paul takes of the subject that will serve to carry out our present theory in a most conclusive manner. It is this: in opening to his disciples the mysteries of the second advent of the Messiah, and the great restitution of all things spoken by the prophets, he declares, that the saints would not all sleep, (in death) but that they which were alive and remained until the coming of Christ, should be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so should be forever with him. Here then is demonstration that tens of thousands of the saints—indeed all the saints who live at a certain period of time will be translated after the pattern of Enoch and Elijah, and their spirits and bodies never be separated by death. Such then is the resurrection; and such the lively views which inspired the prophets, apostles and saints of former times, and having this hope they could with propriety say, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?" O, the deep-rooted blindness of early tradition and superstition, how art thou interwoven with all our powers of intellect! and how hast thou benumbed and blunted every faculty of our understanding. From early youth the principles have been instilled into our minds that all must die and moulder to corruption—that Enoch and Elijah were the only persons who were, or ever would be translated without seeing death; when, in fact, tens of thousands, as I said before, are yet to arrive by faith to this inconceivable fulness and consummation of eternal life and happiness without tasting death, and without even a momentary separation of soul and body; the transition from mortality to immortality being instantaneous. And yet, strange as it may seem, none will ever attain to this blessing except such as firmly believe in and expect it, for, like all other blessings, it is only to be obtained by faith and prayer. But how shall we believe in and seek for a blessing of which we have no idea? or how shall we believe in that which we have not heard, and how shall we hear without a teacher? *P. P. Pratt.*

One sin another doth provoke.

## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

BEASTS IN HEAVEN.

President Joseph Smith called upon the choir to sing a hymn, and remarked that, "Tenor charms the ear; bass, the heart." After singing, he spoke as follows:

I have three requests to make of the congregation. The first is, that all who have faith will exercise it and pray the Lord to calm the wind; for, as it blows now, I cannot speak long without seriously injuring my health; the next is, that I may have your prayers that the Lord will strengthen my lungs, so that I may be able to make you all hear; and, thirdly, that you will pray for the Holy Ghost to rest upon me so as to enable me to declare those things that are true.

The subject I intend to speak upon this morning is one that I have seldom touched upon since I commenced my ministry in the Church. It is a subject of great speculation, as well amongst the Elders of this Church as amongst the divines of the day: it is in relation to the beast spoken of by John the Revelator. I have seldom spoken from the Revelations; but as my subject is a constant source of speculation amongst the Elders, causing a division of sentiment and opinion in relation to it, I now do it in order that division and difference of opinion may be done away with, and not that correct knowledge on the subject is so much needed at the present time.

It is not very essential for the Elders to have knowledge in relation to the meaning of beasts, and heads, and horns, and other figures made use of in the Revelations; still it may be necessary to prevent contention and division, and to do away with suspense. If we get puffed up by thinking that we have much knowledge, we are apt to get a contentious spirit, and correct knowledge is necessary to cast out that spirit. The evil of being puffed up with correct though useless knowledge is not so great as the evil of contention. Knowledge does away with darkness, suspense and doubt, for these cannot exist where knowledge is. There is no pain so awful as that of suspense. This is the punishment of the wicked; their doubt, anxiety and suspense cause weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. In knowledge there is power. God has more power than all other beings, because He has greater knowledge; and hence He knows how to subject all other beings to Him. He has power over all.

I will endeavor to instruct you in relation to the meaning of the beasts and figures spoken of. I should not have called up the subject had it not been for this circumstance: Elder Pelatiah Brown, one of the wisest old heads we have among us, and whom I now see before me, has been preaching concerning the beast which was full of eyes before and behind; and for this he was hauled up for trial before the High Council. I did not like the old man being called up for erring in doctrine. It looks too much like the Methodists, and not like the Latter-day Saints. Methodists have creeds which a man must believe or be kicked out of their church. I want the liberty of thinking and believing as I please. It feels so good not to be trammelled. It does not prove that a man is not a good man because he errs in doctrine. The High Council undertook to censure and correct Elder Brown, because of his teachings in relation to the beasts. Whether they actually *corrected* him or not, I am a little doubtful, but don't care. Father Brown came to me to know what he should do about it. The subject particularly referred to was the four beasts and four-and-twenty Elders mentioned in Revelation v: 8, "And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four-and-twenty Elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints."

Father Brown has been to work and confounded all Christendom by making out that the four beasts represented the different kingdoms of God on the earth. The wise men of the day could not do anything with him, and why should we find fault? Anything to whip sectarianism, put down priestcraft, and bring the human family to a knowledge of the truth! A club is better than no weapon for a poor man to fight with. Father Brown did whip sectarianism, and so far so good; but I could not help laughing at the idea of God making use of the figure of a *beast* to represent His Kingdom on the earth, consisting of men, when He could as well have used a far more noble and consistent figure. What! the Lord make use of the figure of a creature of the brute creation to represent that which is much more noble, glorious and important—the glories and majesty of His Kingdom; by taking a lesser figure to represent a greater! You missed it that time, old gentleman; but the sectarians did not know enough to detect you. When God made use of the figure of a beast in visions to the prophets, He did it to represent those

kingdoms which had degenerated and had become corrupt, savage and beast-like in their dispositions, even the degenerate kingdoms of the wicked world; but He never made use of the figure of a beast, nor any of the brute kind, to represent His Kingdom.

Daniel (vii: 16) says, when he saw the vision of the four beasts, "I came near unto one of them that stood by, and asked him the truth of all this." The angel interpreted the vision to Daniel; but we find, by the interpretation, that the figures of beasts had no allusion to the Kingdom of God. You there see that the beasts are spoken of to represent the kingdoms of the world, the inhabitants whereof were beastly and abominable characters; they were murderers, corrupt, carnivorous and brutal in their dispositions. The lion, the bear, the leopard and the ten-horned beast represented the kingdoms of the world, says Daniel; for I refer to the Prophets to qualify my observations which I make, so that the young Elders, who know so much, may not rise up like a flock of hornets and sting me. I want to keep out of such a wasp-nest.

There is a grand difference and distinction between the visions and figures spoken of by the ancient prophets and those spoken of in the Revelations of John. The things which John saw had no allusion to the scenes of the days of Adam, Enoch, Abraham or Jesus, only so far as is plainly represented to John, and clearly set forth by him. John saw that only which was lying in futurity, and which was shortly to come to pass. See Revelation, i: 1—3, which is a key to the whole subject: "The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto His servants things *which must shortly come to pass;* and He sent and signified it by His angel unto His servant John, who bare record of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein; *for the time is at hand.*" Also, Revelation, iv: 1, "After this I looked, and behold, a door was opened in heaven; and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me, which said, Come up hither, and I will show thee things *which must be hereafter.*" The four beasts and twenty-four Elders were out of every nation; for they sang a new song, saying, "Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." (See Revelation, v: 9.) It would be great stuffing to crowd all nations into four beasts and twenty-four Elders.

Now, I make this declaration, that those things which John saw in heaven had no allusion to anything that had been on the earth previous to that time, because they were the representation of "things which must shortly come to pass," and not of what had already transpired. John saw beasts that had to do with things on the earth, but not in past ages. The beasts which John saw had to devour the inhabitants of the earth in days to come. "And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and see. And I saw, and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow: and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer. And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and see. And there went out another horse that was red; and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another; and there was given unto him a great sword."—Revelation, vi: 1, 2, 3, 4. The book of Revelations is one of the plainest books God ever caused to be written. The Revelations do not give us to understand anything of the past in relation to the Kingdom of God. What John saw and speaks of were things which he saw in heaven; those which Daniel saw were on and pertaining to the earth.

I am now going to take exceptions to the present translation of the Bible in

relation to these matters. Our latitude and longitude can be determined in the original Hebrew with far greater accuracy than in the English version. There is a grand distinction between the actual meaning of the Prophets and the present translation. The Prophets do *not* declare that they saw a beast or beasts, but that they saw the *image* or *figure* of a beast. Daniel did not see an actual bear or a lion, but the images or figures of those beasts. The translation should have been rendered "image" instead of "beast," in every instance where beasts are mentioned by the Prophets. But John saw the actual beast in heaven, showing to John that beasts did actually exist there, and not to represent figures of things on the earth. When the Prophets speak of seeing beasts in their visions, they mean that they saw the images, they being types to represent certain things. At the same time they received the interpretation as to what those images or types were designed to represent. I make this broad declaration, that whenever God gives a vision of an image, or beast, or figure of any kind, he always holds himself responsible to give a revelation or interpretation of the meaning thereof, otherwise we are not responsible or accountable for our belief in it. Don't be afraid of being damned for not knowing the meaning of a vision or figure, if God has not given a revelation or interpretation on the subject.

John saw curious looking beasts in heaven: he saw every creature that was in heaven—all the beasts, fowls and fish in heaven—actually there giving glory to God. How do you prove it? See Revelation, v: 13, "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I, saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever." I suppose John saw beings there of a thousand forms, that had been saved from ten thousand times ten thousand earths like this, strange beasts of which we have no conception: all might be seen in heaven. The grand secret was to show John what there was in heaven. John learned that God glorified himself by saving all that His hands had made, whether beasts, fowls, fishes or men; and He will gratify himself with them.

Says one, "I cannot believe in the salvation of beasts." Any man who would tell you that this could not be would tell you that the revelations are not true. John heard the words of the beasts giving glory to God, and understood them. God who made the beasts could understand every language spoken by them. The four beasts were four of the most noble animals that had filled the measure of their creation, and had been saved from other worlds, because they were perfect; they were like angels in their sphere. We are not told where they came from, and I do not know; but they were seen and heard by John praising and glorifying God.

The popular religionists of the day tell us, forsooth, that the beasts spoken of in the Revelation represent kingdoms. Very well. On the same principle we can say that the twenty-four Elders spoken of represent beasts; for they are all spoken of at the same time, and represented as all uniting in the same acts of praise and devotion. This learned interpretation is all as flat as a pancake! "What do you use such vulgar expressions for, being a Prophet?" Because the old women understand it—they make pancakes. Deacon Homespun said the earth was as flat as a pancake, and ridiculed the science which proved to the contrary. The whole argument is flat, and I don't know of anything better to represent it. The world is full of technicalities and misrepresentation, which I calculate to overthrow, and speak of things as they actually exist.

Again, there is no revelation to prove that things do not exist in heaven as I have set forth, nor yet to show that the beasts meant anything but beasts; and we never can comprehend the things of God and of heaven but by revelation. We may spiritualize and express opinions to all eternity; but that is no authority. O

ye Elders of Israel, hearken to my voice; and when you are sent into the world to preach, tell those things you are sent to tell; preach and cry aloud, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand; repent and believe the Gospel." Declare the first principles, and let mysteries alone, lest you be overthrown. Never meddle with the visions of beasts and subjects you do not understand. Elder Brown, when you go to Palmyra, say nothing about the four beasts, but preach those things the Lord has told you to preach about—repentance and baptism for the remission of sins.

He then read Revelation, xiii: 1—8. John says, "And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound was healed; and all the world wondered after the beast." Some spiritualizers say that the beast that received the wound was Nebuchadnezzar, some Constantine, some Mohammed, and others the Roman Catholic Church; but we will look at what John saw in relation to this beast. Now for the wasp's nest. The translators have used the term "dragon" for devil. Now it was a beast that John saw in heaven, and he was then speaking of "things which must shortly come to pass;" and consequently the beast that John saw could not be Nebuchadnezzar. The beast John saw was an actual beast, and an actual intelligent being gives him his power, and his seat, and great authority. It was not to represent a beast in heaven; it was an angel in heaven who has power in the last days to do a work. "All the world wondered after the beast," Nebuchadnezzar and Constantine the Great not excepted. And *if the beast was all the world, how could the world wonder after the beast?* It must have been a wonderful beast to cause all human beings to wonder after it; and I will venture to say that when God allows the old Devil to give power to the beast to destroy the inhabitants of the earth, all will wonder. Verse 4 reads, "And they worshiped the dragon which gave power unto the beast; and they worshiped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him?" Some say it means this kingdom of the world. One thing is sure, it does not mean the kingdom of the Saints. Suppose we admit that it means the kingdoms of the world, what propriety would there be in saying, Who is able to make war with my great big self? If these spiritualized interpretations are true, the book contradicts itself in almost every verse. But they are not true.

There is a mistranslation of the word dragon in the second verse. The original Hebrew word signifies the devil, and not dragon, as translated. In chapter xii, verse 9, it reads, "That old serpent called the Devil," and it ought to be translated devil in this case, and not dragon. It is sometimes translated Apollyon. Everything that we have not a key-word to we will take it as it reads. The beasts which John saw and speaks of as being in heaven, were actually living in heaven, and were actually to have power given to them over the inhabitants of the earth, precisely according to the plain reading of the Revelations. I give this as a key to the Elders of Israel. The independent beast is a beast that dwells in heaven, abstract from the human family. The beast that rose up out of the sea should be translated the image of a beast, as I have referred to in Daniel's vision.

I have said more than I ever did before, except once at Ramus, and then up starts the little fellow, Charles Thompson, and stuffed me like a cock-turkey with the prophesies of Daniel, and crammed it down my throat with his finger.

At half past eleven o'clock, President Smith's lungs failed him, the wind blowing briskly at the time. The choir then sang a hymn.

## THE GREAT BELL OF CHINA.

The Chinese worship their ancestors, and consequently exalt filial piety among the highest of personal virtues. No sacrifice is so costly that a child is released from making it, should the parent's welfare require it. Mrs. Newman tells in her book, "The Flowery Orient," the legend of the Great Bell of China,

which pathetically illustrates the Chinese idea of a child's duty toward the father.

It is suspended in a tower in the rear of the Great Bell Temple at Ta-Cung-tz. It is made of the purest metal, oblong in form, eighteen feet high and fifteen in diameter, weighing one hundred and thirty-nine thousand pounds. The entire surface within and without contains one thousand square feet, on which are inscriptions said to have been taken from the Chinese classics—chiefly prayers for rain—elaborately executed all over the bell, rendering it a choice work of art. Its pure tones would be greatly improved were it struck properly. A huge wooden clapper, the same as for those beautiful bells at Japan, is used, and struck from the outside. It can be heard for miles, but is never allowed to peal forth except on occasions of drought or great private or public distress.

It is an idol, and the Chinese believe that the rain-god presides over it. The superstitious priests and attendants believe that when it is struck the attention of the god is called, and a fearful flood may be the immediate result. When we urged them to ring the bell our entreaties availed nothing, nor even the almighty Mexican dollar. They, as an excuse, attempted to force upon our credulity that not long before we came, a lawless set of young Englishmen were there, and defying their remonstrance, struck the bell themselves, and that the first peal shook the whole heavens, and brought down such a torrent of rain that everybody fled in utter consternation at the result.

A curious legend is related of this wondrous bell, that the emperor sent forth a royal edict that a bell, perfect in tone, should be cast in honor of the gods. Several attempts were made, but failed to reach his standard of perfection, when he became enraged and threatened the life of the designer, who implored that he might be granted one more effort. His only and beautiful daughter, knowing the imminent peril of her father's life, and witnessing from day to day his agony, sought the gods to learn the cause of his defeat, and was told that the blood of a fair maiden must mingle with the ore and then it would be perfect. She treasured this as a secret in her own heart; but encouraged her father in the final effort, and watched with him until the metal glowed in the furnace like a molten mirror. Suddenly, seeing her own fair face reflected therein, she plunged beneath the surface; and the father, who had been transfixed by the loveliness of his daughter's face, saw now only her life-blood diffused amid the ore, which it is said miraculously flowed into the mould.

## DORE'S MASTERPIECE.

One of the most eloquent sermons I have ever experienced, and certainly one of the most marvelous ever preached through the medium of the painter's art, is on exhibition at the Doré Gallery, 35, New Bond Street, London. I refer to the mammoth painting by M. Gustave Doré, entitled, "Christ leaving the Prætorium," already celebrated in Europe and America, and pronounced by competent critics to be the most wonderful production of palette and brush which the present age can boast. It was executed in Paris, from 1867 to 1872, but as the work was not uninterrupted, it can scarcely be said to have occupied that period in painting. As a matter of fact, the time extended on it was less than three years. It was in a forward but unfinished state at the beginning of the Franco-German war, and during the siege of Paris, lay carefully folded up and hidden away in the earth, to preserve it from injury by shot and shell, or other impending casualties. At the close of the bloody and ruinous strife, it was resurrected and brought forth from its fiery baptism and burial, and as if still further a figure and type of the divine character it portrays, perfected and

placed on high to elicit the wonder and admiration of the world.

The first, though far from most important, feature which strikes the beholder of this beautiful and sublime specimen of art, is its immensity. The canvas containing it is no less than twenty feet in height, by thirty in width, and takes up one entire side of the gallery. The figures covering it, of which there is a veritable multitude, are life-size, and so strikingly life-like, that at first sight they seem to be actually moving about upon the canvas, thus investing the picture with an inexpressible charm, while clothing it in all its fearful reality. The subject is explained by the title, "Christ leaving the Prætorium," the artist having chosen for the theme of his masterpiece that thrilling episode in the history of our blessed Redeemer where He, after being tried and condemned before Pilate, is descending the steep stairway leading from the Prætorium or Hall of Judgment, on His way to Golgotha, the scene of the crucifixion.

The figure of Christ, to use the language of the writer of an excellent critique on this celebrated picture, "is nothing short of an inspiration." I have never before seen a portrait of the Savior—and I have seen many styles, both ancient and modern—which came anything near suggesting, in my opinion, a correct or consistent idea of Him who died that man might live. All other artists, whose ideals I have examined, in their over-anxiety to make Him appear beautiful, have simply rendered Him effeminate, and in nearly all paintings descriptive of His Passion, in order to depict the intensity of His suffering, have imparted to the countenance an expression of despair and pain, as undignified as it is ordinary and repulsive. These features, together with the stereotyped corona, blazing halo, or moonlike background for the head, as unsightly and unnatural as the feathered wings given to this day by Christian limners to their angels and immortals, have invariably spoiled, to my taste, every pictorial representation containing them. But Doré, with the characteristic daring of true genius, has departed entirely from these traditional customs and given us in this sublime creation—the spirit of a God in the body of a mortal man—something that we can truly feel approaches the inimitable likeness of One who was indeed fairer and gentler, but at the same time mightier and more powerful than all the sons of men.

Even the time honored scarlet robe is dispensed with, and in its stead the God-like form of the noble Sufferer, full of grace, of gentleness and unassuming dignity, is arrayed in a garment as white as the purity of Him who wears it. The head is crowned with thorns, from every barb of which, buried deeply in the brow it encircles, trickles a tiny rivulet of blood, not far enough to disfigure the heavenly beauty of the face beneath, but rather enhancing its calm and patient expression, and imparting to it such a vivid phase of reality, that instinctively our hands go up to our foreheads, as if to relieve by counter pressure the cruel anguish of the uncomplaining Martyr whose sublime suffering we behold. The hair and beard of the Savior are of a sunny auburn, and interweaving the tresses that fall gracefully upon His shoulders, course streams of deeper scarlet from the wounded brow above. The eye has a wonderful expression. Full of anguish softened by patience, and of holy indignation kept down by a compassion more divine. There is no weakness in that look. It is the face of manhood, of Godhood in distress. No petty anger gleams in that celestial eye, but from its wondrous depths the soft rays of pity shed their lustre like the stars. It is the look of a martyr going willingly to his grave, the aspect of a King, all conscious of the power he could wield, but unwilling to exercise it for his own preservation or the punishment of his persecutors. Around the head plays a delicate halo, so soft and subdued as to be all but unnoticeable, not as if put there by the painter's hand, but as if emanating from the face itself, or as if the cloud-hung skies, already dark with the impending shadows of

Divine displeasure, had rifted sufficiently to send forth a single ray of light upon the sorrow-bowed soul of the mighty Sufferer, and while the dove-like sign of the Holy Ghost descended upon Him, the voice of the Eternal Father was again heard whispering: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

The Savior, for the moment, is standing alone, freed by the repellant force of His own majesty from the desecrating touch of those who are thirsting and clamoring for His blood. The broad flight of steps down which He is slowly wending His way, is besieged on both sides by the excited populace, frantically eager to catch a glance or gloat insultingly over the downfall of the despised Nazarene, and only restrained from offering violence to His person by the protended spears of the Roman soldiery, engaged in clearing the path towards Calvary. The balconies and high places on either hand are also filled with excited faces and swaying forms, bent forward in attitudes of the intensest interest. At the foot of the stairs are the huge forms of the malefactors, lifting up the heavy wooden cross which is about to be placed upon the delicate shoulders of Him who, in that shameful burden, bore the sins of a fallen world. To the left of the picture, a little way from the bottom of the steps, pressed back by the spear-shafts of the unfeeling soldiers, and hemmed in by the surging crowd, appear two female forms, one of them pale and delicate, though very beautiful, arrayed in blue and white, whose sad face, sinking frame, downcast eyes and sweet and silent expression of sorrow, touching enough to melt the heart even of a stone, and to fill the eyes of all who behold her with tears, contrast strangely with the wild and vehement grief of her companion, who, throwing up her hands and uttering a despairing cry, sinks down upon the ground where she is in momentary danger of being trodden under foot by the heedless and howling multitude. The first is Mary, the Virgin Mother, through whose tender soul the prophetic sword is even now piercing, but who has braved the agony of the ordeal and dared the dangers of the occasion, to obtain a passing farewell glimpse of Him who is her soul's idol—the beloved Being to whom, but three and thirty years before, she had given mortal birth. Her companion is Mary Magdalene.

On all sides gleam the distorted visages of the rabble, their eyes glistening with hatred, and their tongues uttering execrations. One can almost hear the shouts of "Crucify him! crucify him!" swelling up from their maddened throats. Here and there amid the mighty throng may be picked out faces which suggest for their owners members of the apostolic Twelve, sad, silent and non-committal, the trembling victims of human hope and fear. More than half way up the steps, a little in the rear and to the left of the Savior, stands a group of three persons, richly appareled in sacerdotal robes, with haughtiness of mien and malignant triumph stamped upon every feature. In the foremost of these we recognize Caiaphas, the High Priest, and in the others, one bent with age and the other more youthful, his no less cruel and envious kinsmen and associates—Annas and Alexander.

But there is one face, in all that motley throng, upon which it is fearful to gaze. Second only to that of Christ in power of attraction, though for a far different reason, and so hideous of aspect as to send a shudder through the soul of the spectator, what shall I say, what *can* I say of the countenance of Judas the accursed? Half hidden by the crowd, yet plainly conspicuous from the position he holds, not daring to see or be seen by Him whom his polluting kiss betrayed, wishful to fly yet powerless to move, and feeling, notwithstanding his concealment, that the all-searching eye of the Master is even now reading the secret thoughts of his heart, he stands as if riveted to the spot by the conscious horror of his crime, glaring gloomily askance from behind the greenish cowl which lends additional repulsiveness to his features, and quailing like a coward before some invisible foe, endeavoring in vain to quiet the pangs of conscience

which are darting like poisoned arrows through his soul. It is indeed a fearful sight. The quintessence of horror and remorse! Perdition personified! Hell in one human countenance! Awful even to gaze at, what must it have been to endure! As we stand spell bound before that terrible picture of misery and guilt, our sympathy for the condemned Savior is turned into pity for the wretch who betrayed Him. And well may he be pitied. No man need suffer hell who looks and feels as that man does. No wonder the Son of God could commiserate His murderers and invoke the clemency of heaven upon the ignorant, unthinking rabble who clamored for His sacrifice. "Father, forgive them, for *they* know not what they do!" But for Judas, the apostate, the betrayer of his brethren, the shedder of innocent blood, the wilful sinner against light and knowledge—what remaineth for him? Alas! nothing—nothing but that "certain looking for of judgment and fiery indignation" that shall devour the adversary and his dupes. Go thy way, thou doomed and desolate soul! Hide thy visage in the tomb, where sleep forever all hopes of thy redemption. Thou hast betrayed the innocent blood, thou hast sold the Lord of life unto death, and written in a hand of fire damnation upon every lineament of thy existence. Go thy way thou scorched and blasted being, but think not to escape thy visitation, for though thy body turn to dust, and earth that shall curse thy name would fain repudiate thy memory, yet thy spirit shall live on—live on in endless torment, where the worm that dieth not and the fire that cannot be quenched shall inflict upon thee the terrors of that dreadful but for thee merited punishment, the end of which no man knoweth.

In the dim perspective, near the portals of the Hall of Judgment, with a statue of Cæsar and an interior view of Jerusalem in the background, are outlined the forms of Pilate the Roman governor, and Herod the tetrarch of Galilee, who "were made friends together" that same day, the former, distinguished through the gathering darkness by his long red toga, appearing by his attitude and gesture to disclaim all responsibility for the tragedy then being enacted—the "judicial murder" of the sinless Son of God. There are various other features, though we have mentioned the main ones, of this remarkable creation, which lack of time and limited space preclude from notice, and which, like all the rest, are only to be appreciated by being seen. "Christ leaving the Prætorium" is a masterpiece, both of conception and execution, a sermon to whose silent eloquence the dullest ear could not listen in vain. M. Doré has numerous other paintings, all of them excellent, and many magnificent, but the one I have attempted to describe is undoubtedly the crowning effort of his life, eclipsing by its sunlike splendor the brightest of its rivals, and compelling them to shine with the subdued lustre of its satellites. *O. F. Whitney.*

## IS UTAH ENTITLED TO STATEHOOD?

THE Declaration of Independence, which enunciates some of the fundamental principles of popular government, specifies liberty as one of the inalienable rights of man. This undoubtedly includes, if it does not directly refer to, political liberty. Governments are instituted to secure this as well as other rights, and the just powers of governments are derived from the consent of the governed. Under the system of territorial governments—which does not appear to have been contemplated in the Constitution of the United States, an instrument framed in accordance with the spirit of the Declaration of Independence—political liberty in its true sense is not secured and cannot be enjoyed. The people are governed without their consent. They have no voice in the se-

lection of the executive, judicial or administrative officers sent to manage their affairs, nor in the election of the national officers who appoint them. Laws are framed for their obedience, in the enactment of which they take no part, proper congressional representation being denied them, their one Delegate having no vote in the national legislature. And their own local enactments are subject to arbitrary annulment or repeal.

According to the same instrument which defines human rights and points out the way by which they should be secured, it is the right of the people when the government under which they exist does not answer the purposes for which it was designed, to institute a new government; and not only to alter but abolish it when it becomes destructive of those ends. The change from a Territorial to a State government is therefore a rightful alteration, if in the formation of the State the principles of equal freedom and popular government are established and maintained.

Utah has additional reasons for a change of government to those which have justified other Territories in throwing off the yoke which weighed them down, and asserting and acquiring political liberty. Besides the ordinary disadvantages already named, she is so much in bondage as to be placed under a "one man power" of the most irksome character. The governor, appointed by authority over which the people have no control or influence, has the power of absolute veto, by which the legislative acts of their own elected representatives can be rendered void at will; and against such autocratic domination there is no remedy. This is despotism pure and simple. The citizens of Utah are thus not freemen, but vassals. The colonial bondage against which the fathers rebelled was liberty compared to this imperialism. No people imbued with a republican spirit will endure it any longer than they are compelled to. It is their inalienable right to cast it off as soon as they gain the needful strength.

But the citizens of Utah have never contemplated rebellion against the authority of the United States, however arbitrarily the power of that government may have been exercised. They revere the Constitution, they owe and acknowledge allegiance to the Federal Union, and have always been anxious to occupy that position connected therewith to which a free people are entitled. They have therefore repeatedly sought admission into the Union as a State. Having failed heretofore, they are now making another application. The propriety and rightfulness of this course must certainly be conceded by all reasonable minds.

The power to admit new States into the Federal Union rests with the Congress of the United States. The only general constitutional rule to govern such admission is that a republican form of government shall be provided for and secured to the new State. But other things are usually required, the right to demand which is not disputed, such as a sufficient population to bear the burden of a State government; an area of territory large enough for growth and expansion; property of sufficient value to yield a reasonable revenue; the material elements necessary to the support of a growing commonweath; intelligence adequate to self-government; due regard for republican principles, by which liberty shall be extended within the limits of wholesome law to all classes, parties and creeds, without distinction. Utah possesses all the qualifications which may be reasonably demanded and which have ever been required of any other community seeking the rights and privileges of a free State.

The population of this Territory, according to the census of 1880, was 143,963, of whom 99,969 are native born. With the natural increase and the influx by immigration, the present population may be safely placed at 160,000. The census of 1870 gave Utah a population of 86,786. The increase from 1870 to 1880 was sixty-five per cent., or 5.135 per cent. per annum. At the same ratio, Utah, by June, 1883, will have a population of 167,301. This is considerably

above the figure ever required heretofore as a condition to Statehood.

The land area of the Territory is 84,970 square miles; its water area is 2780 miles. It stretches three hundred and twenty-five miles north and south, and three hundred miles east and west, and over 10,000,000 acres of the public domain therein have been surveyed. Wherever a stream of water flows down from the mountain heights, settlements have been formed, which grow in numbers and wealth as larger areas are brought under cultivation through the increase of the water supply, the volume of which enlarges remarkably, and as various industries in addition to agriculture are established. There are at least 350,000 acres of land under fence, and the grain crop is not less than 3,000,000 bushels per annum. The foot hills and benches afford ample grazing grounds for stock; herds of cattle and bands of horses fatten upon them for home use and extensive export, and sheep raising has assumed large proportions, the present number being in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million, shearing annually about 2,700,000 pounds of wool. Factories are established for the manufacture of yarn, cloth, blankets, shawls, etc., in various parts of the Territory, and over a million and a half pounds of wool is exported. All kinds of fruits grown in the States flourish in Utah, and are of superior quality, dried apricots, peaches, apples, plums and small fruit being among her most profitable exports.

According to the census of 1880, Utah had 1,966 manufacturing establishments, employing 3,221 persons, with invested capital to the amount of $2,839,463, producing goods to the value of $4,217,434. These have materially increased during the past two years, and it is safe to put the manufactures of Utah at $6,000,000 per annum. This is exclusive of smelting and reduction works. The principal manufactures are flour, meal, cheese, salt, molasses, leather, boots and shoes, harness, saddles, woolen goods, hosiery, lumber, sash, doors, mouldings, brick, lime, charcoal, machinery, furniture, paper, soap, glue, candles, earthenware, brooms, brushes, hats, basketware, candy, crackers, matches, etc. There are several foundries and machine shops, many saw mills, planing mills, etc.

The principal mineral products of Utah are gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, coal, sulphur, antimony, mica, rock salt, arsenic, alum, cinnabar, cobalt, bismuth, gypsum, marble, granite, sandstone, limestone, slate, ochres, mineral wax, kaolin, clays of various kinds, etc. The bullion product of the year 1882, as gleaned from the annual report of Wells, Fargo & Co., is as follows: Gold, 9,039 ounces; silver, 5,435,444 ounces; copper, 605,880 pounds; refined lead, 8,213,798 pounds; unrefined lead, 52,349,850 pounds. The total value of these products, computing the gold and silver at mint valuation, and the other metals at their seaboard value, is $10,312,902.

Since the opening of her mines, Utah has produced over $60,000,000 in the "precious" metals. New mines are constantly being discovered, and many of the old ones are both permanent and profitable. The stability which statehood would give to the institutions of Utah would impart confidence to investors, and capital would flow in, by which the still hidden treasures of the hills could be unlocked and brought forth to enrich the State and benefit the nation.

Among the undeveloped resources of the Territory are the iron deposits, which exist in many localities and are declared by noted experts to be unexcelled in intrinsic value by any in the world. The ores are magnetite and hematite, and yield from fifty to sixty-five per cent. of iron, and both in quality and quantity the deposits are remarkable. In close proximity are valuable and extensive deposits of coal, also of limestone, which will render the manufacture of iron easy and cheap, when larger capital imparts vitality to labor and a solid political basis is laid to give stability to important enterprises. Coal fields of vast extent are being opened in other parts of the Territory. There is salt enough to pickle the world, sulphur enough to suffocate it, coal enough to cremate it. There is lead, iron, mica, antimony and

other minerals enough to supply the country for centuries, and the capabilities of this important section of the public domain are only just commencing to be understood.

There are 3,000 miles of common roadways in Utah; 1,006 miles of railroads, 205 miles of which were constructed during the past year; 2,647 miles of telegraph wires, 600 miles of telephone wires, with 560 instruments; the means of swift communication are rapidly increasing, and trade with surrounding States and Territories is promoted by the extension of railroads through their domain or to the line of their borders.

The amount of business transacted in Utah may be estimated from the following report of freights received and forwarded over the Utah Central Railroad for eleven and a half months in 1882:

At Ogden station—

Received:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ore, | 1,969,707 | lbs. |
| Bullion, | 50,482,633 | " |
| Lead, | 7,140,256 | " |
| Copper Matte, | 881,629 | " |
| Grain, | 3,825,615 | " |
| Green Fruit and Vegetables, | 4,660,996 | " |
| Dried Fruit, | 818,753 | " |
| Wool and Hides, | 2,275,341 | " |
| Salt, | 10,219,310 | " |
| Merchandise, | 8,530,901 | " |

Forwarded:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Merchandise, | 37,264,449 | " |
| Grain, | 4,429,276 | " |
| Coal, | 105,113,650 | " |
| Charcoal, | 2,122,000 | " |
| Coke, | 49,251,135 | " |
| Lumber, | 29,707,705 | " |
| Building Material, | 1,310,755 | " |
| Fire Brick and Clay, | 933,595 | " |
| Machinery, | 1,099,614 | " |
| Agricultural Implements, | 1,693,290 | " |
| Wagons, | 3,828,440 | " |
| Live Stock, | 344,000 | " |
| Railway Material, | 23,109,990 | " |
| Ore, | 10,172,298 | " |
| Iron, Nails and Stoves, | 5,613,715 | " |
| Iron Ore, | 2,154,870 | " |
| Spelter, | 80,120 | " |
| Sandstone, | 508,150 | " |
| Sundries, | 7,592,078 | " |

At Salt Lake station—

Received:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Coal, | 115,356,385 | lbs. |
| Coke, | 41,314,095 | " |
| Charcoal, | 331,800 | " |
| Iron Ore, | 30,587,000 | " |
| Lumber, | 30,419,470 | " |
| Building Material, | 1,898,275 | " |
| Granite Rock, | 10,847,465 | " |
| Machinery, | 1,200,873 | " |
| Agricultural Implements, | 1,525,573 | " |
| Wagons, | 3,242,515 | " |
| Live Stock, | 477,950 | " |
| Flour and Mill Stuff, | 1,472,950 | " |
| Grain, | 8,022,946 | " |
| Hay, | 542,957 | " |
| Green Fruit and Vegetables, | 2,351,122 | " |
| Wool and Hides, | 385,250 | " |
| Railway Material, | 22,745,905 | " |
| Iron, Nails and Stoves, | 5,768,892 | " |
| Fire Clay and Brick, | 1,775,164 | " |
| Merchandise, | 35,339,939 | " |
| Sundries, | 6,760,940 | " |

Forwarded:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Flour and Mill Stuff, | 170,260 | " |
| Grain, | 657,018 | " |
| Green Fruit and Vegetables, | 2,739,600 | " |
| Dried Fruit, | 819,986 | " |
| Wool and Hides, | 2,032,062 | " |
| Fire Clay and Brick, | 1,803,795 | " |
| Merchandise, | 21,051,601 | " |
| Sundries, | 1,302,643 | " |
| Limestone, | 59,908,005 | " |
| Salt, | 10,011,442 | " |

The educational status of Utah is much higher than is generally supposed. Her ratio of illiteracy, according to the latest census, is much below the average of the nation; the percentage of children over ten years of age unable to read is 3.27, and to write 6.13, while the percentage of the whole country is 9.82 unable to read, and 12.44 unable to write. In this educational respect Utah is ahead of thirty-four States and Territories of the Union. A system of district schools, partly supported from the Territorial treasury, has been established for many years and is improving annually. The taxes assessed by the Territory amount to three mills on the dollar for general purposes, and three mills on the dollar for the payment of teachers in the district schools. In addition to this a local option law leaves it discretionary with the resident taxpayers in each organized district to assess a property tax for general school purposes, not to exceed two per cent. in one year. Thus, if the peo-

ple choose, schools may be supported entirely by taxation or partly by tuition fees. Three trustees elected by the registered voters in each district manage the school affairs, while there is a superintendent in each county and a general superintendent for the Territory, to take the oversight thereof. According to the official report of the last named functionary to the Legislature of 1882, the number of district schools was 395; the school population—between six and eighteen years of age—was 42,353, of whom 62.3 per cent. were enrolled, and 44 per cent. of the whole number in actual attendance. The average number of days school was taught in the year was 140; the total amount paid to teachers for the year, $117,948.92, and the total value of school property, $415,185.77. Besides the district schools there are several high schools, a number of private academies, about sixty denominational schools supported by the different sects, and the University of Deseret, partly supported from the territorial treasury. All the principal religious bodies are represented and have substantial church edifices.

Literature finds a wide field in Utah. The leading journals and the best magazines of the country are well patronized, and there are published in the Territory eight daily papers, nine semi-weeklies, five weeklies, three semi-monthlies, three magazines, and a number of manuscript papers, besides occasional books and pamphlets.

Utah is one of the most lightly taxed portions of this great country. The Territorial and school taxes are together but six mills on the dollar; the maximum county tax allowed is only to the same amount; municipalities can at the utmost levy a tax of five mills for general purposes and five mills for road construction and repairs, and their charters restrict them from running into extensive debts. (A special act allowed Salt Lake City to contract a debt of $250,000 for a large irrigating canal, but a sinking fund is provided for its gradual extinction.) The taxable property is assessed at near $34,000,000, mines and bullion being exempt. A high liquor license regulates the traffic in intoxicants in those localities where prohibition is not maintained, and this assists the public revenue, which is expended economically for the public benefit, of which the substantial roads, bridges, public buildings and other improvements in the different counties and cities give indisputable evidence.

The capacity of Utah for self-government has been demonstrated during the period of her territorial condition by the laws which have been enacted in her Legislative Assembly, and which Congress has almost invariably approved; by the fact that the Territory is out of debt and that, with the above named exception, there is no bonded debt in any county or municipality; by the peace which prevails within her borders; by the security to life and property enjoyed, far greater than in any other western State or Territory; by the temperance, industry, frugality and steady habits and progress of the masses of the people, which have become proverbial; by the honesty of her public officials, no case of embezzlement of public funds having yet disgraced her.

The regard of Utah for republican principles has been exhibited in all her history. Equal rights have been extended to citizens of every class, color, party and creed. Liberty of speech and of the press has been fully accorded. The popular voice has ruled in such affairs as the anomalous territorial system has left to the people, and a free and secret ballot expresses the popular will foreshadowed in caucus and convention. No demand made upon Utah by the general government has ever been denied. While the right to criticize the acts of national officials is claimed by the people, they are ardent and zealous believers in the fundamental principles of American institutions and firm supporters of the government of the United States. When the Territory was first settled by them it was part of the domain of Mexico, but they unfurled the national flag, under which five hundred of their able-bodied men were then serving, formed a provisional government

after the pattern of the States of the Union, and at once sought recognition as an integral part of the United States. They have remained loyal to their country under every circumstance and have repeatedly appealed to Congress for admission to statehood, that they might bear their share of the expenses of government and become really and truly a part of this great nation, obeying its general laws with fidelity while managing their own domestic affairs according to the genius of constitutional liberty, compatible with constitutional responsibility.

The constitution which has been adopted, and under which Utah seeks admission into the Union, would secure to the State the constitutional requirement of "a republican form of government." It is as liberal, just and equal in its provisions as any in the land. It embodies the improvements which in old established States have been found by experience needful to the best good of the people. There is nothing in it to which reasonable objections can be successfully advanced. It is plain proof that the people who present it appreciate and are devoted to the principles of genuine republicanism, and that they are prepared to maintain those principles as an organized commonwealth and a recognized partner in the federal compact.

With a large and growing population, a vast and productive region of country, valuable industries, an enlightened and progressive people, the convenience and facilities of civilization, a solvent and honestly handled exchequer, unexcelled thrift, sobriety, order, frugality and union, experience in the management of local affairs, an unexceptionable constitution, ambition to become a truly republican commonwealth, and prospects and capacities for immense development, material wealth and political enlargement and influence, Utah can reasonably claim candid consideration as an applicant for statehood on an equal footing with existing States, and does earnestly ask that prejudice and misjudgment may be disregarded in view of the unmistakable evidences afforded of her fitness for the responsibilities and privileges of a free State in the grand and glorious American Federal Union.

*Chas. W. Penrose.*

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him, is still more mistaken.

## KENILWORTH.

The hoary keep of Kenilworth,
How proudly once it stood;
With lake, and park, and moat, and bridge,
And acres broad and good.

HAVING missed the train as it sped away from the picturesque little station at Stratford-upon-Avon, my companion and I had left the alternative of walking on to Leamington by moonlight, or remaining another night housed at the "Red Horse Inn," the chief place of entertainment in the celebrated town where "the gentle master Shakspeare" was born and dwelt. We had already visited the carefully restored birthplace and the parish church which contains the precious bones of the immortal poet about the sweet repose of which he was so greatly concerned that he wrote for his epitaph these oft repeated lines, which are chiselled in the flat stone that covers his grave:

"Good frend, for Iesvs sake forbeare
To digg the dvst encloased heare;
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he that moves my bones."

There is a tradition, which the custodian of the old church tells, that Shakspeare's wife and daughter "did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him, but that no one, for the curse above said, dare to touch his gravestone." It is thought that in later times this anathema has had its effect in preventing the

removal of his ashes to the world's most celebrated shrine of genius and worth —Westminster Abbey.

The evening was one of summer's loveliest, and the macadamized road leading out of the village along the river's bank was so inviting—arched over with noble elms and lost in the distance in a mazy wood—that we determined upon the long walk of eleven miles to the Royal Spa. The road is through an extremely beautiful region of this most delightful part of England. The landscape on every side is one of surpassing beauty—undulating, wooded, parted irregularly by the serpentine river which gleams in the moonlight like a silver stream; its lowlands nestling dense groves of dark trees, its rolling hills surmounted with stately mansions set amid the glades of lordly parks.

We noted the milestones by the roadside, which we passed at periods of twenty minutes—the traveling Elders' regular gait—and were charmed with the ever changing scene which the meanderings of the road presented before us. The singing of the night birds, which is common in England, but rarely heard in our western homes, and the starting up of some animal from the undergrowth, frightened at the noise of our heels upon the hard road, enlivened the journey, and together with the fragrant night air of midsummer, laden with odors from the flowery fields and blossoming hedges, charmed all our senses and made the pleasure of our pedestrian journey complete. We arrived at the beautiful town upon the Leam at a late hour, and were welcomed by kind friends, who were roused from their slumbers to let us in. Their hospitality under the circumstances was doubly deserving the gratitude we felt and attempted to express.

The Royal Leamington Spa, as it is called since the queen bestowed her august favor upon it, is a very famous watering place. Its attraction originally consisted of some saline springs, which even yet enjoy enormous patronage for their medicinal properties; but its central location, around which are grouped so many places of interest, does more for the perpetuation of Leamington than the beauty or benefit of the town itself. Connected with a stately avenue two miles long, lined on either side with beautiful residences, is the ancient town of Warwick; Kenilworth, with its hoary ruins, is but a few miles farther away; Guy's Cliffe, shrouded amid the clustering foliage of noble trees which adorn its summit, its base washed with the waters of the Avon winding gracefully around it; Stratford, the birthplace and tomb of Shakspeare; Edge Hill, the scene of the first battle between Charles I and the Parliament; Stoneleigh Abbey, ancestral mansion of the noble Leighs, and once the abode of a fraternity of Cistercian monks; Coombe Abbey, the country seat of a famous earl—the Earl of Craven—where the Queen of Bohemia used to live; and Wroxhall Abbey, the home of Sir Christopher Wren, the great English architect, are all within a circumference of a few miles, of which Leamington is the centre. The fishing streams, game parks, facilities for boating, driving and every rural occupation, abound in and about this Warwickshire town, and attract thousands of visitors who throng its hotels and occupy its rural cottage residences and dip into its healing waters for health and fashion's sake.

Warwick castle, which Scott describes as "the finest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendor which remains uninjured by time," stands upon a rock, at the base of which flows the Avon. Its position is considered very strong, and before the days of gunpowder practically impregnable. The site has been occupied by a fortress, castle or baronial hall, from the time of Alfred the Great, and, according to some authorities, even reaching back to Cæsar. But its undoubted history reaches through the chivalric period of England's greatness, and upon its walls remain souvenirs of the civil wars which have distressed the nation. Repeated conflagrations have dismantled the spacious halls and robbed the interior of treasures of the wood worker's and adorner's art.

As often, however, as fire has occurred to mar and destroy, the ancient pile has resisted its fury, and its owners have rehabilitated it in garments of increasing splendor until, at the present day, it combines with the grandeur of its ancient castellated walls and towers, the decorative splendors of a modern palace.

The visitor to Warwick is invited, as he enters the castle, to inspect the relics of the legendary hero—Guy, Earl of Warwick, whose armor, sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, etc., are exhibited. The enormous size of these personal attachments of the renowned warrior indicate that the monster who wore them was a veritable son of Anak, but this conviction is further confirmed by the prodigious horn, made apparently from the tusk of a mammoth, the flesh fork—about the size of a pitchfork—and the porridge bowl from which the hero fed. The latter is made of bell metal, and contains one hundred and two gallons. It is now used as a punch bowl. The old dame who shows these priceless treasures with much grace and family pride, says that on the occasion of the present earl becoming of age, the punch bowl was filled and emptied three times, to the delectation of the many guests.

Proceeding over the drawbridge now thrown across the disused moat, the visitor enters through the ivy garlanded gateway, to the inner court, from which he is conducted to the rooms of state, which are shown to the public. These are very magnificent, consisting of the Great Hall, several drawing rooms named and distinguished by their internal decoration, as the Red room, Silk room, Cedar room, etc., state bedrooms and boudoirs, billiard room, chapel, great dining room and library. All these are most exquisitely furnished, and hung with costly tapestries and paintings. Of the latter, works of Rubens, Van Dyke, Sir Joshua Reynolds and many other eminent painters abound. The towers, rising a hundred and fifty feet above the ground, afford a fine view of beautiful landscape from the battlemented tops. The park about the castle is extensive and beautifully cultivated, the green sward being closely mowed, and dotted over with a great variety of magnificent trees, enormous oaks and elms, beeches and even cedars of Lebanon. A day can be spent most enjoyably within the confines of this princely park.

At a distance of five miles from Warwick are the ruins of Kenilworth castle, which the writings of Sir Walter Scott have made more famous than almost any other castle of olden times in the realm. It was built by Geoffrey de Clinton, Lord Chamberlain to Henry I, and was, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, bestowed by her upon her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

This nobleman expended about half a million dollars in enlarging and improving the castle and park. When his improvements were completed he entertained the queen in a style of princely splendor and sumptuous magnificence of which we have no example in more modern times. An elaborate description of these events was written and published by Robert Laneham, who was an attendant at the court. From him and other authorities Scott gleaned the details which make his account of such thrilling interest to the thousands of readers of his beautiful story. The latter's description of the castle as it stood at the time of the queen's sojourn there is said to be as accurate as any. He says:

"The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its trim arbors and parterres, and the rest formed the large base or court, or outer yard of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing, in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were then blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could Ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the

haughty favorite who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the castle, was of uncertain, though great, antiquity. It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London, so-called. The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west sides, defended by a lake, partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden. Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty."

But this magnificent home has crumbled into ruin and decay. The stronger walls alone remain, the rooms are uninhabited, the walls are crumbling to dust as the years waste them away, and though the present owner, the Earl of Clarendon, takes great care to prevent the further dilapidation of the ruins, it is only a question of time when they will disappear forever. But the songs and stories of tradition, telling of its ancient grandeur, which the noblest and lowly have alike consecrated their pens to perpetuate, will survive and be sung and told over and over again for generations to come. *De Vallibus.*

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

## PHILOSOPHY OF TRIALS.

It is not impossible to prove that there are those of the youth of Israel so constituted that some of the sayings of the Elders really deter them from devotion to the principles of the Gospel. One of these thoughts often finds expression in this way, that God hath decreed that "He will have a tried people," and sometimes the conclusion is irresistible, that this trial is without special purpose, and not in the natural order of growth and progress, but rather as an arbitrary procedure, or because of might, as an exercise of authority; and it is even suggested (as if by way of excuse or apology) that the Infinite desires to know whether there is stability, faith, truth, integrity, in those who are thus subject to the varied tests of life's experience.

The necessity for trial has often been illustrated by reference to the command given to Abraham, that he should take "his son, his only son, Isaac," and offer him as a burnt offering on Mount Moriah; and the idea receives color from the emphasis which is usually placed upon the presumed words of the Almighty, in which He congratulates Himself that He was now assured of Abraham's fealty, because he had not withheld from Him his only son. It appears as if a little reflection would satisfy the thoughtful mind that if pre-existence is a truth, and the foreknowledge of God a fact, no circumstance could add to knowledge inherent on the one hand or acquired on the other; there must have been other reasons than simply to satisfy the Omniscient of the stability of Abraham's faith. We need not dwell upon these reasons, although many suggest themselves; rather let us venture the assertion that trial is the key to progress, an order eternal wherever there is a possibility of development; and that the main value of its searching and scorching fires, is to give self-knowledge, to arouse resistance to evil, or to induce, create and foster reliance, trust, faith and supplication to the infinite source of all wisdom, all strength, all truth, and finally, by divine aid, through the vallies of humility, to reach the tablelands of spiritual vision or the mountain tops of divine assurance and strength.

There is also another very general expression in regard to trial, which

either implies a partial truth, an untruth, or something vastly more than the limits of this probation provides for, and that is, the assertion that we must be "tried in all things;" probably of the people as a community this might be safely said, of individuals it cannot be, unless we concede that all existence is but probation, and that trial culminates in sections, or in a series of cycles, requiring the eternities for completion. It is very evident that this life does not try all individuals in all things; to be sure, there are trials enough for some, but the changes and chances of existence are more susceptible of new combinations and startling manifestations than is the kaleidoscope by its revolutions in the hand, and the influences of this infinity of possible combinations are beyond all computation of human mathematics.

The diversity of mental, moral and spiritual susceptibility is against the vulgar theory that each personality must be tried in every possible way, because many of these directions are in the line of impossibility, so far as individuals are concerned; and as in the economy of God there is no wasted force, no surplus machinery, no labor of supererogation, it is apparent that to subject intelligence to powerless conditions is not indicative of divine wisdom, nor does it promote divine purpose, or bring to pass an anticipated result.

Subtle influences which would be fatal to one, to another would be as little noticed as a summer's cloud, and the very force with which a trial might compel surrender in one instance, in another would only invoke a more determined and overpowering resistance. Now to believe that trial is the key to progress, is also to believe that its nature will be adapted to the element unto which it is submitted, and this thought explains the entire phenomena and philosophy of trial; its primary purpose is to give self-knowledge, its secondary one to force or insist upon such application or supplication as shall give the fullest aid to moods or manifested evidences of weakness—as shall bring final victory over every failing and every besetting sin.

No young man, then, or old one, no young maiden or matron, need seek to avoid trial, neither need they seek to create it; it is imminent in the nature of things, and as necessary and inevitable as are the varied moods of nature in the creation of fruits and grain; these grow and expand beneath the snow and frosts of time, the rains and the sunshine minister alike to the bud and blossom, to the green or immature prophecy of juicy richness yet to come; the tender blade is in the order of growth when assailed by the driving shower, as when kissed by the welcome sun, and whether the waving tassels woo the breath of summer, or bend to the premonitions of an early frost, divine order, eternal purpose sees in each blade and blossom, in the ear and in the tasteless fruit, in the full corn and in the ripened pulp, the full fruition of the master mind.

It is peculiar, too, how often trial comes in times and from quarters least expected; the vegetable kingdom suffers from early frosts and late frosts, from too much rain and too much drouth; too little or too much sun; and when mishap and blight occurs, there is no recuperative power enshrined which can withstand the trials and adversity of the time; in intelligent organization this is different, the universal comment in regard to man is, that he can withstand a heavy siege from the hostile forces which may come against him, recuperative power, neither begotten of stoicism nor fathered by conclusions as to fate, is one of the characteristics of humanity when based upon an active and intelligent faith; it is man alone, aided of the divine Spirit, who can say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" or "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labor of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Hab., iii: 17, 18.

Now, this vigor of trust is evidence of much faith and subordination to divine providence; but many can endure hunger

and poverty, who shrink from trial coming in other directions. Job could not endure the raillery of his wife; David weakened under the waywardness of Absalom; Paul was in peril from false brethren; Jesus found within the circlet of His own chosen Twelve, the afterward repentant repudiator of His name, and Judas found in personal intimacy his fateful opportunity for betrayal to the enemy; Joseph Smith, the Prophet, had to run the gauntlet of opposition from his immediate friends, and had to flee for that peace, through the gates of death, which crafty traitors forbade him continuously in the flesh; the Psalmist had to cry out under trial from unlooked for sources, "For it was not an enemy that reproached me, then I could have borne it; neither was it he that hated me, that did magnify himself against me, then I would have hid myself from him. But it was thou, a man, mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together and walked unto the house of God in company." Psalm lv: 12, 13, 14. "Yea, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lift up his heel against me," saith David in another place; thus there is trial, in the perfidy of friends, by members of the same Gospel and covenant, and this takes on more of the intensity of trial and stirs the soul to mightier depths than when persecution, obloquy and reproach springs from those who are strangers and aliens to the covenant of promise. Men look for opposition from the enemy, but there is a legacy of trial sometimes in the families of those who desire to be Saints. "A man's foes are those of his own household," sometimes the wife of his youth is without sympathy for him in his religion, she lacks interest in the services of the sanctuary and in the the doctrines of the cross; and this is reflected upon a man's family, the children are not passively moulded or actively encouraged, a man is not encouraged in his duties and stood by in peculiar difficulty, and the opposition, the silent and quiet opposition of home influence will destroy as fast as omnipotence can create. In not a few instances it is a devoted wife who is tried by a non-appreciative husband, his love is idleness or ignorance, or tobacco or beer; no religious sympathy smooths the rugged paths of life, and indifference on either side is much of trial to the devoted, and it springs in soil where a crop so undesirable was least expected.

Perchance susceptible youth touched of God, is in love with the truth, but its refining power is neutralized by a parent's authority or the parental examples; then children are wayward, irrestrainable and disobedient; giddy youth, they become "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and the hopes of unity, of family consolidation and common effort, fall as leaves in autumn, or melt as snowflakes under a summer's sun.

Or it may be that a man becomes discouraged with himself; ever present sense of weakness, of unworthiness, bars the way to lasting peace, ever living in an atmosphere of self-consciousness, remembrance of sins both of omission and commission dispels that music of desired salvation and progress which is the joint product of the best effort (even if faulty) and reliant trust in God.

Men do not always readily overcome weakness; self-knowledge is a bane without its antidote, and such men are "all their life long subject unto bondage;" some then are tried by friends and others by enemies; some by wife or husband, and others by children; some by diseased self-consciousness, others by an overweening disposition to Pharisaism and cant; some are tried by prosperity, others by adversity; some by poverty, others by wealth; some by liquors and narcotics, others by simples and the "tithing of mint, anise and cummin;" some are tried by trading, others by merchandising; some by ignorance, others by too much knowledge; some by single, others by plural married life; some by life, and others by death; it surely is patent that individually we need not be tried in all things, temperament, organization, training, have much to do with the successful or unsuccess-

ful issues of trial as well as with its necessities.

Nevertheless, the Saints, or those who really desire to be such, will be tried, as "silver purified seven times;" trial gives self-knowledge; self-knowledge brings with it the need of help; succor comes from God and the Holy Spirit, through the Gospel; He helpeth our infirmities; the trial of our faith, our feelings, our affections, our tribulations is good, for "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed;" this is growth, progress, expansion, development; Manhood, Saintship, Godhead; three in one, and one of three; let us not then speak of trial as something arbitrary, unnatural or undesirable; it is God's way, consequently, man's way; it is the best school, the most thorough teacher, its lessons are the most sublime, its use the only panacea, its fruits the only living food; heaven's instrument, Father's rod, part of eternity's discipline, prompting to faith, to obedience, to trust, to complete surrender, that God may be all in all; and ever is strength given to honest Israel according to their day.

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

## SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

III.

A PROPHET.

"But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."—*Matt., xxiv, 37.*

"And God saw that the wickedness of men had become great in the earth, and every man was lifted up in the imagination of the thought of his heart, being only evil continually. And it came to pass that Noah continued his preaching unto the people, saying, Hearken and give heed unto my words, believe and repent of your sins, and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, even as our fathers did, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost, that ye may have all things manifest; and if ye do not this, the floods will come in upon you."—*Pearl of Great Price.*

FROM the first of the foregoing passages we can readily understand that a prophet was to be raised up in some period of the world's history—subsequent to Christ's first and antecedent to His second coming, whose duty should be to herald His near approach, by warnings and predictions similar to those recorded in the second passage at the head of this article. In view of these facts we will proceed to carefully investigate the claims of the Latter-day Saints to the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission, and establish the correctness of the principles taught by him, and thereby point out to those seeking after truth the third "leaf on the fig tree."

The prophets of the Old and New Testaments declared that there should be an apostacy, and in article one of this series we left no doubt but it had taken place; nor do we stand alone in this belief, for many eminent divines admit the fact and thereby support our testimony.

In article two we gave abundant proof of the "Restoration," both as to time and purpose; it will now devolve upon us to establish the agency which God ordained should be used in bringing about His purposes, and which forms the subject matter of this article, and the point at issue.

Comparing the reformations of Christianity with the pattern laid down in the New Testament, we are forced to the conclusion that neither in manner, agency, or effect do they in any way relate to the event which Jesus predicted should be precursive of His second advent. We are therefore led, in the discussion of the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission, to proceed interrogatively at first, and afterwards by cogent reasoning endeavor to prove him a prophet sent of God.

Why should not Joseph Smith be the instrument in the hands of God to restore the "everlasting Gospel" to the earth? Is it because of his low estate? Peter, James and John were fishermen; Matthew a tax-gatherer; Paul a tent

maker; and many others who were called of God to perform an important work were equally plebian in their vocations. And by this precedent modern as well as ancient Pharisees are prevented from preferring their claims to Divine favor through high estate. Was it because he was evil spoken of and persecuted? Christ's own words would help to establish his authority: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for their's is the kingdom of heaven; blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Matt., v: 10—12. Was it because he suffered an ignominious death? Christ and His Apostles suffered the same to establish their testimony, and it was accounted unto them for righteousness.

We will now proceed to adduce and examine cogent reasons in support of our claim to Joseph Smith being that prophet that should be raised up as was Noah.

First. The institution he founded perfectly resembles the New Testament, which is an accepted record of the Church of Christ, as to its organization, laws, officers, ordinances, etc., and the whole world, for over fifty years, have been ruthlessly assailing its principles, in the vain endeavor to overthrow and bring to naught its purposes; and although their efforts have been untiring and their zeal worthy of a better cause, they stand as monuments of a ruined hope, and their failure and chagrin characterizes their opposition and marks how baseless are their pretentions, and adds to the growth of the cause they have so vainly endeavored to suppress.

Second. He commenced on a proper foundation, viz., the "Rock of Revelation,"—"And I say unto thee, thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," etc. Matt., xvi: 18. Upon close examination we discover that upon Jesus interrogating His Apostles as to His true character, and the answer from Peter that He was Christ, the Son of the living God—being *revealed* from the Father—his reply decides a question of great moment: "I say *also* unto thee, thou art Peter;" or by the same power that you are enabled to assert I am Christ I also assert that you are Peter, and upon this "rock," or power, or communication with God, will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. It is almost needless to say that it could not be upon Peter that He built His Church, for a short time after the gates of hell did prevail against him and overcame him.

Third. He said he received it from an angel. As the restoration of the everlasting Gospel was to be brought about through this agency (Rev., xiv: 6), if he had received it in any other way, he would thereby have rendered futile any claims he may have set up to being a true prophet. The keys of the kingdom having been given to Peter, who was thereby constituted Christ's vicegerent upon the earth, the transmission of that power and authority by Peter to another would of necessity create him his legal successor upon the earth, with power to establish and maintain, to bind and to loose, and to wield such prerogatives as revelations from heaven may from time to time bestow upon him. And as neither Scripture nor profane history records the *fact* that Peter ever delegated this authority to any one else, the claim of Joseph Smith, that the *angel* Peter bestowed the keys of the kingdom upon him, remains an undisputed fact, so far as *proof* being brought to bear upon its overthrow.

Fourth. Daniel, ii: 34, 35, declares that the restoration of the Gospel shall be as "a stone cut out of the mountains without hands," small at first, but eventually becoming a great mountain, should fill the whole earth. The Church established by Joseph Smith on April 6, 1830, now numbers about one hundred and seventy-five thousand, having, in the short space of about fifty years, grown to such proportions as to excite the whole world to dispute its claims to being the true Church of Christ, and its

merits and pretended demerits are being discussed in every nation under heaven, notwithstanding the first few years of its existence it was considered so small and insignificant as to be unworthy of notice, except by the rabble, whom envy, rapine and murder had made fit instruments to oppose truth and immortalize the words of Tertullian, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

Fifth. The mission of Joseph Smith includes the gathering of Israel and restoration of the Jews; and as all Bible students are well acquainted with the predictions of the servants of God relating to this subject, we will omit its discussion here and introduce it at a more opportune moment.

Sixth. The bringing forth of the Book of Mormon—the "stick of Joseph"—and uniting it to the "stick of Judah"—the Bible—and making them one in the Lord's hand (Ezek., xxxvii) to establish His kingdom and roll on His righteous purposes, is another addendum to the array of evidence in support of Joseph Smith's claim to being a prophet of God.

Seventh. His calling was according to law. "No man taketh this honor unto himself (of officiating in things pertaining to God) except he be called of God as was Aaron."—Heb., v. Therefore no man can legally officiate except he be called by revelation from God as was Aaron. Exodus, iv: 14. And as the Old and New Testaments are generally accepted as our guide in all matters pertaining to God's dealings with His people anciently, we have diligently searched its pages, and failed to find where any man ever officiated legally in things pertaining to God without being called in this way. Many, like Paul, taught and preached in the Jewish synagogues, and exercised many prerogatives belonging to the Church, but authority to officiate in the more weighty matters of the kingdom was given only in the way prescribed by God's law. When the Holy Ghost said to James, Cephas and John, who were "pillars in the Church" (Gal., ii: 9), "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them" (Acts, xiii), then the authority was conferred upon them by the laying on of hands, and being sent away, their acts were recognized by God, and Elymas the sorcerer was stricken blind for perverting the right ways of the Lord, the cripple was healed at Lystra, devils were cast out, and many and varied were the manifestations of the power of God through His legally appointed servants. But prior to their being sent, they were content to testify to the workings of the Spirit which had been bestowed upon them at their initiation into the kingdom of God.

Eighth. The promises made by Jesus (John, vii: 17) are realized through the ministrations of the servants of God today as they were formerly, as many thousands are ready and willing to testify, and supported by this testimony the Church grows and renews its strength daily for greater efforts, which are to advance God's purposes, till the "will of God is done on earth as it is done in heaven."

Ninth. Many prophecies of Joseph Smith have been literally fulfilled, prominent among which may be mentioned the war of 1861—which was published in 1832—the Saints to remove to the Rocky Mountains, his own death, the Church never to cease to prevail, etc., which go far to constitute him a prophet of God, as he was a true prophet, which even his enemies are compelled, though very reluctantly, to confess.

In reviewing the foregoing we discover from the text that God would, prior to the second advent of Christ, raise up a prophet like unto Noah, who should warn the people of the near approach of God's judgments, and open up a way of escape. And as the apostacy has been fully proven, and the restoration declared by John (Rev., xiv: 6), the world awaits the event predicted, and stands ready to apply the test of comparing the institutions of man, claiming to be the Church of God, with the New Testament, and as all fail and are found wanting when placed in the Scripture balances, we are forced to the conclusion that during seventeen hundred

and fifty years the Church of God was not on the earth. In A. D. 1830 the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was founded by Joseph Smith, whose claim to being a prophet is based upon the following facts: that the Church perfectly resembles its prototype in organization and object; that it is built upon the only sure foundation—the rock of revelation; that it was restored by an angel, as John saw it in a vision; that it was small at first, as a little stone, but is now progressing to a great mountain that will eventually fill the whole earth; that in embracing the gathering of Israel, restoration of the Jews and bringing forth of the Book of Mormon it literally fulfils the predictions of the ancient prophets; that Joseph Smith received his authority from God by revelation, and the promises he made, that the gifts and knowledge of the truth should be enjoyed by the faithful, have been and are being realized; and that the literal fulfilment of his own predictions entitle him to the name of a true prophet, and combined with his other qualifications, no doubt can, or ought to exist in the minds of honest people as to his being sent of God.

In conclusion, his fidelity to the trust reposed in him, and his sterling integrity—never flinching from trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, but ever valiant in defense of truth—not even "counting his life dear to himself, that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God," cannot but create in the minds of thinking people serious reflections, and cause them to opine him no ordinary man, the inconsistent and false accusations of his enemies to the contrary notwithstanding, and establish in the hearts of his followers the fact that he was a prophet of God, sent to open the door of life and salvation to a benighted world, and to warn them of God's judgments, that will speedily overtake the wicked except they believe and repent of their sins, and be baptized for the remission of the same, and receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, that by faithful adherence to its teachings, they may be made recipients of the blessings which flow from God, while here, and partakers of the blessings awaiting the the faithful hereafter. *Robt. S. Spence.*

## BE SLOW TO CONDEMN.

It is human to err and stray from the fold,
But divine to forgive like our Master of old;
Then let us, like Him, to the wayward be kind,
And His precepts, so Godlike, still bear in mind.
For the prodigal son, in his thoughtless career,
The fatted calf kill, his poor soul to cheer.

Ye fathers be kind to your sons in their youth,
And teach them to walk in the bright paths of truth;
Your examples be such, that at some future day,
They'll rise up and bless you when you've passed away,
And your precepts remember, and cherish them, when
They mingle at times with the children of men.

Oh! God of all grace, teach me to impart
To frail erring mortals the thoughts of my heart,
Through the trump of the Spirit, I'd shout all the day,
Could I win one poor soul from his profligate way,
And teach him to shun the dark portals of strife,
And his thirsty soul slake at the fountain of life.

Where is the man who is fortified so
He can say in his pride, Shall I ever sin? No;
And rise up in judgment, on his merit alone,
And at his frail brother cast the first stone?
Beware! Oh beware! how you judge, lest the same
Be meted to you in Jehovah's great name.

My heart melts with love and with charity when
I think of the frailties of poor erring men;
And remember that I, too, am subject to stray
In an unguarded moment from virtue's bright way.
Oh, God of my fathers, I beseech Thee forgive
Thy poor erring children, and say to them, Live!

*A. Dalrymple.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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## CAPTAIN HOOPER.

As a friend of the young people of Utah the late Captain Hooper occupies a sacred place in their hearts. Whatever might be said of his faith in other respects, it is an undoubted fact that he had faith in the future of Utah and in the sons and daughters of her founders. "The children of the fathers," he often remarked, "will consummate the fathers' work." This applied to the occupation of the country and the development of its material resources, and perhaps to the political organization and prosperity of the future State. There was no feature of the Latter-day work which he so much admired and was so proud of as the perfect organization of the people and the courage which stimulated them in their pioneering and settling of new places. He was an ardent admirer of the noble qualities of men, and possessed singular discernment in forming his judgment of human character. He believed there never were such men—possessing such courage and hardihood, and such unselfish and patriotic hearts—as the leaders of our people. He considered their devotion to the people's interests and their fidelity to the general welfare as altogether without a parallel in the world. In his earnest appreciation of these men he was liable to accord to *them* credit for results which *they*, universally, attributed to the hand of Providence; not saying that he did not in a general way acknowledge the providences of the Almighty, but it is not every one who so directly and understandingly sees the Divine hand in the ordinary affairs of life as the leaders of the Saints.

The pioneer journey to the Great Basin, the struggle to establish and make self-sustaining the first colonies, the wise foresight in laying out towns and farms and extending the settlements throughout the Territory, were themes he loved to dwell upon. In the enterprise in establishing home industries, in making the people independent and self-sustaining, and, later on, in the interest taken in building railroads and connecting the vallies with the commerce of the world, the introduction of modern conveniences, and in every work undertaken for the advancement of the temporal and substantial interests of the people of Utah, Captain Hooper was a zealous friend and sincere advocate. His interests were identified with the Territory—his large estate and wealth being almost entirely invested here in the permanent institutions of the country. His activity of late years in building in Salt Lake City, and his projects in that direction, bear strong testimony to the hopes he entertained of the commercial future of the city. His place will remain unoccupied for a long time in the commercial circles of Utah, and his memory will be cherished by his former associates and co-laborers. The following biographical sketch of his interesting life was published in the *Deseret News* on the day of his death:

William Henry Hooper was born in Dorchester County, on the eastern shore of Maryland, December 25, 1813. He received a limited common school education, and early engaged as a bank clerk in Baltimore. He was subsequently for some years a merchant on the eastern shore of Maryland. In 1835 he emigrated to Illinois, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits. He afterwards became a steamboat captain on the Mississippi. In 1850 he removed to Utah. In December, 1852, he married Mary Knowlton, his present wife, by whom he has had nine children, three sons and six daughters; the first two being sons, who are now dead.

He was elected a member of the Legislature and served as Secretary of the Territory. He was chosen United States Senator under the State organization of Deseret, adopted by the people of this Territory in 1862. He was elected a Delegate to the Thirty-sixth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses, receiving each time an almost unanimous vote.

The service of Captain Hooper in the Forty-first Congress was especially distinguished on March 23, 1870, by his celebrated and masterly speech in defense of "Polygamy in Utah." In a summary of the speech given by himself, near the close of its delivery, he said he had aimed to show:

1. That under our Constitution, we are entitled to be protected in the full and free enjoyment of our religious faith.

2. That our views on the marriage relation are an essential portion of our religious faith.

3. That in considering the cognizance of the marriage relation as within the purview of Church regulations, we are practically in accord with all other Christian denominations.

4. That in our views of the marriage relation as a part of our religious belief, we are entitled to immunity from persecution under the Constitution, if such views are sincerely held; that if such views are erroneous, their eradication must be by argument, not by force.

5. That of our sincerity we have, both by words and works and sufferings, given for nearly forty years abundant proof.

6. That the bill, in practically abolishing trial by jury, as well as in many other respects, is unconstitutional, uncalled for, and in direct opposition to that toleration in religious belief which is characteristic of the nation and age.

He displayed great energy in his congressional career, as in every sphere in life in which he moved, and made a splendid record, doing excellent service to an appreciative constituency. His characteristic geniality of address and manners, as well as his recognized ability, gave him a powerful influence in the national legislature, being a universal favorite among the members of the House of Representatives. He got a settlement of two unpaid and unrecognized sessions of the Territorial Legislature, obtained payment of Governor Young's account against the United States treasury, and succeeded in getting an appropriation to pay the expenses of the Indian war of 1850. But it is impossible to give a detailed account of this remarkable man's public career in a necessarily brief article like this. It would take more space than we can command to do the subject the justice it deserves.

The latter portion of the history of the deceased, in a business sense, has been closely interwoven with Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. At its first organization, in the winter of 1868, he was elected a director, retaining that position until October, 1877. In 1873 he was elected superintendent of the institution, acting in that capacity until April, 1875. In October, 1877, he was elected president of the mammoth concern, retaining that position until his demise. In every capacity in that connection he labored assiduously and intelligently to further its interests, manifesting remarkable quickness of perception and good judgment, in which he was admitted to have no superiors.

The deceased was one of Utah's most prominent bankers. In 1869, associated with H. S. Eldredge and L. S. Hills, he started a bank. In 1870 the capital was increased and the bank organized under the title of the Bank of Deseret; in 1872 the capital was still further increased, the necessary bonds being deposited and $180,000 of national currency issued. The institution was then styled the Deseret National Bank, of which he was president, retaining that position till his death.

In appearance Captain Hooper was tall and slender, of dark, almost swarthy complexion. His face was, in his pleasanter moods, lighted with a genial smile. He was hearty in his address, almost amounting to joviality. Like most men of uncommon calibre he had peculiarities, which almost extended into eccen-

tricity. It was his habit after making a pointed statement, to utter a monosyllable and poke the party addressed with his right thumb, as much as to say, "You know that's so; don't you now?" He was the embodiment of physical and mental activity and was exceedingly sensitive, capable of feeling the very extremes of joy or sorrow. He had a kindly word for everybody, and his hand was frequently open to the calls of benevolence, as many people have practical occasion to know.

The funeral services of this eminent man were held at the family residence on Tuesday morning, January 2, 1883. The spacious apartments were thronged with mourning friends, who came to take a parting view of the face of their departed friend and to pay their respects in the solemn funeral exercises, which were conducted by Bishop James Watson, of the Nineteenth Ward. The singing by a select choir was impressive and beautiful, and the addresses by Presidents Joseph F. Smith and Wilford Woodruff were full of consolation to the bereaved, and were marked with affectionate allusions to their long association with the deceased, and with just tributes of praise of his long, active and useful career.

Greater than men is man, and he is the greatest of men who most faithfully lives for man.

The power of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing.—*Pascal.*

## GOVERNMENT AND CONDUCT OF ASSOCIATIONS.*

It is conceded that in order to make an impression on the mind, attention must be obtained, and it is also universally acknowledged that the undivided attention of a listener cannot be secured when he is indifferent, suffering from pain, unable to hear or understand, annoyed by the whispering of those around him, or has become weary. Hence, means should be employed to prevent these things from occurring. In the first place, to do so, requires that the officers be punctual, and that the meeting commences promptly at the time appointed, for as the officers are, so the members will be; naturally, they partake of the same spirit. If some arrive on time, and are kept waiting half an hour before services begin, the older portion become impatient, for every moment seems an age, and they grow exceedingly weary if the meeting, as is usually the case, is prolonged half an hour to make up for the time lost before commencing. Thus, such persons have been compelled to sit an hour longer than necessary, and no wonder that they are tired and have lost interest in the proceedings. As they go away, you will hear them remark: "How late it is! What long, tiresome meetings! I would rather plow than sit on such seats! I must quit coming out nights to meeting, I won't be fit for anything all day to-morrow," etc. Thus there is a decrease in the attendance of the older members.

But the worst effect of late beginning remains to be told. The younger members, who are generally the first to arrive, have gathered in squads about the door and around the house, and are indulging in loud, boisterous talking and laughing, which certainly is adverse to improvement. And by the time meeting begins, they have become so full of frolic and fun, through indulging in practical jokes, that the best disposed are often inattentive and noisy after they are seated and services have begun, thus hearing nothing themselves and preventing all around them from understanding what is being said and done. Do you ask, "What is the best way of remedying the evil?" I reply: "Commence services at as early an hour in the evening

*Read at the Y. M. M. I. A. Conference, Weber Stake, Jan. 14, 1883.

as the members can conveniently assemble; let the officers be promptly on hand to call the meeting to order as soon as the hour has arrived, and let it be gen erally understood that the Asscciation meetings will begin and close promptly at the time appointed."

Another great noise-creator and annoyance-producer is the unsystematic method of allowing the first to arrive to "light and fire up," resulting, very often, in dim, flickering lights and no fire. The first dozen or so to arrive have no matches, so they can neither light up nor build a fire. After a while, some one comes along with a match, but cannot build a fire because there is no wood to kindle with, or the coal-house is locked up and James Freezer has got the key and has gone over the river. The lamps are accordingly taken down, half of them are destitute of oil, and the wicks of the other half are so short that they just touch the oil, or they are so dirty that it is almost impossible to turn them either up or down. However, the match is struck and applied and a light produced, and possibly the volunteer deacon has had forethought enough to pinch off the burnt part of the wick.

The consequence of this lack of system is that the time for commencing meeting has arrived, the house is cold and uncomfortable, the lights are so poor that the person desiring to read is forced to call for a lamp, which he holds up in one hand by the side of his face, while with the other he attempts to hold his book, turn over the leaves, keep his place while he looks up to give additional emphasis to a word, and gesticulate to give the proper impression—a variety of tasks not easily performed at the same time with one hand. Hence, the reader grows over warm, becomes confused and sits down, promising himself that this is the last time that he will exhibit in such a manner. And so one by one becomes disheartened. But, somehow or other, the warmth of the reader has signally failed to alleviate the suffering toes of the audience, who are kicking and shuffling to equal the noise of promenading experienced in a dancing hall where cowhide boots are used for slippers. The little boys in the darkness of the corners are whispering and laughing, and a general feeling of uneasiness pervades the meeting. While, on the other hand, if the audience is kept waiting until oil and wicks are sent for and fire kindled, many become weary before the services begin, and, if the meeting is continued till the exercises are delivered, all are tired and impatient; and if it is not continued this long, the fire has just got under headway when it is time to dismiss, and there has been so little said and done that many lose interest in the meetings, and remain at home. Do you ask for a remedy? Give up this depending-on-no-one system, and have persons appointed at the previous meeting to attend to this matter. Perhaps as good a plan as any is to have the secretary take the roll, and, commencing at the first, appoint the various members as their names occur, reading off the names of those expected to make fires and light up, at the same time that the programme for the next meeting is announced, always being careful to appoint some of those present. Thus each member will have his share of the responsibility of making fires and lighting up, and if entered into in the right spirit the fire will be made, house warmed, lamps filled, wicks trimmed and globes cleaned prior to meeting time.

The next greatest source of annoyance and confusion arises from the indifferent and frolicsome disposition of the younger boys, who take seats where they please, generally near the door where they can run out and in at pleasure, causing much disturbance to the speaker and annoyance to the audience; or they have congregated in squads in the corners and gallery, where they can whisper and indulge in their various pranks without being detected. To remedy this evil, let two or three front seats be reserved for their especial accomodation, and all of this class who attend be required to occupy them. Thus they are placed under the observation of the entire congregation, and none will dare in-

dulge in any pranks, for they are conscious that the audience will know who it is that behaves so rudely; and those who come to meeting for the purpose of being in a crowd will soon absent themselves, because of the restraining influence of so many eyes. If the foregoing suggestions are carried out, the difficulties enumerated at the beginning of this article will be obviated, and good order, comfort and convenience secured. I will, therefore, pass on to the conducting of exercises.

On account of the difference in ability of the various members, it is best to classify the exercises, appointing the new and younger members to perform simple exercises as in select readings, recitations and songs; those who have belonged to the association for sometime, and have partly succeeded in overcoming their timidity, to perform the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and Church History exercises; and those that are qualified to write essays and to deliver historical and political addresses. Thus, each one will be assigned a part that he can, with a little study, easily perform; and, instead of thinking the task too hard, and becoming discouraged, he will seek for information on the subject and thereby not only benefit himself, but be better able to interest and instruct the Association. To avoid a spirit of faultfinding because some are appointed to deliver exercises oftener than others, have the secretary assign to the various members and make out the programme from the record; thus none need be appointed only those present, and each will be honored with an exercise in proportion to his attendance. It is of no use to assign an exercise to an absent member, for if he does happen to be present at the next meeting, he will be prepared with no exercise, but with an excuse for being absent when his name was announced for the performance of it.

Let the exercises be varied, select reading, prose and poetry, recitations and short dialogues, songs and duets, historical, political and social addresses, Church history, divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, proof of Joseph Smith's divine mission, Biblical proof of the different tenets of our faith (considered separately), reading and explanations of chapters in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, essays, testimonies, etc. It will be found impracticable to have an exercise on each of the various topics mentioned in one evening, so divide them up, and introduce something new occasionally for a change; and, above all, be sure and have the whole well seasoned with a good lecture now and then from some competent person. There are many such having ability, who will take pleasure in thus rendering assistance to the young.

There will be found some few, perhaps, who generally absent themselves from meeting when appointed to render an exercise. To obviate this, let the president nominate a committee of prudent young men to act as teachers, whose special business it will be to visit these absentees and ascertain, in a spirit of kindness, why they neglect to perform the exercises assigned them, at the same time explaining the advantages to be derived from doing their duty, the object of the Association, and the importance of each being a live, active member. If the teachers will call at the homes of these young men and spend half an hour or so in a pleasant evening chat on improvement matters, it will generally be found to create new energy and awaken new interest in such delinquents, who will be careful thereafter to perform the part of the programme assigned them. The teachers should report the result of their labors occasionally that the members may know what is being done, to make them sensitive of their duties, and alive to the performance of the same. Thus there will be no dead weights, no drones, but all will become active members, and the officers will not be overburdened with the care and responsibility which they would otherwise have to shoulder. May God continue to bless and prosper the Associations of Zion.

*John W. Gibson.*

# THE LORD'S DAY.

THE Sabbath is the Lord's day—a portion of time which He reserved to Himself. It is still His property, and no man can take and appropriate it to his own use for secular purposes, without becoming a thief and a robber. For one to take that which does not belong to him, which is forbidden him by the law, is not only an immoral act, but sinful. Such is the man who uses the day other than as a day of rest.

He who has given time to man, who multiplies his days therein, has said unto him, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" in it thou shalt not work; and he who disregards the law is a criminal, and will not go unpunished. It is written the Lord God rested on that day, sanctified and made it holy; then who shall dare profane it? Who can do it without incurring His displeasure and the just penalty of the law?

Repose from bodily cares and business excitement is necessary to leave time which should be devoted to the culture of the spirit. Man's spiritual life is the great end of his existence, and God evidently designed that all time and attention should not be paid to his material wants, which are limited to earth, to the neglect of his spiritual wants, which reach onward to eternity. Man is bound, not only by the law of God, but by every sentiment of his moral nature, to apply a portion of time to the wants of the spirit, to the study of that truth without which the spirit cannot live. This is the highest end and must not be overlooked. Repose and cessation from labor is necessary for our moral cultivation and perfection. The spirit is sacrificed when all our time is given to labor, and thoughts to matter. It is only a wonder to me that one-seventh of the time is all the law absolutely demands for so important a consideration.

The necessity of a fixed day being agreed upon is apparent, for if left to each individual, it would be as each saw fit to suit his business convenience, and there would be no day of rest for a community. Some would be constantly disturbed, their thoughts distracted by the labor of others. God has not only required a fixed day of rest of His people, but He requires their worship on that day; that they assemble together and hold spiritual communion with Him, be taught more perfectly in His ways, and get those ideas of the divine nature that will morally instruct and cultivate the human soul. This worship is based in human consciousness, as evidenced by its universality without regard to religious opinions. However much they may differ, this feature characterizes all religions as necessary to the exercise of man's moral emotions and spiritual growth. Where it does not exist, man and society soon come below the dominion of nature and sense, and irreligion, vice and crime are the sure fruits. Man's spiritual nature—his spiritual life—demands sacred time, sacred teaching and Divine worship.

As God sanctified the day and made it holy for the benefit of man, so let every one who would keep His law and honor Him aid in sanctifying the Sabbath—the Lord's day—by thronging the courts of His sanctuary, and offering up their thoughts and souls as a sweet sacrifice to the Lord of Hosts. Every one should enter upon the Sabbath, and upon that day into His holy places, with the utmost reverence, as a day which He has sanctified and made holy. It is a day of rest, made so for man to meet the necessities of his being; and that it may more fully answer this end, a special code of laws has been revealed for its observance. The penalty of using it for other purposes than that by those laws prescribed has been death to the offender. It was to be as a sign and a perpetual covenant between God and His people, by which they might know that it was the Lord who sanctified them also by keeping it. It is a fearful thing to be a covenant breaker with the Lord, and none will be held guiltless who fail to recognize His

right to dictate how that shall be used which He has sanctified and made holy.
*S. W. R.*

All good men respect equity and justice on their own account, nor is it consistent with the character of a good man to love that which is not lovely in itself.
—*Cicero.*

All my experience of the world teaches me that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the safe side and just side of a question is the generous and merciful side.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—WEBER.

On January 14th, 1883, one of the best attended and most interesting conferences of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Weber Stake that has been held took place in the Ogden Tabernacle. There were present in addition to the authorities of the Y. M. M. I. A., President W. Woodruff, Apostle F. D. Richards, Presidents L. J. Herrick and C. F. Middleton, a number of Bishops and members of the High Council. After the opening services, the exercises were begun. They consisted of a lecture on "Continuous revelation," by J. S. Bramwell, of Plain City; reports from the missionaries; "Why am I a Mormon?" a short lecture by Bernard Parry, of Marriotts; and the reading of a prize essay on "Mutual Improvement, as regards the government and conduct of Associations."

In the afternoon, after singing and prayer, and while the Sacrament was being administered, the financial statement of the Central Board and the statistical report of the Associations in Weber Stake were read.

The following members were designated home missionaries to the Associations, during the coming quarter, and unanimously sustained: John Holmes, West Weber; Lorenzo Waldram, North Ogden; Geo. Smuin, Lynne; Moroni S. Marriott, Marriotts; Albern A. Allen, Huntsville; Henry J. Garner, First Ward; John Ellis, Second Ward; Wm. W. Fife, Third Ward.

The officers of the Central Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Weber Stake were presented and unanimously sustained. This concluded the routine business of the conference, and Apostle F. D. Richards addressed the large assembly. He spoke in high terms of the exercises rendered, and encouraged the young people to endeavor to induce their companions to take hold with them in the great work.

President W. Woodruff next addressed the congregation, expressing the great interest he takes in the work of mutual improvement. He had been greatly edified by the reports of the young brethren to-day, and he derived great consolation from the fact that the young are doing so well in the work of the Gospel. He gave a very good discourse, full of interest and encouragement to the young.

In addition to his remarks in the forenoon, Superintendent Edward H. Anderson offered a few suggestions, and the highly instructive and profitable conference was adjourned for three months. It can safely be said that mutual improvement is growing in Weber County.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

1. Cain was the first of the sons of Adam and Eve whose name is recorded in any of the Scriptures. It is supposed, however, that sons and daughters were born to them previous to his birth. See Pearl of Great Price.

2. We have heard the difference in Faith and Belief expressed as follows: Faith is the forerunner of knowledge and is therefore belief which impels one to such activity as will produce conviction. The words are used synonymously in the world, but it is said "the devils believe and tremble," though they cannot be said to have faith.

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. IV. MARCH, 1883. No. 6.

## GEORGE A. SMITH.

VI.

PIONEERING.

A VERY significant circumstance in the life of Brother Smith—one which the world would consider so, and one which we view as of the highest honor and consequence, was recorded in his journal as follows: "Before leaving the Temple of Nauvoo, my wife, under the law of Abraham and Sarah, gave me five wives, viz: Lucy Smith, born February 9, 1817, Newry, Maine; Nancy Clement, born October 31, 1815, Dryden, Tompkins Co., New York; Zilpha Stark, born July 3, 1818, Hartland, Niagara Co., New York; Sarah Ann Libby, born May 7, 1818, Ossippee, Stratford Co., New Hampshire; Hannah Maria Libby, born June 29, 1828, Ossippee, Stratford Co., New Hampshire;" he also married Susan E. West after he reached the Valley. Five of Brother George A's wives survived him. They bore unto him twenty children, eleven of whom, among them Apostle John Henry Smith, at present the President of the European Mission, are living.

The autobiography contains the succeeding condensed account of pioneering experience, in which the discerning reader will not fail to see many expressions characteristic of the writer, which afford fine examples of his courage, patriotism and devotion to the broad religious principles which engaged his whole thought and life's desire: "Four teamsters that I had employed to drive teams for myself and family, enlisted in the battalion raised for the Mexican war, leaving me in charge of five ox teams. When five hundred of our young and able bodied men—the flower of our camp—were enlisted, we found ourselves unable to proceed to the Rocky Mountains. We were compelled to remain on the Missouri River, the main body of our people locating at Winter Quarters, now Florence, Nebraska; the residue scattered in companies of fifty families throughout the Pottawotamie country. * * While in Winter Quarters, the people suffered severely from scurvy, a disease induced through lack of vegetable diet. My third wife and four children died of this disease. This place is remembered by the Saints as a place of much sickness and distress, though I believe the location was a healthy one. I visited all the camps, and urged the cultivation of the potatoe as a cure for the scurvy. But little seed could be obtained; what was, however, produced in a marvelous manner. We had no vegetables for one year; our bread was mostly made of corn, brought two hundred miles from Missouri. The season after I left Pottawotamie County, the potatoe crop was a failure, and the saying went forth that it was because George A., "the potato saint," had gone to the mountains.

"In 1847 I accompanied President Young and the company of pioneers in searching out and making the road to and finding the location for the Church in the Great Basin. During this journey I walked seventeen hundred miles, and rode, mostly on horseback, eight hundred; much of the distance with raw hide soles on my shoes. I was six weeks without bread, though I was better off than most

of the pioneer company; for I had about twenty-five pounds of flour locked up in my trunk, unknown to any one. I lived as the rest, on buffalo bulls and other wild meat, which was not always plentiful. I issued my reserved flour by cup fulls, to the sick, some of whom attribute to this circumstance the preservation of their lives. I planted the first potatoe that was put in the ground in Salt Lake Valley, and built a house for my father in the fort, before starting on my return.

In 1849 I took charge of the emigration at Council Bluffs, organizing and starting the companies. With the last, on the fourth of July, I started westward with my family. Our teams were heavily laden. We encountered hail and rain storms. Our cattle stampeded, and at the South Pass of the Platte, we were overtaken by a heavy storm, in which seventy animals were frozen. We made our journey to Salt Lake City, one thousand and thirty-four miles in one hundred and fifty-five days, arriving October 27th.

I was elected a member of the Senate of the Provisional State of Deseret, and reported a bill for the organization of the judiciary, which was the first bill printed for the consideration of members. I also reported a bill in relation to the construction of a National Railway across the continent, which some of the members considered a joke, though I was never more in earnest. The Governor, Brigham Young, had no salary. The members of the General Assembly had no *per diem*. The incidental expenses of cleaning rooms, fuel and stationery were borne by fines on absent members. The State revenue of that year built a bridge across the Jordan and one across the Cottonwood, rendered aid to an irrigation canal, and sustained other public improvements.

In December, 1850, I raised a company of one hundred and eighteen volunteers, accompanied by about thirty families, and started for the purpose of planting a colony near the Little Salt Lake. The day after we started, the thermometer was at zero. My company was organized at Peteetneet Creek (Payson), Utah County, and consisted of twenty-five cavalry, thirty-two infantry—picked men—and thirteen men in charge of a piece of artillery; the residue was organized as a permanent camp guard. * * We crossed five ranges of mountains, and in many instances sought out our own road, and arrived at Centre Creek, two hundred and sixty-five miles from Salt Lake City. This place had been designated by Elder Parley P. Pratt and a company of explorers, as the place in the Little Salt Lake Valley for a settlement. The more wealthy part of my company was dissatisfied with the location, but after several days examination of the country around, I succeeded in satisfying the party that it was the best place for a commencement.

Our deliberations were conducted in a general assembly, which we called "the quorum," by the light and warmth of immense fires of dry scrub cedar and pinion pine. These debates of our farmers and mechanics were among the most animating scenes of my life. As soon as the site of the town was determined upon, we commenced working a road into a canyon about six miles, which cost us five hundred days work, where we cut down a pole ninety-nine feet long, which we erected and on which we raised our Country's flag—the stars and stripes. We dedicated the ground by prayer and saluted the emblem of civil and religious liberty by the firing of cannon.

The organization of Iron County had been provided for by the Legislative Assembly, which had elected me its chief justice, with power to proceed with its further organization. We held an election, when two associate justices, a county recorder, a treasurer, sheriff, assessor and collector, justice of the peace, constable, and a member of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of Deseret were elected. At the close of the election, a fat ox having been killed for the occasion, the inhabitants of the county sat down upon the ground to a public dinner, spread on blankets and buffalo robes. Our nearest white neighbors on the north were

about two hundred miles distant, with five intervening ranges of mountains, and on the south over five hundred miles away. I sent the returns of the election to the secretary of State by Jefferson Hunt, our representative, who accompanied a party of our people that were returning from California by the winter route across the great southern desert. By this company I heard the rumor that Congress, in September, 1850, had passed "An Act organizing the provisional State of Deseret into the Territory of Utah."

In the winter of 1850–1, though it was very cold, we built a fort, in which were located dwelling houses and a meeting house, which served for meetings, schools and watch tower. It was in the shape of a Greek cross, and was of hewn logs. It served the town which we named Parowan, for fifteen years, when it was replaced by a stately stone edifice. I taught school during the first winter, having thirty-five pupils, whom I lectured on English grammar, around the evening camp fires.

We were soon visited by the Indian chief Walker and a large horde of warriors. Their visit demonstrated that our policy of settling in a fort was the only safe one. It was absolutely necessary for our preservation. On May 10, 1851, President Brigham Young, who had been commissioned Governor of Utah, accompanied by President H. C. Kimball and others, arrived at Centre Creek amid the firing of cannon and other demonstrations of welcome. Governor Young had issued a proclamation ordering an election on the first Monday in August, at which I was elected a member of the Council of the Legislative Assembly. I was commissioned by Postmaster General Hall, on October 29, 1851, postmaster of Centre Creek, Iron County, and on the 29th of November, by Governor Young, colonel of cavalry in the Iron Military District.

In 1853, I was placed in command of the militia of the southern part of the Territory, and was instructed to take measures for the defense and safety of the inhabitants against the Utah Indians, who had commenced under their chief, Walker, to rob and kill the inhabitants. The settlements were so scattering, and the mountains to which the Indians retreated so difficult of access, that the policy had to be adopted of gathering all the inhabitants into forts, and protecting their stock by armed guards; refraining from indulging in acts of retaliation or violence against, but manifesting a conciliatory disposition towards the Indians, and at the same time watching so vigilantly as to be able to punish, with instant death, those who should attempt to steal cattle or kill the settlers. These measures involved much labor on the part of those inhabitants who had to leave their houses and build anew in a fort, but they soon brought the Indians to terms, and no doubt prevented a long list of murders from Indian vengeance. The Utah Indians do not seek revenge for any of their number who may be killed in the act of stealing or making an attack.

In April, 1854, a council between Governor Young and Walker, surrounded by his chiefs and braves, at Chicken Creek, Juab Co., inaugurated a peace. The war cost the lives of nineteen white persons and many Indians; though I have unfeigned pleasure in stating that I never killed an Indian, nor was any white man ever killed while obeying my orders. The summer campaign was one of excessive labor to me, having to pass from settlement to settlement, subjected to great mental and physical exertion, for I felt the deepest anxiety that no wife nor mother should lament the loss of husband or son, if it were within the power of mortals to compass its avoidance. At the general conference of the Church, in 1854, I was elected Historian and General Church Recorder, and immediately went to work compiling the documentary history of Joseph Smith. February 2d, 1855, I was admitted as a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States for the Territory of Utah, and received my certificate as an attorney, councilor-at-law and solicitor in chancery. I was elected a member of the convention and one of

the committee which drafted a constitution, and on the twenty-sixth of March, 1856, was elected by said convention, in connection with Elder John Taylor, a Delegate to Congress, to present the constitution and accompanying memorial, asking for admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original states. This mission was a respite from my close application in the Historian's Office, where I had, with the assistance of four clerks, compiled and recorded in large records, the history of Joseph Smith from February 20th, 1843, until his massacre in June, 1844. I also supplied, from memory and otherwise, blanks in the history and records compiled by President Willard Richards, my predecessor in the Historian's Office, who had, with prophetic pencil, written on the margin opposite the blanks, "to be supplied by George A. Smith."

"During my absence in 1856–7 of about eleven months; in addition to the duties of Delegate, I preached in the states of Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Our application for admission into the Union was answered by acts of hostility on the part of the government towards our people. The mails were soon stopped; an army designed for our destruction was ordered against us, which, on their route hither, exulted over their anticipated spoils and debauches with the wives of Mormon polygamists; but God overruled their intended wickedness, and the wrath of man was made to subserve the building up of His people.

"Nov. 2, 1860, my eldest son, George A. Smith, Jr., was murdered by Navajoe Indians, about thirty-five miles northwest of the Moquis villages in New Mexico, now Arizona, He was in company with Jacob Hamblin and nine others, who were on a mission to the Moquis Indians, with the design of learning their language and making explorations to find a wagon route from Washington, then our most southern settlement, to the western settlements of New Mexico. When about three hundred miles on their journey, they met a band of Navajoe Indians who were on a hunt. They traded the Navajoes some knives for blankets. My son's horse escaped out of the band, and he followed after it on horseback. He met seven Navajoes some three-quarters of a mile from camp, who delivered to him his horse in the most friendly manner. They conversed with him in the Utah language, which he understood. The first intimation of hostility on their part was their simultaneous firing upon him, when he received three arrows and four bullets. The aged Navajoes remonstrated with their young men in relation to their conduct and offered to protect the missionary party if they would immediately return home, to which they agreed.

"The Navajoe party had just received the intelligence that Lieutenant-Colonel Ruggles of the United States Army, with a detachment of soldiers, had burned their village, two hundred miles east, had massacred two hundred and fifty squaws and papooses, and killed forty thousand of their sheep. The receipt of this news by the war party was the cause of the murder of George A., Jr. After receiving so many wounds, his companions placed him on a saddled mule and carried him eight miles, when he died in the saddle. The aged Navajoes decided that his body should be left, consequently it was abandoned. My friends in southern Utah, however, sent a party who made a journey of three hundred miles, at an expense of eighteen hundred dollars, and recovered the remains of my son.

"The killing of the Navajoe sheep by federal authority, rendered the Navajoes destitute and desperate, and to sustain themselves, they robbed the peaceful Moquis of fifteen thousand sheep, which reduced the latter to famine, in which twenty-four men and twenty-two women perished. I need not add that the massacre of my son was a dreadful blow upon his father and mother. He was born in Nauvoo, Hancock County, July 7th, 1842."

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It is a delightful help merely not to be hindered.

# MEANS OF IMPROVEMENT.

IMPROVEMENT and the means of its promotion have been the cherished themes of philosophers and philanthropists, in nearly all ages, concerning which history furnishes us any information. Whether we consider the pagan institutions of a dim past, the combined efforts of these noble patriarchal and prophetic periods, or the "Christian Associations" of the present day, we find that Providence has so ordered it that there has always been a stirring element of progressive, thinking people, who delighted in the great cause of improvement.

Different ages and nationalities have varied in opinion as to what constitutes improvement, and therefore to some extent have also differed in regard to the means of effecting it. For instance, at certain times it assumed more or less of a chivalrous character, as in the days of the ancient Persians, and later on in the time of the Spartans. Then the training was almost entirely hygienic and warlike, tending to develop health and muscular activity, skill in the use of weapons and a great amount of physical endurance. For this purpose abstemiousness in diet and strict habits of temperance and simplicity were enjoined, and usually maintained with good results. We read of Cyrus, the Persian king, that when quite a youth, he was a visitor at the court of his uncle, the Median, Cyaxeres, and on being asked to drink wine at table, having noticed the effect produced on the Median king through partaking largely of this beverage, the youth replied that he preferred to refrain from any indulgence which was so dangerous in its character as to make a wise man lose his reason. Cyrus had been reared in the early Persian simplicity, which in time gave them such advantage over their more voluptuous cotemporaries—the Babylonians, under the generalship of this very youth. A few short years after the incident just narrated, Cyrus joined his uncle in the conquest of those eastern countries, and alone at the head of the Persian army, having been selected by the Almighty, he established the dominion of the Medes and Persians in place of that of Babylon, as Daniel and Isaiah had predicted.

At other times, improvement consisted more in the religious and moral advancement of its devotees, as in case of the disciples of Christ on the Eastern hemisphere, and the Jaredites and Nephites in the Western world. The Savior introduced some very advanced ideas of moral improvement. His sermon on the mount is replete with progressive theories and elevating sentiments. His beautiful lessons on self-sacrifice, humility and love for the race are examples of the high order of improvement He sought to inaugurate. For example, this sentiment, how sublime! "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." Here was a marked advancement and progression from the law of Moses upward to the perfection found in the Gospel taught by the Redeemer. We might multiply examples of the most striking character till the space allotted us would be entirely exhausted, and then the half would not be told of the exalting theories advanced by Jesus and others, who have sought to elevate man morally and religiously.

Again, at times, improvement has been deemed to consist principally in mental culture, in literary attainments, scientific research and a development of the fine arts. This was the case to some extent with the inhabitants of ancient Egypt, and in after years of Greece and Rome, and within the last few centuries with the peoples of Great Britain and America. Progress in architecture, in music and painting has generally been much encouraged in all civilized nations, especially in more recent years.

But even as the last dispensation is intended to combine in one all things which are in Christ Jesus, so the century in which the Gospel has been revealed seems to be a culminating point in history where all intellectual genius is wont to congregate. Steam, electricity and sunlight are doing their wonders, through the instrumentality of man's ever-active brain. Astronomy and other sciences are engaging much learned attention. Literature and all kindred subjects, although more abundant than hitherto, have greater encouragement and facilities for accomplishing a worthy mission among men than ever before. Art is appreciated and fostered. Talent is compensated, and genius is admired. Every means of improvement seems to be available to this century, and all resources for advancement and progress are thrown open to it, without restraint. What a glorious age in which to live! It is indeed "the fulness of times."

And how do we find ourselves affected by these circumstances here in our mountain home? We seem to be more or less an epitome of the advancement made in other countries and in all periods: gathered from among numerous nations, partaking of many modern peculiarities blended with others of more ancient origin, we are, to some extent, a combination of what the world has seen in various places and at different periods. In advantages we surpass probably any body of people that ever lived in one locality on the earth. Our fathers were and we ourselves are to some extent pioneers. We have inherited much of the primitive simplicity of living which they were required to practice in building up this western country. We are profiting by the hardships which fell upon many of us in our youth, contingent upon the persecutions endured, and upon the manual labor required to subjugate this once barren wilderness. Physical endurance and muscular development, coupled with great activity of mind and body, are bound to characterize the youth, and in fact, all ages of the *bona fide* settlers of Utah. We have hygienic advantages which are calculated to promote and perpetuate these physical conditions, in the purer air of this mountain region, living as we do at an altitude of over four thousand feet above sea level, with every facility for open air exercise and recreation.

Then we have means of religious and moral improvement found in the inspired teachings of apostles and other servants of God. We have a sure foundation for our faith and future happiness in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, revealed to the Prophet Joseph, and perpetuated in the same genius and spirit by his illustrious and faithful successors. We have our general gatherings, our quorum meetings and our Sunday schools, where all wholesome principles and moral precepts are brought to our understandings. Then we have our day schools, universities and colleges, wherein the minds of our youth are trained by competent instructors in secular studies, to prepare them for usefulness in the various walks of life. And lastly, to carry out the allegory, as a seeming combination of all these advantages, we have our Mutual Improvement Associations, organized, guided and controlled by men holding the everlasting Priesthood. In these institutions, under the wise guardianship of the servants of God, who themselves are lovers of improvement, we have the opportunity to learn the fundamental principles of religion, science and art; we can acquire much knowledge of history, cultivate a taste for literature, and become generally informed on such subjects calculated to enlarge the mind and widen the understanding.

Questions intelligently answered regarding various topics, brief and pithy lectures on interesting subjects, interspersed with a song of sentiment, or a recitation calculated to inspire noble thoughts, form the general character of our exercises. Thus we are instructed and interested at the same time. In fact, it is conceded to be necessary, in order to do the greatest possible good to all classes, that we should infuse variety into our programmes. Many persons—and these are not confined to the youth

by any means—would rather be amused than instructed. Hence, we have to gild every effort to inform the mind with the gold leaf of pleasurable attraction. And the greatest success is recorded where the more uninviting subjects of science have been surrounded with a halo of happy description, if not still further relieved by sensational experiment and practical illustration. Our libraries present already a wide field of information, and offer encouragement to literary research and historical investigation. And it is hoped that, ere long, these aids to improvement will be more generally supplied and more universally utilized by the members.

In short, we have many opportunities and inducements to improve ourselves and each other. And by the continued diligence of the members, the support and assistance of our leading men, to whom we now owe much, we may cheerfully look for the day to soon approach, when to acquire membership in these Associations will be regarded as entering the jewelled gates of glorious opportunity, thrown open to us by angel hands; that we may walk the golden streets of progress, breathe the pure air of a higher morality, and bask in the beams of greater intellectual light. And that standing as it were on the sacred ground of inspiration, we may drink from that ever-living fountain of universal knowledge, which freely flows to all lovers of truth from the very throne of the Eternal God. These are certainly privileges to be coveted by the pagan philosophers of the past, and even by the sons and followers of ancient prophets. These are certainly blessings worthy to be sought for by the universal brotherhood of progressive minds, of every nationality and of all times.

*Charles W. Stayner.*

## HILDEBRAND AND HENRY IV.

Gregory the Great died in the year 604 A. D., having for the first time established the temporal power of the Bishops of Rome, bequeathing from that time to his successors the title of Pope. He had strenuously advocated the celibacy of the Catholic priesthood during his administration, as the presiding Bishop of Rome, but was unable to absolutely enjoin it upon them. Notwithstanding this, the idea did not die out but smouldered on for about one hundred and seventy-three years till the famous Hildebrand was anointed as the rightful occupant of the Papal chair. This was the signal for some of the most radical changes in the Romish church. Hildebrand, now Gregory VII, being woefully ambitious, sought to govern mankind in general, politically as well as religiously. The celibacy of the priests was a favorite theme with him, and now that power was in his hands he resolved upon stamping out kingdoms, nationalities and excommunicating all priests who refused to put away their wives according to his decrees. He claimed absolute control over the actions of all men, so far as he desired. Most of the clergy, out of respect for their "livings," acceded to the demands of the tyrant, and are said to have led monastic lives. He then assumed the right to appoint all persons to all places of public trust, to the various thrones of Europe and prescribe their duties. In fact he presumed to become the monarch of the world.

Henry IV, Emperor of Germany, opposed this assumption of power, and declared the command to the clergy to put away their wives to be erroneous. He knew full well that should his bishops come under the edict of Rome, to the extent of Hildebrand's desire, the empire of Germany, so far as he was concerned, would be a thing of the past. And now commenced the well known contest between Hildebrand, the carpenter's decrepit son, and Henry IV, the successor of Charlemagne. Henry, flushed with many victories, denounced

the Pope as a usurper and blankly refused to obey his commands. Hildebrand summoned the emperor to appear on a certain day and show cause why he should not be excommunicated from the church. To this Henry replied by assembling a council of his German nobles and priests and pronounced the deposition of the Pope. Now that so great a sovereign as Henry had appeared in open revolt against the despot, all classes united to crush out the power that was fast enslaving the people, and in councils fierce denunciations were hurled at the Pope.

Hildebrand, in this extremity, resorted to an artifice, in order to maintain supremacy in the minds and hearts of the superstitious people, which proved efficacious. Assembling a solemn council, an egg was produced upon which was traced in bold character a serpent recoiling from a shield upon which he had endeavored to fasten his fangs. This was interpreted by Gregory to mean the dragon of the apocalypse having struck at the church had itself become defeated and was now writhing in the agonies of death. Wild enthusiasm filled the assembly, and amid the excitement Hildebrand, playing well his cards, uttered the excommunication of Henry, declaring his subjects free from their allegiance to him, and the empire without an emperor. To this the council consented. This is one of the most striking examples of the power of priestcraft over a superstitious people on record.

Instead of all peoples and nations, then suffering under the despotic rule of Hildebrand, uniting in one common phalanx against the usurper, the supporters and subjects of the emperor looked upon him with abhorrence, as a lost soul, one cut off from the possibility of ever obtaining everlasting life. Henry, in short, was deserted by all, excepting a few armed followers and a few anathematised faithful bishops, in a lonely castle on the Rhine.

Having lost his kingdom, his subjects having deserted him, Henry now resolved to present himself before the Pope in humble submission and plead for forgiveness. To this end, in the middle of winter, he, accompanied by his faithful wife and infant son, set out to cross the Alps. It was miserably cold. Notwithstanding the dangers of the snow drifts in the Alpine passes, dreaded even by experienced mountaineers, the imperial family passed on, enduring the most excessive hardships, to save his crown.

Gregory, apprised of Henry's design but doubting its real inwardness, took refuge in the mountain stronghold with the famous countess Matilda, at Canosa. This eminent lady was much devoted to Gregory. After enduring great fatigue, at length Henry reached Canosa. He robed himself in a thin white garment and on a bitter cold wintry morning, when the snow was deep upon the the ground, he appeared before the gate of the castle walls praying for admission that he might throw himself at Gregory's feet. One, two, three days passed and Henry stood bareheaded, barefooted in the snow, without a morsel of food to eat, shivering with cold before the gate, but the proud, stony heart of the relentless Pope was not softened toward the penitent king. On the fourth day the gates were opened and the formerly proud and mighty emperor of Germany cast himself at the feet of the diminutive but powerful dwarf, entreating his forgiveness, and that the countess Matilda would intercede in his behalf. It was a scene for the painter to study, to see the tall, majestic figure of the king bow before a grey-headed, enfeebled old man who had made kings, emperors, and all people serve the church, willing or unwilling.

After having submitted to the demands and conditions of the Pope, Henry was pardoned and permitted to return to his kingdom, but only to meet the scorn of his Lombard chiefs. This had the effect of awakening him from the dreadful sleep into which he had fallen through the spiritual intriguing arts of his enemy. Stimulated by his followers, he was determined to wreak vengeance upon Gregory. Again was

Henry excommunicated, his kingdom bereft of a king, and Rudolph of Swabia placed upon his throne. But all this was food for the army of the fallen emperor, which soon broke upon the new king, slew him, and regained the throne. Now it was that Henry determined to meet Hildebrand, who had again sought the castle walls of Canosa for safety. Excommunication had lost its terrors for Henry. Advancing with a mighty army the king laid siege to Rome for a period of three years. Gregory, aided by Matilda, made a strong defense, but the holy city at last fell into the hands of Henry, who caused a rival Pope, under the title of Clement III, to be consecrated in St. Peter's chair. Gregory's end appeared to be nigh.

At this opportune moment for Hildebrand, a horde of Italians, under Robert Guiscard, came to the rescue. Henry was driven out and the semi-barbarous Normans and infidel Saracens took possession, respectfully liberating Hildebrand. Then followed a vast amount of enmity and strife between these combined nations and the Romans.

Hildebrand, one of the most determined men of the times, after having witnessed the destruction of the sacred city by the Goths and Vandals, died on May 25, 1085.

*Edward E. Brain.*

## AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

Since we a place among the nations won,
Our presidents have numbered twenty-one.
Some were crude and small, others wise and great,
And some have met the tragic hero's fate.

George Washington stands nobly eminent,
As most distinguished man and President.
John Adams next stepped bravely into line,
And ruled by human right and right divine.

Thomas Jefferson was next encumbent,
Qualified in every way abundant.
James Madison then, by united voice,
Succeeded as the people's honest choice.

James Monroe next was placed at nation's head,
Who like the rest lies numbered with the dead.
John Quincy Adams next assumed the reins,
A man of sterling honor, and of brains.

Andrew Jackson then took the chair of state;
Old Hickory was eminently great.
Martin Van Buren next assumed the stand,
As magistrate supreme throughout the land.

William H. Harrison was our next chief,
But in four weeks death came to his relief.
John Tyler filled remainder of his term;
Administration, moderate and firm.

Some think the fates put up a joke
When we inaugurated James K. Polk.
To Zachary Taylor the succession fell, [knell.
But in twelve months was tolled the dead man's

Millard Fillmore then took old Zachary's chair,
And did his duty honestly and square.
Franklin Pierce was next in scale to rise,
And won in honest race the golden prize.

With James Buchanan some have picked a flaw,
For getting up a farce—the "Mormon" war.
But Abraham Lincoln rose in honest fame,
And made himself a never dying name.

To him is due the freedman's proclamation,
That burst the chains from millions in our nation.
The demon's pistol laid our chieftain low,
And shocked the world by the accursed blow.

Andrew Johnson, till second term expired,
Ruled o'er the nation, while his foes conspired
To bounce his Excellency, and impeach,
But Andrew reigned secure beyond their reach.

U. S. Grant, when cruel war was ended,
From battle fields to highest plane ascended.
Such are the fickle changes of the fates,
His hand was turned to reconstructing States.

Rutherford B. Hayes was the greatest blot
That ever fell unto our nation's lot.
Good Uncle Sammy Tilden was elected,
But Fraud the Great was cunningly perfected.

The notable Commission of fifteen,
Brought forth the prodigy in stately mien,
Robbing the people of their rightful choice,
And smothered the electors' honest voice.

James A. Garfield next took the leading role,
By force of destiny he reached the goal;
He, too, was victim of the fiendish knave,
Who sent poor Garfield to a tragic grave.

Chester A. Arthur comes the last of all,
Made President per force of pistol ball;
His predecessors number just a score,
His term will end in eighteen eighty-four.

*James H. Hart.*

# ETERNAL DURATION OF MATTER.

VI.

From all these considerations it appears evident that these principles must necessarily be revived so as to become a conspicuous part of modern theology. They must be taught to the people, and the people must believe them; insomuch that every saint on earth will be looking for the great day of the Lord, and expecting to be caught up to meet him in the air; for if the great day of the Lord should come at a time when these principles were neither taught nor believed, surely there would be none prepared for translation; consequently there would be no saints to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; and if so, the words of the Lord by Paul would become of none effect. I have made the above remarks in order to impress deeply upon the minds of our modern teachers and learners the importance of arousing from the slumber of ages on this subject, and of ceasing to teach and impress upon the youthful mind the gloomy thoughts of death, and the melancholy forebodings of a long slumber in the grave, in order to inspire them with solemn fear and dread, and thus move them to the duties of religion and morality. Experience has proved, in innumerable instances, that this course is insufficient to restrain vice, and to lead to the practice of virtue and religion. The wayward and buoyant spirits of youth feel weighed down and oppressed when oft reminded of such gloomy and melancholy subjects. All the more cheerful faculties of the soul are thus paralyzed, or more or less obstructed in their operations; the fine toned energies of the mind cease to act with their accustomed vigor, the charms of nature seem clothed in mourning and sackcloth. We conceive a distaste for the duties as well as the enjoyments of life. Courage, fortitude, ambition, and all the stimulants which move man to act well his part in human society, are impaired and weakened in their operations, and the mind, thus soured and sickened, finds itself sinking under deep melancholy and settled gloom, which soon becomes insupportable. He at length sinks in despair—becomes insane, or groans under various diseases brought upon his physical system by the anguish of his mind; or, with a desperate effort, tears himself from friends and society, and from all the social duties and enjoyments of life, to lead a life of solitude within the walls of a convent, or in the gloomy caverns of the monk. But more frequently the youthful mind, when laboring under these gloomy impressions, makes a desperate effort to free itself from its dreadful burthen by plunging into all the allurements of vice and dissipation; endeavoring by these means to drive from them the memory of all these gloomy impressions, and to lose sight of, or cease to realize, the sure and certain approach of death.

Let us then cease to give lessons on death and the grave to the rising generation, and confine ourselves more exclusively to the proclamation of eternal life. What a glorious field of intelligence now lies before us, yet but partially explored! What a boundless expanse for contemplation and reflection now opens to our astonished vision! What an intellectual banquet spreads itself invitingly to our appetite, calling into lively exercise every power and faculty of the mind, and giving full scope to all the great and ennobling passions of the soul! Love, joy, hope, ambition, faith and all the virtuous principles of the human mind may here expand and grow, and flourish, unchecked by any painful emotions or gloomy fears. Here the youthful mind may expand its utmost energies, and revel, uncontrolled by remorse, unchecked by time or decay, in the never-fading sweets of eternity, and bask forever in the boundless ocean of delight.

This course of instruction followed out in demonstration of the spirit and of power, would serve to check the allurements of vice, and would greatly tend to lead and encourage the mind in the

practice of virtue and religion, and would cheer and stimulate the saint in all the laborious duties of life. It would remove the fear and dread of death. It would bind up the broken hearted and administer consolation to the afflicted. It would enable man to endure with patience and fortitude all the multiplied afflictions, misfortunes and ills to which they are subject in this momentary life. It would almost banish the baneful effects of fear and gloom and melancholy from the earth, and thus give new tone and energy to all the various departments of society. The long night of darkness and superstition is now far spent. The truth, revived in its primitive simplicity and purity, like the day star of the horizon, lights up the dawn of that effulgent morn when the knowledge of God will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. With what propriety, then, may the rising generation look forward with a well grounded hope that they or their children may be of that unspeakably happy number who will live to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and, like Enoch and Elijah, escape the pangs of dissolution and the long imprisonment of the grave. Or, with still more certainty, they may hope that if they sleep in the dust, it will only be of short duration, and then they will rise again to enjoy the pleasures of life for evermore. Parents, do you love your children? Does it grieve you to see their lifeless bodies laid in the tomb, and shut, as it were, forever from your society? Children, have you ever been called to bid farewell to your beloved and venerable parents, and to grieve with heart-broken anguish as their bodies were deposited in the cold and silent grave, and you left as orphans upon the dreary world? Husbands and wives, do you love your companions, and often wish that you both might live in the body forever, and enjoy each other's society, without undergoing a painful separation by the monster, death? Be careful, then, to secure a part in the first resurrection, that you and your friends may live and reign with Christ on earth a thousand years.

O, thou broken hearted and disconsolate widow, thou hast been called to part with the bosom friend of thy youth and to see thy beloved shut from thy presence in the dreary mansions of the dead! Have you ever been comforted with the reflection that the tomb will burst asunder in the morning of the resurrection — that these once active limbs, now cold in death—these bones and joints, and sinews, with the flesh and skin, will come forth and be again quickened with the spirit of life and motion; and that this cold and silent bosom will again beat with the most animated and happy sensations of pure love and kindred affection?

Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, have these thoughts sunk deep into your hearts in the hour of sorrow, and served to comfort, to soothe and support your sinking spirits in the hour of keenest distress? or have you imagined to yourselves some spiritual existence beyond the bounds of time and space; some shadow without substance, some fairy world of spirits bright far from earth your native home; and at a distance from all the associations, affections and endearments which are interwoven with your very existence here; and in which were mingled all the sweets of life? No wonder, then, that such should cling to life, and shrink from death with terror and dismay; no wonder that such should feel insupportable and overwhelming grief at the loss of friends; for who can bear the thoughts of eternal separation from those lovely scenes with which they have been accustomed to associate from early infancy? Who can endure to be torn from those they love dearer than life, and to have all the tender cords of affection which twine around the heart with mutual endearment, severed and destroyed for ever?

Let us then endeavor to inspire the minds of those, who are placed under our care and instruction, with a firm faith in and lively sense of this the most important of all subjects, the resurrection of the body, and eternal life; and thus encourage them with the greatest

of all inducements to lead a life of righteousness such as will secure to them a part in the first resurrection, and a happy immortality in the society and friendship of the ransomed throng who are arrayed in spotless white, and who reign on earth with the blessed Redeemer.

Having now shown clearly that the resurrection of the body is a complete restoration and reorganization of the physical system of man; and that the elements of which his body is composed are eternal in their duration; and that they form the tabernacle — the everlasting habitation of that spirit which animated them in this life; and that the spirits and bodies of men are of equal importance and destined to form an eternal and inseparable union with each other; we must now return to our research as to the final destiny of the earth and its productions of animal and vegetable life.

We have already shown that the earth itself, and all its productions were deeply affected by the fall, and by the sins of the children of men; that the atonement which was made by Jesus Christ was not only for man, but also for the earth and all the fulness thereof; that all things were redeemed from the fall, and would finally be restored from all the dreadful effects thereof; and be regenerated, sanctified and renewed after the pattern, and in the likeness and image of its first creation; partaking of the same beauty, glory, excellence and perfection it had in the beginning. But it is evident that this restitution did not take place at the first advent of the Messiah; and that it has not taken place at at any time since; therefore it is yet future, and must be fulfilled at a certain time which is appointed by infinite wisdom. This certain time is called in holy writ "the times of restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." Now this restitution is to be accomplished by nothing short of a second advent of the Messiah. He must again descend from heaven to earth in like manner as he ascended. *P. P. Pratt.*

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Philosophy finds no difficulty in triumphing over past and future ills, but present ills triumph over her.

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## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

OBJECT OF GATHERING.

Sunday, June 11th, 1843. Ten a.m., meeting at the stand. The following report is from the journals of Elders Willard Richards and Wilford Woodruff: A large assembly of the Saints met at the Temple stand. Hymn by the choir. Prayer by Elder P. P. Pratt, and singing.

President Joseph Smith remarked: I am a rough stone. The sound of the hammer and chisel was never heard on me until the Lord took me in hand. I desire the learning and wisdom of heaven alone. I have not the least idea, if Christ should come to the earth and preach such rough things as He preached to the Jews, but that this generation would reject Him for being so rough.

He then took for his text the thirty-seventh verse of the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which were sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

This subject was presented to me since I came to the stand. What was the object of gathering the Jews, or the people of God, in any age of the world? I can never find much to say in expounding a text. A man never has half as much fuss to unlock a door, if he has a key, as though he had not, and had to cut it open with his jack-knife.

The main object was to build unto the Lord a house whereby He could reveal unto His people the ordinances of His house and the glories of His kingdom,

and teach the people the way of salvation; for there are certain ordinances and principles that, when they are taught and practiced, must be done in a place or house built for that purpose.

It was the design of the councils of heaven before the world was, that the principles and laws of the Priesthood were predicated upon the gathering of the people in every age of the world. Jesus did everything possible to gather the people, and they would not be gathered, and He therefore poured out curses upon them. Ordinances instituted in the heavens, before the foundation of the world, in the Priesthood, for the salvation of men, are not to be altered or changed. All must be saved on the same principles.

It is for the same purpose that God gathers together His people in the last days, to build unto the Lord a house to prepare them for the ordinances and endowments, washings and anointings, etc. One of the ordinances of the house of the Lord is baptism for the dead. God decreed before the foundation of the world that that ordinance should be administered in a font prepared for that purpose in the house of the Lord. "That is only your opinion, sir," say the sectarians. When a man *will* go to hell with his eyes open, it is more than my meat and drink to help him to do as he wants to.

If a man gets a fulness of the Priesthood of God, he has to get it in the same way that Jesus Christ obtained it, and that was by keeping all the commandments and obeying all the ordinances of the house of the Lord.

Where there is no change of Priesthood there is no change of ordinances, says Paul; if God has not changed the ordinances and the Priesthood, howl, ye sectarians! If He has, when and where has He revealed it? Have ye turned revelators? Then why deny revelation?

Many men will say, "I will never forsake you, but will stand by you at all times." But the moment you teach them some of the mysteries of the kingdom of God that are retained in the heavens and are to be revealed to the children of men when they are prepared for them, they will be the first to stone you and put you to death. It was this same principle that crucified the Lord Jesus Christ, and will cause the people to kill the prophets in this generation.

Many things are insoluble to the children of men in the last days; for instance, that God should raise the dead, and forgetting that things have been hid from before the foundation of the world, which are to be revealed to babes in the last days. There are a great many wise men, and women too, in our midst who are too wise to be taught; therefore they must die in their ignorance and in the resurrection they will find their mistake. Many seal up the door of heaven by saying, "So far God may reveal and I will believe." All men who become heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ will have to receive the fulness of the ordinances of His kingdom; and those who will not receive all the ordinances will come short of the fulness of that glory, if they do not lose the whole.

I will say something about the spirits in prison. There has been much said by modern divines about the words of Jesus, when on the cross, to the thief, saying, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." King James' translators make it out to say paradise. But what is paradise? It is a modern word; it does not answer at all to the original word that Jesus made use of. Find the original of the word paradise. You may as easily find a needle in a hay-mow. Here is a chance for battle, ye learned men. There is nothing in the original word in Greek from which this was taken that signifies paradise; but it was, This day thou shalt be with me in the world of spirits; then I will teach you all about it and answer your inquiries. And Peter says He went and preached to the world of spirits (spirits in prison, 1 Peter, iii: 19), so that they who would receive it could have it answered by proxy by those who live on the earth, etc.

The doctrine of baptism for the dead

is clearly shown in the New Testament, and if the doctrine is not good, then throw the New Testament away; but if it is the word of God, then let the doctrine be acknowledged; and it was the reason why Jesus said unto the Jews, "How oft would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not," that they might attend to the ordinances of baptism for the dead, as well as other ordinances of the Priesthood, and receive revelations from heaven, and be perfected in the things of the kingdom of God, but they would not. This was the case on the day of Pentecost; those blessings were poured out on the disciples on that occasion. God ordained that He would save the dead, and would do it by gathering His people together. It always has been, when a man was sent of God with the Priesthood, and he began to preach the fulness of the Gospel, that he was thrust out by his friends, who are ready to butcher him if he teach things which they imagine to be wrong; and Jesus was crucified upon this principle.

I will now turn linguist. There are many things in the Bible which do not, as they now stand, accord with the revelations of the Holy Ghost to me. I will criticise a little further. There has been much said about the word hell, and the sectarian world have preached much about it, describing it as a burning lake of fire and brimstone. But whoever revealed it? God never did. But what is hell? It is another modern term, and is taken from hades. I'll hunt after hades as Pat did for the woodchuck. Hades, the Greek, or Shaole, the Hebrew: these two significations mean a world of spirits. Hades, shaole, paradise, spirits in prison, all are one; it is a world of spirits.

The righteous and the wicked all go to the same world of spirits until the resurrection. "I do not think so," says one. If you will go to my house any time, I will take my lexicon and prove it to you. The great misery of departed spirits in the world of spirits, where they go after death, is to know that they come short of the glory that others enjoy and that they might have enjoyed themselves, and they are their own accusers. "But," says one, "I believe in one universal heaven and hell, where all go, and are all alike, and equally miserable or equally happy." What! where all are huddled together—the honorable, virtuous, and murderers, and whoremongers —when it is written that they shall be judged according to the deeds done in the body? But St. Paul informs us of three glories and three heavens. He knew a man that was caught up to the third heaven. Now, if the doctrine of the sectarian world, that there is but one heaven, is true, Paul, what do you tell that lie for, and say there are three? Jesus said unto His disciples, "There are many mansions in my Father's kingdom (house): if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come and receive you to myself, that where I am ye may be also." Any man may believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and be happy in that belief, and yet not obey His commandments, and at last be cut down for disobedience to His righteous requirements.

A man of God should be endowed with wisdom, knowledge and understanding, in order to teach and lead the people of God. The sectarian priests are blind, and they lead the blind, and they will all fall into the ditch together. They build with hay, wood and stubble, on the old revelations, without the true Priesthood or Spirit of revelation. If I had time, I would dig into hell, hades, shaole, and tell what exists there.

There is much said about God and the Godhead. The Scriptures say there are Gods many and Lords many, but to us there is but one living and true God, and the heaven of heavens could not contain Him, for He took the liberty to go into other heavens. The teachers of the day say that the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, and they are all in one body and one God. Jesus prays that those that the Father had given Him out of the world, might be made one in us, as we are one; but if they were to be stuffed into one

person, it would make a great big God. If I were to testify that the Christian world were wrong on this point, my testimony would be true.

Peter and Stephen testify that they saw the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God. Any person that has seen the heavens opened knows that there are three personages in the heavens who hold the keys of power, and one presides over all. If any man attempts to refute what I am about to say, after I have made it plain, let him be accursed. As the Father hath power in himself, so hath the Son power in himself, to lay down His life and take it again, so He has a body of His own. The Son doeth what He hath seen the Father do; then the Father hath some day laid down His life and taken it again; so He has a body of His own; each one will be in His own body; and yet the sectarian world believe the body of the Son is stuffed into the Father's. Gods have an ascendancy over the angels, who are ministering servants. In the resurrection, some are raised to be angels; others are raised to become Gods.

These things are revealed in the most holy place in a temple prepared for that purpose. Many of the sects cry out, "O, I have the testimony of Jesus; I have the Spirit of God; but away with Joe Smith! he says he is a prophet; but there are to be no prophets or revelators in the last days!" Stop, sir! The Revelator says that the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy; so by your own mouth you are condemned. But to the text.. Why gather the people together in this place? For the same purpose that Jesus wanted to gather the Jews—to receive the ordinances, the blessings, and glories that God has in store for His Saints.

I will now ask this assembly and all the Saints if you will now build this house and receive the ordinances and blessings which God has in store for you; or will you not build unto the Lord this house, and let Him pass by and bestow these blessings upon another people? I pause for a reply.

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Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it.—*Dr. Holland.*

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## THE BIBLE IN EGYPT.

Ptolemy Philadelphus, the second king of the dynasty of the Ptolemies, was very fond of literature and general learning. He established a great museum wherein was placed four hundred thousand rolls or volumes. Books were written, in those days, upon papyrus, made from the leaves of an Egyptian plant known by that name; and as printing was unknown each copy had to be written, thus making as much work as the original, excepting the composition; consequently a book which would cost but a trifle now would be worth perhaps hundreds or even thousands of dollars then. When four hundred thousand volumes had been gathered into this great museum, there was no room for any more, and that the collection of volumes to Alexandria might not cease, the king erected a magnificent temple to the idol Serapis, which he had succeeded, after repeated attempts, in purchasing from Sinope, a large commercial city of Asia Minor. Into this great temple, which was called the Serapian, he gathered three hundred thousand volumes.

Ptolemy took great interest and pride in these libraries which were the centre of scientific attraction, and determined that, if possible, he would obtain a copy of every book in the world. In his researches he heard that there were certain sacred writings possessed by the Jews which contained a faithful history of that nation from the very earliest period. They were also said to contain sacred prophecy and beautiful poetry. Of course these would be valuable acquisitions to the Alexandrian library if

they could be obtained; but this, Ptolemy knew, would be very difficult, as the Jews guarded their sacred records with religious zeal in the temple of Jerusalem.

In former years there had been wars between the Egyptians and the Jews, and many Jewish captives had been taken and sold as slaves into Egypt. These were still scattered broadcast over the land. Ptolemy conceived the idea of liberating and permitting them to return to their native country as a kind of bribe to cause the Jews to listen favorably to his request, and permit him to add copies of their records to his library. Historians say that the number of slaves liberated upon this occasion was a hundred and twenty thousand, and the amount paid as compensation to the owners was six hundred talents, equal to six hundred thousand dollars. After the captives had been released and had returned to Jerusalem, Ptolemy sent a splendid embassy with magnificent presents and respectful and solicitous letters. The embassadors were received with the highest honors, and their requests readily acceded to. The priests caused copies to be made from all the books, and these copies were executed in most magnificent style and splendidly illuminated with letters of gold. The Jewish government also, at the request of the Egyptian king, sent six men from each tribe, who were educated in the Greek and Hebrew languages, to the museum at Alexandria to translate the Hebrew books into the Greek. As there were twelve tribes and six men from each tribe, the number of translators sent from Judea to Alexandria was seventy-two, after the translation was made, the edition was called the Septuagint, which translated from the Latin means seventy. Copies were made from the Septuagint translation and taken to other countries; then, in course of time, other copies were made from these, until they spread throughout the whole learned world, and, when printing was invented, these books were among the first upon which typography was attempted. Thus was the Old Testament introduced to the outside world about three hundred years before Christ.

When we consider how precious these books were in those early days, and how much time and means and what enormous sums they cost, how thankful we should be that they are now within the reach of all; and how eagerly we should devour their contents! They have come to us triumphantly through the dark vista of time—through the mold and mist of ages, through conflicts, blood, torture, ignorance, superstition and through all the obstacles and adversity which Satan has been able to place before them to impede their progress, those precious volumes have marched on, exulting in their own greatness, bearing with them their own life and light, and now lay themselves at our very feet asking us but to peruse and understand before we judge them. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." Is this such a happy, enduring world that we need not prepare ourselves for a better? Does not the child realize, as it fondly gazes upon parents and dear young brothers and sisters, that the time must come when they must part? Does not the friend feel this with his hand enclosed in the warm clasp of his fellows? Does not the mother "tremble in her happiness" as she fondles the innocent, laughing babe upon her knee — the beautiful little darling that is dearer, far dearer to her than life—does she not feel a shadow upon her heart writing with its cold finger: "Passing away, passing away!" In our happiest moments do we not sadly realize their fleetness? Happiness on earth is so transient and cares and trials so constant that the one great aim and care of our every day lives should be to secure, without doubt, a title to eternal life in the mansions of our Father, where, with life, we will also find a fulness of eternal joy. This would be a boon we can never fully estimate here. How shall we obtain it? "Search the Scriptures." *Ruby Lamont.*

THE LONE BEGGAR.—In narrating his travels through Norway, Mr. Du Chaillu says that he met with but one profes-

sional beggar in that country. He was an old man who used to watch for tourists from the top of a high hill to which they came to see the impressive view. He greeted the American traveller with the usual request for money. Upon receiving a refusal, he talked about the weather, the scenery, and, remarking that he was very poor, again asked for money. On the traveller's second refusal, he became angry, and taking from his pouch a bag filled with small coin, shook it in Du Chaillu's face, saying: "Look at it! look at it! Everybody has not been so mean as you are! Look at the money that has been given to me! Look at it!"

Flattery is a kind of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

## THE MISSING LINK.

NEARLY everybody has heard about, but comparatively few people have actually seen what is known, or rather unknown to the scientific world by the name of the "Missing Link." Among that favored few the writer of this claims to be numbered, as having gazed upon, if not the embodiment of the Darwinian myth itself, something as nearly resembling it as will probably ever be discovered. The interesting object which has received this suggestive and not inappropriate cognomen is undoubtedly a human being, but one possessing so many of the features and characteristics of the monkey tribe as to fully entitle it to the name given it by its owner, the proprietor and manager of the Westminster Aquarium, London; among the curiosities and attractions of which it is now on exhibition. Krao, for that is the creature's proper name, is a female between six and seven years of age, a native of Laos, in the northern part of Siam, between Burmah and China. She is not a monstrosity, such is not the nature of the claim set up in her behalf, but an actual type of a race of people inhabiting the forests and jungles of her native land, where she was captured some months ago, in company with her father and mother, by a party of English explorers.

The king of Siam, a portion of whose dominion this singular people inhabit, at first was quite averse to the idea of their leaving that country, but finally consented, on condition that she be adopted by some one of her captors and treated as his daughter, to allow Krao to be taken to England. The proprietor of the above named exhibition having taken upon himself this responsibility, no further objection was made. The parents would doubtless have followed or accompanied their offspring, but the father died soon afterwards of cholera, and the mother therefore remained at Laos. She will, however, soon be imported and likewise placed on exhibition. The climate of their native land being much warmer than this, the apartment they will occupy at the Aquarium, where "Krao, the Missing Link, or What is It," already may be seen, is kept at an even temperature of about sixty degrees, thirty degrees less than that to which they are ordinarily accustomed; the difference being counterbalanced by light clothing, to which they are absolute strangers at home, the long hair, which completely envelopes their bodies when grown, there rendering additional apparel as a means of comfort entirely unnecessary. It may here be stated also, that they do not dwell within the confines nor associate with the more enlightened denizens of Siamese semi-civilization, but, like the animals they so much resemble, live in the wilds of the jungle and the forest, in huts constructed in the branches of the trees, up which they nimbly climb for refuge in much the same manner as the members of that sprightly family to which they are supposed, by the incorrigible disciples of Darwin, to be homogeneously allied. Their language is unintelligible,

except when accompanied by gestures, being confined to a brief interchange of signs and noises indicative of their individual wants.

The fact of there being a regular race propagation among this peculiar people was proven years since, it is said, at the court of the king of Siam, who had two of them of opposite sexes brought to his capital and bred there for the especial purpose of the experiment. As already intimated, they are a very hairy race. The father of Krao is said to have been all but literally covered with hirsute growth, there being a long mane running the full length of the spinal column the latter possessing one more vertebra than the ordinary human frame, the same suggestion of a tail as that found upon the higher orders of the monkey family. The face is described as having presented the appearance of a Scotch terrier, being literally hidden with hair. The mother, who survives, is of similar aspect, though less hairy than her deceased husband. As for Krao, her extreme youth will account for the fact that at present, with the exception of a few novel features which undoubtedly foreshadow an ultimate reduplication of resemblance, nothing would now prevent her from being mistaken, under proper circumstances, for an Indian papoose. She is about three feet in height, slender and active in body, and of a very intelligent mind. The head is not unlike that belonging to monkeys of a superior order. She has no forehead. Her hair, which is jet black, grows down as far as the eyebrows, which are nevertheless distinct and heavy. In fact it requires close inspection to discern that the hair upon the brow is actually growing there instead of hanging over it from the crown above. The eye is black and piercing, the complexion swarthy as an Indian's. The ears are well shaped, but, like the monkey's, without cartilage. The nose and mouth are those of the Chimpanzee. Her face is round and full, and on the cheeks, in front of each ear, is a downy substance very similar to a young man's earliest perceivable effort at side whiskers. The breast is covered in like manner. Her arms and lower limbs are long and slender and are fast covering with soft, silky hair about an inch in length. It is claimed, and apparently with good reason, that in a few years the body will be thoroughly clothed with capillary growth. The hands are small and shapely. The joints of the fingers and toes are double, and bend backward as well as forward, in this respect also resembling the ape. She uses her toes as well as her fingers in playing with the toys that are given her, of which she seems exceedingly fond. She is very amiable as a general rule, but when aroused can be equally vicious and fiery. The worst threat of punishment she receives when naughty, and one which she seems to dread most, is that of being sent back to Laos, whence she came. She says, for she is picking up English with remarkable alacrity, "No houses, no shops, no toys, no fine dresses in Laos," and answers intelligently simple questions put to her by visitors to the exhibition. So much for Krao, the second Siamese wonder, and the nearest approach to the far famed "missing link" in the chain of animal evolution that nature has yet presented for the consideration of the scientific world.

I will here take occasion to remark that I am not a believer in the doctrine that man is a developed monkey, or that science has conclusively proven or will ever be able to demonstrate the correctness, so far as pertains to life on this planet, of its theory of animal evolution. What the primeval past conceals, or what the unexplored future may develop, are matters with which human science has but very little to do and even less to know. Outside of what God has revealed man knows nothing, and as for theories, opinions and speculations, unauthorized and unsupported by divine revelation, they are like any other article of manufacture, worth only what they will fetch in the market of man's credulity. Without, therefore, attempting to transcend the bounds of this existence, and taking into consideration the simple scope of Time—ample enough, it

would seem, to demonstrate the truth or falsity of any proposition comprehended by human philosophy—what have we to show that there is or of right ought to be such a thing as a "missing link," the office of which when found will be to establish a lineal relationship between man and the lower orders of the animal creation? Is there a man on earth at the present time who knows himself to have been descended from a monkey? Is there any record extant containing this interesting bit of information, corroborated by unimpeachable evidence? Have monkeys ever produced men, or men monkeys? Has that immutable law—immutable so far as known—ever been transgressed, which decrees that every species shall produce after its own proper kind, and that hybrids and monstrosities shall not propagate? Until these questions are answered it would appear that but little satisfaction is to be derived from the investigation of this so-called problem, aside from the still greater multiplication of man-made theories, opinions and suppositions, of which the world is already full to bursting. Scientific writers tell us that "theory is the father of fact, and that research leads to discovery," but of the necessity which exists for theorizing over matters well known, and of seeking after the genesis of things the origin of which is already revealed, these wise and learned speculators are content to leave us wholly uninformed. *O. F. Whitney.*

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies.

A man who finds not satisfaction in himself seeks for it in vain elsewhere.—*Rochefoucault.*

## THE HEAD OF GOLD.

The study of human nature has ever been considered a noble aim. Biography, is the most interesting and instructive history, that we may fairly indulge in. It holds, as it were, a mirror, in which readers may often behold their own personality, or portions of it, and if possessed of a wise and candid mind, will be benefited by the reflection. It appears to me a very sacred employment, this portraying of character, and not every one is qualified by observation, or innate ability for so responsible an office; it should be written truthfully, justly and righteously; to do that the writer must have a large heart, and a broad brain; must know and understand, not only the deeds, but the circumstances that surrounded the life of the character delineated; must also take into consideration the early and late training, and education, and the associations of the same; its antecedents of birth, parentage, genealogy, and country; and after all this, the thousand and one infinitessimals that go to make up and form character; when all this is taken into account we may well exclaim who is competent for so sacred an office? The mind of a biographer must be an enlightened one, enlightened by the religion, and the spirit of Jesus Christ, the spirit that will reveal the secret and hidden workings of that most complex being, that unites the earthly and the heavenly, the spiritual and the corporeal, the human and the divine. And what satisfaction we realize as we read the intuition, the truthfulness of such a portrayal of character from the pen of one capable of all this! We see that he divines the spring and motive action, that he realizes the under current, that more or less runs through every life—there ought to be no flattery—but judicious and just commendation must surely not be withheld. There must be no prejudice, either for or against the character; all partial feelings must be laid aside. Yet admirable qualities producing admirable actions should surely be brought out in bold relief, as incentives to others, to "do likewise."

My mind has been drawn to a focus on this subject by reading with intense in-

terest the character of Nebuchadnezzar in the "Voices from Babylon," by Joseph A. Seiss, D. D. It is a character to be read with close attention, and much instruction is to be derived therefrom. The author's marvelous insight into the secret springs and motives of action in this heathen monarch (whose authority was absolute—and was unto himself a law), especially in the matter of the dream, and the setting up of the golden image, Dr. Seiss' view of his motives and intentions are to me, inspirational; and exhibit such truthful and just conclusions, that he appears as "A Daniel come to judgment." It is a character to be read and reread, and every time with a sense of increased satisfaction and instruction. His motive in setting up the golden image, intending it, according to his heathen teachings, as an acknowledgement of the "God of Heaven," is very finely portrayed because so truthfully; and the reader is constrained to endorse his views; he also shows that when the power and presence of God was palpably brought before him, how, he at once bowed, adored, and acknowledged "the God of Heaven"—and for a time fashioned his actions accordingly.

Though impulsive and hasty, at times even harsh, he was generally guided by correct principles; and he was also a man of honor, if he gave his word, he kept it; sham and falsehood called forth his severity; when convinced that the messengers of the Most High were before him, he honored them; and his life long adherence and appreciation of Daniel above all other men, making him his Prime Minister, his councilor and friend upon all occasions; listening to him whenever he reproached, tells loudly of the candor, nobility, and teachable spirit of the man. He was a mighty emperor and as mighty a warrior, whose kingdom is renowned even down to this remote age. He was an idolator, worshiping as he had been taught, yet he came nearer being a true servant of God than any heathen we have any knowledge of; he had a deep religious sense, and allowed himself to be influenced by it; he can also be placed upon a par with the greatest builders of antiquity. He certainly must have been a man of rare calibre, and it would seem was raised up for a mighty purpose. Evidently the finger of God was upon him throughout his whole life.

His dream contains a marvelous revelation of the designs of God in regard to His kingdom upon the earth for all time, and in the formation of that unique figure, Nebuchadnezzar was "that head of gold," and he seemed so fully to realize that God had especially honored and favored him, through his chosen prophet Daniel, a man he ever honored, trusted and loved. There never was a man more successful as a conqueror—nor a sublimer earthly king—nor a more magnificent empire than that which he consolidated, and established; nor a more absolute human lord, yet in one year, all was forgotten or had become dim, made oblivious by pride and grandeur, forgetting that he had openly acknowledged the God of heaven as King of kings, and Lord of lords; twelve months since the warning had been given in which for him to repent, yet he walked proudly and arrogantly upon the "high places of his palace, the enclosure of whose walls was six miles square, ornamented with battlements and towers all around, and beneath him lay the city with its proud avenues, and an hundred mighty gates." On all he looked with the eye of selfish pride, and said: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the praise of my kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?"

All this would have been ignorant arrogance in the mouth of any man, but in one who had received such warnings, such revelations from God himself, by the mouth of his prophet, it became fearful blasphemy. At that moment a voice fell from heaven, "Oh! king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken, the kingdom is departed from thee"—and then follows the awful denunciation; and the same hour the sentence was fulfilled upon him. Read the fourth chapter of Daniel, indeed, the whole history of this

extraordinary character, for there are wonderful lessons in it.

After seven long years the restoration came, how we rejoice that he was again restored to the favor of his God. Nebuchadnezzar tells it himself in simple and thrilling language, indeed the whole chapter contains his own words. He commences with "At the end of the days, I, Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes to heaven, mine understanding returned to me, and I blessed the Most High, and praised and honored Him that liveth forever, whose dominion is everlasting, and his kingdom from generation to generation," etc. Now the veil is drawn—we hear no more of this illustrious monarch after his grand proclamation commencing in the above chapter; it is the purest state paper, the most thrilling sermon that ever issued from an earthly king, who had transmitted his throne into a pulpit, and his state papers into sermons for the edification of "all people, nations and languages that dwell in all the earth, peace be multiplied unto you." Dr. Seiss declares "it tells of a great Saul won to God and salvation."

*Hannah T. King.*

We are all strong enough to endure the misfortunes of others.—*Rochefoucault.*

## SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

### V.

### THE GATHERING.

"And I heard another voice from heaven saying, Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins and that ye receive not of her plagues."—*Rev. xviii, 4.*

In our last we endeavored to show from the text, Eph. i, 10, that in the dispensation of the fulness of times *all* things would be gathered together both in heaven and on earth; it is our purpose in this article to separate one portion of that *all*, and establish by its significance an unmistakable sign of the near approach of the "Son of Man," and the fulfilment of numerous prophecies, which "holy men of God have wrote and spoke concerning Him," and which are well understood by "the wise," for all things must needs continue as they have been "till the time of the end," when "many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." (Dan. xii, 10.)

Various reasons are ascribed to the Latter-day Saints for their gathering together, by those not of them, and the views taken by the world from different standpoints, have been freely discussed, nevertheless there still exists in the minds of lookers on a dubiety as to the true motive, when the truth has been presented to them. This may appear to the casual observer a matter of little moment, and to the Latter-day Saint who has had multiplied evidence presented to him, a mystery. Yet, when we reflect a moment, we are readily brought face to face with the fact that a power antagonistic to truth is abroad in the land, "blinding men's eyes and hardening their hearts lest they should be converted to the truth and be healed;" and although abundance of evidence can be and has been produced, yet the matter of gathering is made the butt of ridicule and cynical criticism. The "prince of the power of the air" is marshalling his hosts for the conflict that is inevitable, and which must shortly come to pass, and although tradition and priestcraft, aids and abettors of the "mystery of iniquity," are smothering the truth in a "heap of burning lies," the mandate has gone forth; "Come out of her my people," and is being obeyed by those whose love of truth and fidelity to their covenants have given them the name of "God's people." That they are to come out from Babylon, where the "mother of harlots" sits enthroned and worshiped, is universally conceded, but

where they are to go to, and the object to be attained by so doing, are to the world mere matters of conjecture, and the scriptures are wrested to establish delusive theories that will in the end, like the fatal *ignis fatuus*, lead them on to destruction.

Extended controversy is indulged in upon matters of great moment, and the theories and dogmas of sects and parties are as tenaciously adhered to as were the false teachings of the various sects anterior to and cotemporary with our Savior, who, in opposition to the most convincing arguments produced by those who heralded His approach, were persistent in being inconsistent, inasmuch as they conceded the fact that He would come and then as strenuously opposed Him. The comparison is good to-day; for many, very many, are willing to admit that the approach of the Bridegroom is at hand, and yet, blinded by tradition and vain dogmas, are not willing to prepare to meet Him. As *all* things are to be gathered together in one, even in Him, there certainly must be a gathering of His people, although the purpose and place may not be accurately understood; we therefore in this article assume the province of determining beyond a doubt the latter facts, by proof and argument so plain, that the wayfaring man need not err therein.

God told Abraham (Gen. xxii, 17, 18) that because of obedience He would bless him even in his generations, and in that seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed. Abraham begat Isaac, heir to the promise, who begat Jacob, the father of the twelve tribes, through whose lineage the blessings should come. Jacob, in blessing Judah (Gen. xlix, 10), said: The sceptre—insignia of royalty—should not depart from Judah till Shiloh come, and unto *him* shall the *gathering of the people* be. Following the meanderings of this people through the various vicissitudes brought about by insubordination and its allied wickedness, we are enabled to summarize thus: B. C. 724; Shalmanezer, king of Assyria, laid siege to the city of Samaria, the then capital of Israel (the ten tribes who had revolted from Rehoboam, B C. 975), and after three years siege took the city and carried its inhabitants into captivity, from which they never returned. Losing sight of the Ten Tribes, we follow the fortunes of Judah and Benjamin through the ever changing scenes of idolatrous adversity and the prosperity of godliness, till the overthrow of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 586, when the "taking away into captivity" commenced the great scattering that characterized them as a "people scattered and peeled." For although permission was given them to return, none but a few, including the Levites and priests, availed themselves of the offer (cf. Talm. Kidd iv, 1), the greater number choosing to remain where, under Ezekiel, they enjoyed many privileges till the time of Cyrus, when a great many returned, but not to their former greatness; and in this condition of servility brought about by the deportation to which they had been subjected they continued till the coming of the Just One, the Shiloh, to whom should the gathering of the people be, and upon whom they heaped indignities which culminated in a total severance of the "branch from the tame olive tree" and the grafting in of the wild branches, which should flourish and grow upon the fatness rejected by the people to whom He was sent, and upon whom He pronounced that fearful prediction, "and they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations, and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the gentiles until the times of the gentiles are fulfilled." (Luke xxi, 24.) All this has been literally fulfilled, and to-day the lineaments of Judah are discernible in every nation under heaven. Jesus said: "How oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing, and ye would not. Your house shall now be left to you desolate, and ye shall see me no more till ye shall say, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

The second gathering, when they shall call Him blessed, is predicted by Isaiah in chapter two of his prophecies, from which we quote: "And in that day there

shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people, to it shall the gentiles seek, and his rest shall be glorious. And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall set His hand again the second time to recover the remnant of His people which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea. And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the *outcasts of Israel*, and gather together the *dispersed of Judah* from the four corners of the earth." (See context.) Much more testimony could be adduced, but let the perusal of this chapter suffice to establish the fact that when all things are gathered together in one, the outcasts of Israel (the Ten Tribes) will be brought from their seclusion in the north country, and the dispersed of Judah will be gathered together from the four corners of the earth, and the blood of Israel, coming through the veins of the descendants of Ephraim and Manasseh, will respond to the great call and seek the ensign when it shall be set up, and the wild branches of the olive tree are also to share in this great gathering, notwithstanding that through unbelief they also were severed, but the gathering dispensation is to prove an exhibit of the power and goodness of God, for the Apostle of the gentiles says (Rom. xi, 22—24): "God is abundantly able to graft in the natural branches, He will also graft in the wild branches, notwithstanding they were severed for unbelief."

We have briefly portrayed the scattering of God's people; we will now as briefly show that the time of their gathering is at hand; as also those that are made heirs by adoption. Gal. iii. The Apostle Paul says that in Christ—the seed of Abraham—shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, and all those having put on Christ by obedience to His Gospel, are made heirs to the promises. The Gospel of Jesus Christ having been restored to the earth, and all men called upon to obey its precepts, an ensign has thereby been set up, and those enlisting under it are taught that the "time of redemption is nigh," when all things are to be gathered together. The Jews are to build Jerusalem and inhabit its waste places, the seed of Joseph are to gather to the "mountain of the house of the Lord," as was seen by the prophet, "And it shall come to pass, in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. Isaiah ii: 2,3; Micah 4: 1, 2. The Ten Tribes are to be brought from the north country, and "angels, Israel and *Nord*" are to be gathered, that "all things may be fulfilled that have been spoken concerning Him."

This important mission is no insignificant part of the great consummation decreed, as manifest by the following testimony of Joseph Smith, the great Latter-day prophet, Feb. 28, 1836: "The heavens were again opened to us, and Moses appeared before us, and committed unto us the keys of the gathering of Israel from the four corners of the earth, and leading the Ten Tribes from the land of the north." Comparing this with Matthew xxiv: 31, "And He shall send His angel with a great sound of a trumpet (a great voice), and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other;" we have a testimony that cannot be impeached or gainsaid. The Ten Tribes—"a year and a half's journey beyond the Euphrates"—are to return to the land of their fathers, stopping to partake of the glory of Zion till the Jews and Jerusalem shall be redeemed, when they shall return to Jerusalem and receive their inheritance in the land of Palestine, according to the divisions of that land in Ezekiel's prophecy, and become one nation with the Jews, "in the land upon the mountains of Israel."

Judah and Benjamin are to build up the waste places of Jerusalem; the seed of Joseph are to occupy the lands even "to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills;" Zion is to be built up, God's kingdom to be established, that "His will may be done on earth as it is in heaven." And how is all this to be accomplished? Has "Christ any fellowship with Belial," or God's elect with those that are alien from the commonwealth of Israel? Verily, no!

The gathering dispensation is a prominent part of the great stupendous whole, and a church without it is not, nor can it be the Church of God. The decree has long since gone forth, "He that scattered Israel will gather them," and the gathering of *all Israel* is a leading feature of this great latter-day work, and one of the "sure signs of prophecy and the coming of the end." The voice of His angels is being heard to the utmost extremities of the earth, and their cry is, "Come out of her *my people!*" God's Spirit is dictating His people, and consistent with wisdom and good order, they are gathering to Zion, and gaining wisdom insomuch that they are content to walk in His paths, and are enabled to chronicle this event as a sure "sign of Christ's coming," to claim His own, and establish "peace on earth and good will towards men." *Robt. S. Spence.*

## THE ECHO CANYON WAR.

IV.

LOT SMITH'S NARRATIVE.

When the troops came up so unexpectedly and fired upon us, I got mad. For three quarters of an hour we had stood face to face with them without a sign of war, and now to be taken advantage of and caught just after leaving the rocks, made me righteously mad. I felt willing now to take a brush with them, and for this purpose sent all my men but twelve forward, and with the latter, tried as David did to get them to come down; but not like him, I declined to go up. If I could have induced them to come down out of the rocks, we would have whipped them if they had been the last troops Uncle Sam had. I knew that if I kept all my men they would not come, as they could see us and all our movements, we being upon a level plain. However, even after sending the main command on, the enemy refused to take up the gauntlet, and we were compelled to ride slowly away without an encounter. We fell back on Fort Supply, eating the beef we had borrowed and sampling some half-cooked government beans. This experiment developed, as never before conceived in my imagination, the enormous pressure the human stomach is capable of sustaining without damage, and came very near developing the necessity for some one else to write this sketch.

While at Bridger I caught a violent cold, and was so near being sick that I detailed Lieutenant Abbott and a platoon to go to the front and see what movements the troops were making. I felt, after his departure, that I ought to have warned him against an ambush, but he had gone. A few miles from their camp he discovered a lone horseman who allowed him to come near, when he spurred up and rode on towards camp. Had I been there I would have been too great a coward to risk chasing in that direction; not so with Abbott, who was brave and fearless. Remarking that if he allowed them to get so close again he would repent it; he ordered his men to follow, and dashed on after the retreating soldier, who led them to an ambush of forty men, who, rising on the sides of a ravine, fired at thirty yards. Abbott and his men rolled off on the sides of their horses, and, as usual, the shots, in such cases always aimed too sure, missed every man, whizzing over their heads. Our little band felt glad to get off so easily. After this skirmish the troops retired to their camp on Ham's Fork, and we received orders

not to molest them if they wished to go into Winter Quarters.

I made a trip to General Wells' camp on Black's Fork, being at the time suffering from severe cold and sickness. Fort Bridger was at this time burned after the supplies of grain and vegetables had been cached, and instructions were issued to let the troops winter in the ruins if they wished to. After remaining a few days at these quarters, being nursed as well as could be under the circumstances, I was again ordered to the front. I started with twenty-six men and one baggage wagon on the coldest day that I ever experienced. While making up the detachment, a number of young men volunteered and insisted on going with us. They were Brigham Young, Jr., Joseph C. Rich, Howard Spencer, Stephen Taylor, and several others. The General thought them too young to take so severe a trip, and it was decided that Joseph Rich and Howard Spencer remain in camp. The latter had a fever sore on his leg, and to show his indifference to a little hardship and express his disgust at being kept in camp, he remarked to his comrades: "Boys, if you want to get out of doing anything, just scratch your leg a little." He then rolled up his pants and filled the gaping wound with hot embers. I thought him then the right kind of stuff to make a soldier. His future career proved it, for he has the reputation of being a man entirely without fear and indifferent to hardship. We had a terrible day. The men froze faces, ears and feet. I saw that all would perish if we remained with the baggage wagon, so I told the teamsters they could shelter themselves with the blankets, and we would push on to Col. Burton's camp on Bear River. I was mounted on a magnificent horse, but the snow was deep and the wind blew fiercely. I ordered Captain Thomas Rich to the rear, with instructions to not allow any of our men to stop on any pretext whatever. It became so cold that one could not tell if his hat was on without feeling for it. I feared the night more than all the troops we had seen during the campaign. My horse proved himself a good man's best friend. I shall never forget how he plowed his way through the drifts, breaking the track and leading the company safely to camp. When we arrived, John Woolley said my nose was frozen. I told him I didn't think it possible, for it was so short. He was not satisfied until he pinched it. But some of the boys had to be careful how they handled their ears, as they were stiff as sticks and discolored to blackness. We bound them in snow and did all that was possible to save them. The men with the wagon had their feet frozen, though they had the blankets of twenty-six men to cover them. The day is remembered throughout Utah as one of uncommon severity. After our baggage arrived, we made easy journeys to Bridger Buttes, west of the fort, where we took our stand, receiving deserters from the enemy daily, and sending them to the Valley.

When General Johnston turned towards Salt Lake, after going up Ham's Fork, one would have thought that he would go right through in a few days, but when he finally started, he made seventeen miles in one day, and it took two weeks to fetch up the rear, then the General began to see how far off Salt Lake really was.

Our duty was to watch the troops as they slowly came up to the ruins of Bridger and went into winter quarters. I suppose that it was this position, which the London *Punch* so graphically pictured in a cartoon in which the flower of the American army is being herded by ten Mormons. It soon became evident that the army would settle for the winter. The snow fell and covered the ground a great depth, but it was not so deep as our chaplain prayed for. He asked for twenty feet. One of our men, a little fearful that his prayer would be answered, wanted to know what would become of him and the rest of us. The chaplain's prayer was the echo of thousands of others offered at the Throne of Grace by a people whose homes were threatened and who looked to God alone for deliverance and safety. The

word came to us to leave ten men on the Yellow Creek Mountains to guard the army. The detail of this illustrious little band was made, and the rest of us turned towards home. When crossing the two mountain ranges, I felt satisfied that Uncle Sam would not attempt to follow.

I shall never forget my feelings on that homeward march; I had been "keyed up" to a higher tension for ten weeks than I ever thought a human frame could stand. I could ride night and day for weeks and not feel fatigued, but now when turning my back upon the scenes of such absorbing interest, the weariness of months seemed to overpower me, and I was as weak as a child. I think I had never disobeyed an order of my superiors until at this time, when I neglected some request of Col. Burton. This feeling remained, stupifying me, until we reached President Young's office. He came out to the steps and spoke about ten words; I did not remember one of them, but they had the effect to dispel every sense of weakness or weariness. I was ready that moment to return to the mountains. I would like to know the words he uttered, though it was not the words but the spirit which dictated them that touched the key note of my heart. I don't know how many men could have done it; he could.

To my comrades of 1857: You doubtless will have discovered a number of inaccuracies in the relation of this narrative. All has been written from memory and the editor has done well to get it in as good shape as it is.

*Lot Smith.*

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The mind of man is improved by learning and reflecting; it is always searching into or doing something, and is led on by the pleasure of seeing and hearing; and there is such an innate love of knowledge and science in us that no one can doubt but that human nature is drawn to these things, uninvited by any advantage.—*Cicero*.

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## ATHEISM AND INFIDELITY.

I.

THESE two words, each embracing an almost limitless field of thought, are here taken together, because it is almost impossible to extensively speak of one without dealing with the other. From time immemorial the theories embodied under the above caption have existed. No age has lacked for scoffers against revealed theology, ecclesiastical polity, and the belief in the existence of an intelligent controlling power. The giant intellects of every time have taken sides, one party contending for free thought, science and reason, and maintaining that what these did not reach had no existence and should have no influence upon humanity; the other holding and advocating the belief that behind the knowable and visible there exists the governing and controlling power of the universe, and that to this power the human family is directly responsible. To the latter view, the Latter-day Saints subscribe, and to show that this position is the only tenable one, is the purport of this article.

The present is pre-eminently an age of inquiry, investigation and research. Dogmas and creeds are being tested in the crucible of common sense with a vigor never before known. So called reason, free thought and science are doing their share in making radical changes in modes of thought—philosophical and otherwise—and in the conceptions of natural, and belief in revealed theology. We say "so called," and say it emphatically, for we take the position that no philosophical or scientific truth ever comes in contact with revealed religion. We do not defend the conflicting dogmas whose highest source is finite man, and we can but rejoice when true reason and true science, in their onward march, treads under foot

these puerile conceptions of Deity, and while doing so, lifts the mind to a higher plane of thought.

One of England's intellectual luminaries has said: "All that is, is right." Whether this is true in all its bearings or not we will not at present discuss; but that it is so in relation to the mental and physical endowments of man, we think no one will dispute. When the "crowning feature of the universe—God-like man" first commences his earthly career, he is, with few exceptions, the inferior, physically and mentally, of all animal life; some time elapsing before he possesses more than the five senses held in common with the brutes.

Phrenology informs us that the last and best faculties developed are those which cause man to inquire concerning his past, present and future state; the object of his existence and the power which placed him here. All others are on the ascending trend until these are reached. They are found in every human being, latent though they often are, but the person in whom they are entirely neglected and uncultivated, is mentally deformed and monomaniac. This desire to worship or to revere, finds vent in no particular form, but the fact that it exists proves it was given for a purpose, and when repressed and smothered it is at the expense of mental strength. The heathen bows down to wood and stone; the Hindoo finds beauty in his conceptions of Brahma and Vishnu; the Egyptian reveres Osiris and Isis; the Turk calls upon Allah for protection; the orthodox Christian sees something to admire in the non-existent trinity-unity, and unity-trinity, three in one and one in three—God; the infidel is never tired of expatiating upon the "universe governed by law" theory, portraying the beauty observable therein; and the "Mormon" finds the embodiment of all he would wish to be in the personal Being who has gained His position as the Great Eternal on account of merit. The theory that there is an attribute in man, causing him to worship a power (civilized nations an absolute one), is endorsed by the greatest thinkers of the age. Herbert Spencer, in some respects the greatest living philosopher, says: "We have *á priori* reason for believing that in all religions, even the rudest, there lies hidden a fundamental verity. We have inferred that this fundamental verity is that element common to all religions, which remains after their discordant peculiarities have been mutually cancelled. And we have further inferred that this element is almost certain to be more abstract than any current religious doctrine. * * * The first is that which we set out to prove, namely, the existence of a fundamental verity under all forms of religion, however degraded. In each of them there is a soul of truth. Through the gross body of dogmas, traditions and rites which contain it, it is always visible—dimly or clearly as the case may be. This it is which gives vitality to the rudest creed; this it is which survives every modification."

That there is a power superior to man none will deny; but what this power is, and what relation it bears to us is the vexed question. Whatever that ultimate power may be is utterly ununthinkable and inconceivable to finite minds. That it is something superior to will and intelligence, as they are superior to mechanical motion, as Mr. Spencer intimates, we do not believe. Nothing can be conceivable superior to personal intelligence, and its limit is just as unthinkable as is the something which Mr. Spencer considers its superior. All philosophers are agreed that modes of thought are transitional and intelligence progressive. The difference between the barbarian and the metphysician is almost immeasurable; yet the former is equally capable of improvement with the latter, and who dare say there is a barrier which the intellect of neither can pass. To define a limit then to personal intelligence, is, to say the least, unphilosophical, and it seems more reasonable to suppose that the ultimate power is personal and progressive, and absolute to us, because passed beyond the utmost bounds of our comprehension. Phenomena which are the effects of an ulti-

mate cause are hourly seen on every hand. An understood cause is conceivable as much as its understood effect, and though the ultimate cause, producing visible phenomena, is incomprehensible, yet with its effect, it is correlative to an understood cause and effect. By what power is the universe governed is a conclusive question coming under the domain of what has just been considered. Robert Ingersoll, the infidel apostle of America, says, and calls upon Humboldt to acquiesce in the theory, that "the universe is governed by law." Granted. But law is merely a rule of action or motion, or an expression of the will of intelligence. The earth, with its rotary and revolving motions, amply demonstrates the fact that its controlling power is an intelligence capable of exerting force. That a body once put in motion tends to move in a straight line until operated upon by some force exterior to itself, is a philosophical fact. The earth, uninfluenced by the sun's gravitation, tends to move off at a straight line into space; but thus held, it holds its undeviating course. If either its rotary or revolving force were an iota more or less, its entire course would be changed, and if this force was not continually supplied independent of it, either one or both forces must decrease to the entire disarrangement of its position. To illustrate: If a ball is attached to the end of a string, the other end being held in the hand, and swung rapidly around, it will form a circle, the length of the string being the radius. If the force given by the hand ceases, even for a moment, the speed of the ball decreases, and when the hand ceases to give the force, the ball, after a few revolutions, falls to the ground. The hand may be called the sun, the ball representing the earth, and the string the power of gravitation holding the earth in its place. But here the comparison ceases, for the hand, unlike the sun, produces the revolving force. We can readily see how the sun, by its inherent powers of attraction holds the earth in place, but we must look to something superior to all, as giving the motive power, and we can readily see that this supplying power must be ever active, for should it cease for a moment, chaos would be the result. To summarize: We can conceive of no force or intelligence independent of matter; the highest conception of intelligent matter is personal; personal intelligence has no limit; God is a personal intelligence, and is the controlling power of the universe. With the axiom that matter and force are eternal as a foundation, Mr. Ingersoll endeavors to demonstrate that a cause and an effect may be produced independent of an organizing intelligence. He supposes a lump of matter moving through space by the power of force. It finally comes in contact with another piece of aimlessly wandering matter, and gravitation holds them together. In course of time they are joined by another, and here Mr. Ingersoll ceases to grapple with the perplexing question, but with a pleonastic cycle of oratorical verbosity, congratulates himself upon his wonderful discovery. He fails to give even a remote idea what this (should it be true) has to do with the wonderful mechanism of the solar system. *J. L. Robison.*

## THE OLIVE TREE.

The olive tree came originally from the East. It has since spread to Attica, in Greece, and is now cultivated on all the shore lands of the Mediterranean, in the Canary Islands, and in South Africa and America. Its wide-spreading branches, with their lanceolate, leathery, willow-like leaves, dark green above, and whitish grey beneath, add a picturesque charm to the landscape. It bears small, white, fragrant flowers, in short, dense clusters. The fruit is generally oval, the largest about the size of a pigeon's egg. It is sometimes black, or

violet, or reddish, or green, and surrounded with a greenish white pulp. From most ancient times this tree has received divine worship. Among the Greeks it was sacred to Minerva, and was a symbol of chastity. Only the more chaste youths and maidens might gather and prepare the fruit. Among the Greeks an olive crown was the highest honor bestowed on the most deserving citizen, and the highest prize given the victor in the Olympian games. The olive branch was the symbol of peace, and the conquered in battle, who came to pray for peace, brought an olive branch in their hand. The olive, like the orange, requires much care to bring it to its greatest perfection. Those most fruitful and beautiful grow in the region around Mentona. There the mild temperature is favorable as well as in Rome and Naples. The thermometer there, through all the years between 1818 and 1870, fell below zero four times, then only for a few hours during the day.

A French writer who visited this region says, "Many times I had looked with contempt upon the olive tree in my own country. I had seen the olives of the Provinces small, slender, homely; I was glad when a newspaper reported that a frost had destroyed all the olives around Toulon and Nismes, though the poor people had lost part of their means of subsistence—for I was delighted for once to have the disagreeable objects out of my sight. But when I came from Yurbi on foot to Monaco, and passed Cape Martin, my indifference and dislike were changed to the most enthusiastic wonder and admiration. They were more beautiful to me, those stately olive trees, than the noble old oaks as I first saw them in the wood near Fontainebleau. Mentona's olive is the unrivalled monarch of all the trees on the Mediterranean shores. In that delightful region, never chilled or blighted by the frost, it attains its most perfect beauty. Transcending all artistic rule, their curving, graceful, willowy branches ascend heavenward in fantastic forms, so unique, so capricious, so unlike all other trees.

"The winds play through the opening leaves. The sunbeams, now imprisoned in the upper caressing boughs; now coming and going with ever-changing glow; now illumining the dark green above, now lingering on the soft grey beneath, every moment giving some new bewitching charm; you leave the spot with a sigh, and come back to gaze again at the beautiful sight. One may wander beneath their shadows or view them from a neighboring height with ever increasing admiration. In springtime they look their loveliest, then the leaves wear their fairest, brightest green."

The olive blooms in April, and gives a luxuriant harvest once a year, yielding a most generous profusion of fruit. The oldest trees are even the most beautiful; they gather grace and charm with each new year, and are a great treasure to their owners. Of the ripe fruit a medicine is prepared, which is considered of great value. The fruit gathered before it is ripe, is often laid in layers of salt and vinegar, after being first steeped in limewater, to soften and make more agreeable to the taste. These pickled olives are thought to give an appetite and help digestion.

The olive tree has a very strong astringent bark, and the leaves have also this property, and are thought very useful in checking or breaking up a fever. From the older stems exudes a kind of resin which has the odor of vanilla. This contains a kind of crystalline substance, called olivin, much prized in all Italy for perfumery, and to give an agreeable flavor to tobacco used for smoking. The wood of the olive tree is capable of a most beautiful polish. Its greenish-yellow ground, with its cloudy spots and delicate veins, make it much sought for, for the finest work of cabinet-makers and turners. Most exquisite snuff-boxes and little ornaments are made of it. The wood of the root, in color and fine lines, has a close likeness to Florentine marble. It is so valuable in commerce and industrial art, that its cultivation in many parts of southern France, Italy and Spain, is the chief occupation and support of many people.

Some of the most wonderful trees of this species in the world, are found on the Mount of Olives. On the summit of the mountain is a square plot of ground, enclosed by a rough wall of stones, where are eight enormous olive trees of very great antiquity; the people of the neighborhood say that they were there at the beginning of our era, and their site is that of the "Garden of Gethsemane," over the brook Kedron, where Jesus often resorted. The trunks of these trees are of great size, they have become splintered and shrivelled with age, and are great curiosities as vegetable productions.

The olive, with the best cultivation, becomes a tree forty feet high. The oil is contained in the pulp, not as in other fruits, in the nut or kernel. To extract this the olives are first bruised by a millstone, then put into a sack, and then into the trough of a press for the purpose, which, by means of turning a strong screw, forces the stronger juice out, which is called virgin oil. This is received in vessels half filled with water, from which it is taken off and set apart in earthen jars. Several coarser kinds are obtained afterward by adding hot water to the bruised fruit.

The olive is cultivated south as far as Cairo, and north to the middle of France. The Chinese olive bears very sweet flowers, with which tea is flavored.

The broad-leaved American olive grown in Virginia, is from thirty-five to forty feet high. Its wood is hard, its fruit palatable, and the flowers very sweet. England is too cold for the olive, though sometimes the ripening fruit may be seen on a sunny southern wall in Devonshire.

Pliny tells us that oil warms the body and cools the head. The ancients applied olive oil externally for health, for development and for luxury, always, before their baths and before any athletic exertion. Oil externally applied is now becoming popular for dyspeptic and consumptive patients. Many are said to be benefited by an inunction of cod-liver oil.

While one physician denounces what another prescribes, we sometimes turn hopelessly to nature's simplest aids and find them best. Who shall tell why faith and anointing in cathedral and palace, in birth and death, are ever side by side? Why upon the heads of kings and prophets has the oil been poured? Why is the oil of joy and the oil of gladness promised in the deepest sorrow? May these not be symbolic of some healing virtue not yet fully understood?

Egyptian, Jew, Greek, Roman, Arab, African and Esquimaux have all used oil externally as invigorating, strengthening and protecting. In baptism, in confirmation, in ordination, in consecration, in benediction, in coronation, in tradition and legend the oil of olives has kept its hallowed place. An interest both historical and classical gathers around the beautiful tree whose leaves have been a symbol of peace and blessing ever since the dove brought to the storm-tossed ark the peaceful olive-leaf. —*Selected.*

## PRIDE IN WORK.

THERE is an old saying, which is thus expressed, "Anything which is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." In this proverb there is a truth which may be amplified at will in any given direction; indeed, it is only according to the manner in which things are done that we can estimate men's appreciation of their duty or calling in life. Much of what men do is performed in a loose or mechanical way; there is no vim in their effort, no snap in their method, no inspiration in their mood, no pride in bringing to pass the highest ideal or best possible result. If we should award them any ambition—if they are possessed of any—it is to get through with the work on hand, something with the feeling expressed during a local season of so-called "reformation." After the ef-

fort had exhausted itself, one was heard to say, "Thank the Lord we are through with that!" unheeding the fact, established in the nature of things, that successful, mental or spiritual reformation is no superficial or spasmodic feeling; it is a real work, involving much reflection and continuous activity, reaching out from point to point, advancing step by step, noting, with resolute purpose, all achievement, and using present success as an aid and index of progress in the future. A man would not be considered a good farmer if his land was left to the wantonness of every common weed; he would not be considered a thorough farmer if his labors were confined to the centre of his fields and every corner and fence line given up to rubbish and riotous or noxious vegetation. Or if the land was cultivated with fair ability, would his reputation be of the best if gates and fences were broken down, if his work teams or cattle, his horned stock or even his poultry showed his common neglect; tools, machinery, wagons, blistering in the summer's sun or soaking in the autumn rains, would be a merited rebuke to his claim for consideration as a model farmer—a man taking pride in his work. The hoe or spade in the ditch, the plow in the furrows, the harrow by the way side, the poverty-stricken animal, the uncultivated corner, the broken fence, the unopened ditch, or drain, would only be so many reminders, uttering their silent but significant protest against the intelligent professor of the divine art of fundamental agriculture.

The woman who aspires to be a true wife, a real helpmeet, would be only half a success if she was but a clever caterer to the liking of her Lord, in the every day matter of food; her soup might be unexceptionable in flavor; her roast always done to a turn, her potatoes mealy, her bread light and her butter good, yet dirty dishes and soiled table cloth, and disorderly arrangement would nullify in many all the real good; if the domestic rule of woman was only exercised in one direction, where would be the enjoyment or realization of an ideal home; if cleanliness were confined to the centre of a room, if under the beds and in the closets and places oft unseen there was an accumulation of domestic *debris;* if ashes, and dish water, and soap suds, and soiled linen, if lack of order, method, and arrangement were every where visible, who would believe that the queen had pride in rule, or possessed any claim to recognition as a clever, painstaking and indisputably successful housewife?

Any mechanic who is without pride in his labor will forever remain a botch, or if otherwise, will be so only because of supervision; left to himself his work will be slighted; there might be superficially an appearance of perfection, but in detail it would be as occurred in the first foundation of Salt Lake Temple, lacking that solidity and thoroughness, which would have been fatal to that edifice; and so constrained President Young, who was one who took pride in good work, to have the most of it torn up and relaid in a more thorough manner.

We have all heard of men, who were designated handy men, "jack of all trades," but this was generally coupled with the conclusion that they were "master of none;" now one possessing a proper pride in his work will never want only the best; if he cannot reach it by patience, industry and perseverance, he will endeavor to approximate as close as is practicable, and in his experience with mediocrity in himself or others, he will never forget the saying of the wise man, that "there is always room higher up;" to that position, however, no idler will ever reach, no indifferent or self contented one will soar; "excelsior" must be on the banner, and on the lips, and in the heart of all who crave for and are determined on success.

Men's faculties are sharpened by use, their powers are developed by exercise, their ability grows by effort, and final triumph comes of trifles daily or hourly overcome; the conqueror's wreath only falls of right to the one who has struggled and fought on many a stormy battle field. Often where there has appeared to be the divine afflatus of inspiration, the unquestioned power of genius, could

we peer below the surface, we should only find the unappreciated force of honest pride in work. What a grand thing it is that this pride brings with it its own exceeding great reward; a well turned furrow, an even field of grain, a thick set meadow, a well broke colt, a clean and thrifty farm, a well appointed home, sunshine around the table, peace in the family, content with labor, well directed mechanical skill and activity, are each the fruits of that pluck which aims at, if it find unreached, the acme of confessed perfection.

The argument is good in other directions, for there are those who expect to be scholars, yet take no pride in topic, or study, or books; they are without a hobby, without tools and without purpose; say they, it is nice to be intelligent it is good to be educated, it is desirable (in a mild way) to accumulate knowledge, but the game is hardly worth the powder and shot, the benefits are hardly equal to the outlay, or the interest to investment; as if the possession of understanding and the development of mental ability and grasp could be counted or weighed in a balance as the mints do the coin of the realm.

No truth is more potent in the regions of spirituality and religious growth than this self same pride in work; for there are Latter-day Saints who are so mechanical, they are like the door upon its hinges, simply to come and go; useful, no doubt, but unprogressive and almost destitute of life; they are victims to coldness and formality, without snap and interest in the life that now is, although full of hope in regard to the life beyond; they believe that the heavens were opened to Joseph, yet they are as brass to them; they believe that angels ministered to some in this dispensation, but mentally this period is projected outward almost as far as the Apostolic age; they believe, of course, in revelation, but its voice of music never swelled to them; they believe in spiritual gifts, but these have not given glow to their experience; they believe in the power and influence of the Spirit, but no silent force of that peculiar agency has given life and verdure, bud and blossom or fruit to them; in fact they are only Latter-day Saints in name and theory, are without that inspirational energy which works in hope as the farmer works in his fields, the mechanic with his tools, or the housewife in her home.

There is theory but no practice, hope but no realization; an easy going kind of indolent satisfaction, but no bustling activity, no exuberant and overflowing vitality, hence there has been spiritual sickness and apostasy which is spiritual death; such were born of the will of man; it can hardly be said they were truly born of God; there may be probably an appearance of cultivation, of cleanliness, the centre of the field, the middle of the room, points most prominent for the observation of others, but there are unswept corners, broken fences wild sections, or the rank vegetation of unprofitable weeds, and outside show; superficial restraint, local uncleanliness, tell that there is no pride in the great work and effort of seeking to be a real, living, thrifty, vigorous, powerful Latter-day Saint.

The old Apostle said it was right to be always "zealously affected in a good cause;" and another said "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do (in righteousness) do it with thy might." It is the half hearted man, the careless shuffling professor, the dodging evader of work, who is destined to "shame and confusion of face." "Unstable as water they shall not excel;" but God will bless the quiet worker, He will be with the devoted man or woman, the angels will draw near to such, and the spirit will under every emergency comfort and succor those who from continued labor are weary or tired by the way.

The laborer proud of his work, taking interest in it, adapting himself to it, using all the created appliances which have been provided on his behalf, exercising meanwhile faith and trust "in Him who hath promised," and while seeking to keep the commandments invoking the promised gift of the Holy Ghost must and will become "a Latter-day Saint," a successful seeker and

builder of the kingdom; his religion will not be spasmodic in character or local in its power and influence, it will be continuous, permeating all the ramifications of life, until he becomes "a living epistle known and read of all men," a "co-worker with God and His son Jesus Christ;" until he becomes "perfect as his Father in heaven is perfect," a disciple and finally an apostle of sanctified work! *H. W. Naisbitt.*

All things honorable are replete with joys.

Many carry all their neighbors faults in sight and throw their own over their shoulders.

## A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.

Here mountain ridges side by side extend,
Far as the eye in distance can discern,
While lost in hazy blue, the outlines blend,
And fade from sight where skies to earth return.

Dark robed in sombre growth of forests green,
The mountain sides, with ever changing hue,
Throw deep their shadows o'er the vales between,
And rise in grandeur far in heavens' blue.

With knobby ridges where the river swells
From streamlets ever purling as they run,
The broken valleys, mingling hills and dells,
Lie dark in shade or brightened in the sun.

With pastures velvet green and woodland hills
Rock-ribbed and craggy reaching o'er the vales,
The farms adjoin, and all the valley fills
With checkered bounds marked by the zigzag rails.

The golden grain in fields of oats and wheat
Is ready for the reapers busy throng,
The meadows, full of grasses blooming sweet,
Await the mower and his cheerful song.

What homes could be within a scene like this,
Were truth upheld and culture free to all!
Alas! the selfish hearts to love remiss
Uphold the laws that must their minds enthrall.

Where nature, kind to all, her wealth bestows
In forests, fields, and ever flowing springs,
The customs of society impose
The poverty of thought tradition brings.

When landscapes fill with beauty all the scene
In depths of leafy shade and sunlit fields,
Uncultured man sees only country green,
And beauty only where it money yields.

The grasping rich forever grasp for more,
The poor are filled with sullen discontent,
And class distinction keeps both rich and poor
Away from culture by their own consent.

All works united interests require,
All joys refinements of the soul create,
All pleasures art and nature may inspire,
Are lost within the minds uncultured state.

The sordid thoughts of temporal affairs,
The jar and wrangle of a daily strife,
Enslave the mind beneath the many cares
Of selfish labors, and a foolish life.

And vales where labor skilled in landscape art
Could make an Eden of the prosy farms,
Show everywhere the minds unskillful part,
Destroying even natures' lavished charms.

O! land of mountains, forests, fields and streams,
When will thy people from their errors turn?
When will thy customs yield to light that beams
In knowledge free to all that will to learn?

Can mind from darkness of traditions' lore
Evolving truth from error turn its range
In thought and action that may laws restore
Of universal and progressive change?

Alas! to-morrow as to-day must be,
Except the powers of heaven wield their might,
In revolutions that externally
Establish higher thoughts of life and right.

Till man, inspired with higher, nobler thought,
The selfish passions of inherent sin
Has conquered in the aspirations taught
By revelation to the soul within.

While mind, expanding in the laws of God,
To something higher than the common state
And pathways which for ages it has trod,
Aspires to be the noble, truly great.

Inviting all to join a higher cause
And in progressive thought have liberty,
By heaven sent, we teach the higher laws,
And daily labor all the land to free.

And slowly, surely, truth the land inspires
To turn from customs ever seeking pelf,
To nobler aspirations and desires
In Gods' refinement of immortal self.

*Joseph L. Townsend.*

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## SUCCESS OF OUR DELEGATES.

THE failure of the second session of the forty-seventh Congress to pass additional inimical legislation against the people of Utah to that known as the Edmunds law, which disgraces the records of the previous session, is a defeat for Senator Edmunds, the zealous advocate of extreme measures for the suppression of Mormonism. Correspondingly it chronicles a victory for our representatives in Washington, whose triumph was all the more complete in the successful attempt to seat Delegate Caine for the unexpired term. This double success—preventing worse legislation than has already been enacted, and restoring the people's representation, so outrageously taken from them in the refusal to admit Delegate Cannon—was due to several causes which the people of this Territory will remember with satisfaction, and which their enemies might ponder upon with benefit to themselves.

The extreme popular feeling of intolerance, which was wrought up during the previous session and made the passage of the Edmunds law possible, was, to a great extent, assuaged by the time the Commissioners were appointed, and before they arrived here occasional notices in the Eastern papers indicated that a reactionary sentiment was gaining ground, and that the Utah problem might yet have to be considered with coolness and deliberation before it was entirely solved. Expressions of hope that the Commissioners would be judicious in administering the obnoxious law, and as lenient as possible under its provisions, found place in some of the public prints, while the difficulty of carrying out the ambiguous provisions of the law caused those, whose duty it was to do so, to carefully consider every step before attempting it, lest they might become disagreeably involved. This allowed considerable time to elapse, and gave opportunity for a sober second thought to supplant the wild and senseless impulse which had driven Congress on to ignore every plea made for the right and to commit the great outrage upon our people.

There were, however, more direct influences brought to bear upon the last session, which the senator from Vermont found it a difficult task to overcome. In the first place, the people of Utah, with characteristic patience, had coolly submitted to their disfranchisement, had raised no disturbance, but on the contrary had aided the Commissioners to execute the law, thus most emphatically manifesting a disposition to be at peace and to be law-abiding. The Commission could find no cause for complaint in their reception here and reported accordingly that the law was being complied with, so far as possible, under the partial trial it had received. The President, in his message, recommended further trial before other measures were adopted. This was one check upon the rabid anti-Mormons.

There can be but little doubt that many congressmen, who voted against the admission of Delegate Cannon and for the Edmunds law, did so, thinking they would please their constituents on the ground of their general animosity towards the Mormons. They expected this measure to be one in which the populace was so much interested that it would have its weight in the elections of last autumn. And so it proved, though not, as a rule, in the interest of the demagogues who hoped to be benefited by it. The influence of bad legislation in a popular government can never be to sustain the men in office who are guilty of enacting it. They may not realize it at

the time, but the history of our country, all along from the commencement, proves this to be true, and no more noteworthy examples can be found than in connection with the efforts to legalize injustice practiced and desired against the people of Utah. A much greater proportion of the members, who voted against right and reason—against George Q. Cannon and for the Edmunds law—were left at home at the polls last year, than of those valiant few that dared to risk the consequences and do their honest duty to conscience as well as to their constituents. The failure to be re-elected for another term no doubt made many members sick of the Utah question, their record on which they had counted for help.

Another direct bearing upon Congress which had a great deal to do with the defeat of the sage of Vermont, was the splendid argument of Judge Jeremiah S. Black before the Committee on Judiciary, copies of which were placed on the members' desks. This wonderful array of telling truths, which were so graphically told by the eminent lawyer, staring them in the face, made some wince under the fear that they had done violence not only to the people of Utah, but to their official oath. It is said that certain members expressed themselves satisfied that those who voted for the Edmunds law, were, in fact, guilty of perjury. Other members, we are informed, who were in favor of denying our Delegate admission, and voted against him, became convinced that they had transcended all bounds of constitutional prerogative, and by the act, had broken down one of the most sacred barriers of constitutional government. To meet President Cannon among them this winter, with his usual urbanity and the unruffled serenity that always characterizes his intercourse with men of the world, was heaping coals of fire upon their heads. In fact, we have heard that some of the members acknowledged as much to him.

There was one very potent power which was effective in modifying the popular sentiment against us that should not be overlooked. The press of the country, through one channel of communication, caught a glimmer of light to show the actual condition of affairs here. We mean the correspondence from Utah to the New York *World*. The letters of Mr. Phil. Robinson, the genial and celebrated war correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, were not only read by the thousands of readers of the *World*, but were reproduced in prints of less celebrity all over the country, and extracts made from them have been read by tens of thousands. This widespread dissemination of truth—for Mr. Robinson's letters contained a vast amount of truth, in excess of what correspondents, special and otherwise, are in the practice of publishing about us—did good, in allaying much unreasonable prejudice and giving place for reflection and thought.

The presence in Washington of a number of our influential and representative citizens sent there to urge the admission of the Territory into the Union, might not have had much direct influence in resisting evil legislation, but their presence and counsel no doubt stimulated Brothers Cannon and Caine, and the united prayers of so many good men may have had something to do with it. Upon this point we are impelled to record a circumstance that occurred at home. The night before the last day when Senator Edmunds called up his new bill, there was a meeting in the Council House of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of Salt Lake Stake. Before the exercises closed, General Superintendent Woodruff had a letter he had received from President Cannon read, and remarked afterwards that he supposed there were some praying men in the congregation, and he said: "I expect that to-morrow Mr. Edmunds will try to get that new bill of his through the Senate, of course it can't pass the House this session, but I don't want it to pass the Senate. Now if our prayers avail anything, let us remember Senator Edmunds when we pray to-night." Our conviction is that he was remembered; his bill did not pass the Senate.

These are some of the influences

which operated to defeat what was, perhaps, the worst proposed law ever presented in Congress for the injury of a helpless people. Others may be concocted which will possess meaner features. The spirit that dictated the framing of this is capable of anything. There are, however, powers in right and truth, which in the very hour of need never fail, and so long as our trust is put in these, and we accept whatever evils we have to endure as punishment for our failure to do so, we are sure of an ultimate triumph, the most distinguished statesmen or political bodies to the contrary notwithstanding.

The more we do, the more we can do; the busier we are the more leisure we have.—*Hazlitt.*

## TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

In responding to the invitation of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of Hyrum, I beg to say that press of other matters has prevented me from preparing myself to speak upon this subject as its importance demands, but I can submit some statistics which show the effects of intemperance on the human body and soul more forcibly than any thing I can say.

Intemperance, license and prohibition have recently been somewhat fully discussed through the columns of the Utah *Journal.* Those who advocate strict prohibition as a means of checking intemperance among our people, seem firmly impressed with the idea that every possible safeguard should be thrown around the youth and those of mature age who have not, within themselves, the power to resist temptations that are fast sapping the foundations, upon which have rested the prosperity, morality, and purity of great Christian nations, that are now wallowing in the filth and degradation of intemperance. Holding that there are some, even among the Latter-day Saints, too weak to resist the tempting cup when pressed to their lips by the hands of false friends, yet who are too good to be left to destroy peace and happiness, desolate home, and die, perhaps, in the gutter, I am an uncompromising advocate of *prohibition.* No man is permitted to sell poisoned food. Who does so knowingly, to the destruction of life, answers the law on the charge of murder. Why should any be held less guilty of crime for dispensing *liquid* poison?

Put the essence of tobacco into the mouth of a rattlesnake and see if the venom which makes its fangs the instrument of death, possesses neutralizing force sufficient to counteract the more deadly poison of the vegetable drug. And yet I have seen tobacco in pieces larger than my hand in barrels, from which my brethren and friends had drank the whisky that extracted from that tobacco its deadly narcotic properties. I have beheld with horror the effects of double-distilled, tobacco-poisoned whisky. Untainted by it I have seen man face perils that spoke of death; and under the sway of reason and calm judgment offer his coat to save the life of his companion, when the fierce blast of a winter storm was searching the marrow of his bones, chilling his vitals and clutching with icy hands the benumbed, almost frozen spark of life. This was the natural man whose generosity the fear of death could not conquor. Driven wild with whisky, the heart beating like the quick throb of an overworked engine, reason dethroned by distilled poison burning like living coals in the brain, he who offered the coat to save, sped the ball which pierced the heart of his friend, whose warm blood, rushing through the murderous rent, curdled in crimson clots on the frozen snow, and the hearts of two mothers broke.

Who shall declare that to be a legitimate business which, in its effects, makes man a demon, dyes his hands in blood, and sacrifices tender and loving hearts

upon the altar of intemperance? How can any man with one spark of the milk of human kindness in his heart, offer to his fellow man that which he knows may destroy the body and ruin the soul? How can any father or brother ask our lawmakers to legalize and thereby become responsible for the crimes of those who seek to lead the weak and unsuspecting into temptations, which if yielded to, generally end in misery, pauperism and ignominious ruin?

Look at the home of the drunkard who would move heaven and hell in order to secure the means for gratifying his unnatural appetite! Is it a cheerful, prosperous, beautiful and healthful home? Does he educate his children and feed and clothe them well, or does he permit them to go bare-footed, half clad, and otherwise exposed to disease and suffering? Does he not pay whisky bills while denying wife and children the means with which to keep the wolf of want from his door? Look at the waste of property all around him! If he has a house, look at the tattered rags hanging from the broken windows, the leaking roof, creaking doors, fireless hearth and general cheerlessness of the place he calls home. Gaze through the sorrowful eyes down into the pain stricken heart of his wife, and see if you can find a sentiment there which calls for a single blessing upon the head of the man who has assisted in the degradation of her husband. Look at his lean horses and starving cattle, if he has any left, as they perish in the pitiless storms that chill their marrowless bones, and say that no act of prohibition should be enforced to assist in checking such an one in his downward course.

Is it possible for the inebriate to confine the results of his intemperance to himself? No, it is not possible! It extends to others in spite of all he can do, and in so far as it injures them, his agency should be curtailed. With kindness and long suffering, with gentleness and good will? Yes! and if necessary, by removing with every legitimate and lawful means the temptation which he cannot resist unaided. Should the acts—the agency of the brother, who a short time ago, deserted his post at midnight and left exposed, by reason of his engendered love of liquor, a hundred thousand dollars worth of property intrusted to his care, be in any way restrained? Do intemperate men usually stand at the head of banking, railroad, manufacturing and commercial affairs? Do they stand at the head and control matters in which the Lord and good men have delight? Contrast the intelligent look, the energy, the mental and physical endurance of the temperate man with those of the intemperate. Contrast the difference between their surroundings, homes and families and then say which you prefer and which you will imitate.

I will now submit for your consideration an account of some of the evils of intemperance in England, and its cost: In the year 1879 the inhabitants of the United Kingdom expended for intoxicating drinks $640,716,320. The names of 3,000,000 persons were registered on the books of the "Poor Law Unions" during that year, and 94,000 lunatics were in the asylums. In 1877 320,000 persons were apprehended for drunkenness; 75,000,000 bushels of grain—an amount equal to what Utah, at our present rate, would produce in forty years—is used yearly in the manufacture of intoxicants which cause there, annually, 120,000 premature deaths. "It is the opinion of the best informed individuals that the cost of the mischief resulting from drinking, viz., pauperism, crime, disease, waste of grain, accidents, loss of labor, etc., amounts to fully as much as the cost of the drink itself, and, therefore, if the direct and indirect cost of the drink be added together, it will give about thirteen hundred millions of dollars as the amount the nation loses yearly through intoxicating liquors."

In return for this stupendous annual outlay the nation reaps a harvest of crime, misery, destitution, vice, disease, ruin and death. If the money was paid to rid the nation of such evils, it would be proof of common sense, "but to buy them at such a price, is supreme folly," and would seem utterly impossible to

an intelligent people. During the seven years ending in 1877 the inhabitants of the British Isles spent for drink $4,820,189,180, and paid for Poor and Police Rates $505,723,590. During the same time 3,334,110 persons—nearly ten per cent of the entire population—were convicted of crime, and 1,271,838 were apprehended for drunkenness.

From the above tables (taken from Parliamentary returns) it will be seen what an enormous amount of money is spent on intoxicating liquors. Side by side we see the crime and drunkenness with the consequent taxation, etc. How we suffer in other ways from the liquor traffic can never be realized.

The money paid for drink during those seven years would cancel England's national debt, and leave, $1,050,000,000 to spare. It would pay for 26,082 miles of railway which is 10,000 miles more than was then being operated in the United Kingdom. Had the money been invested in building houses it would have erected a new one for every family there, and build schools to accommodate all the children in that country. Had the money spent by the English people during the past fifty years for liquors, been invested in securities realizing five per cent per annum, principle and interest would now exceed by $5,000,000,000 the entire capitalized value of all the wealth of the United Kingdom, including its moneys, lands, railways, collieries, ironworks, quarries, mines, houses, mills and every other description of property.

Now all these things have grown and developed under the fostering care of legalized crime. In other words intemperance in England and intemperance in the United States, if not the offspring of legalized crime is at least the bloated pauper of a system of license that encourages drunkenness. And for this reason, having shown you some of the fearful effects of intemperance, I unhesitatingly condemn the system of license under which it has grown to such shocking proportions. In contrast I cite you to statistics, compiled by the best authority, showing that drunkenness has decreased from 40 to 90 per cent in the state of Maine where prohibition has been enforced. [The lecturer here read from the writings of Hepworth Dixon, a beautiful description of the happy condition of the people of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, who had adopted "prohibition," and concluding by adopting as his sentiments the following sound principles of Dr. Albert Barnes, enunciated in his sermon, "The Thorne of Iniquity."]

"I lay it down as a sound principle in regard to legislation that society should not by its laws *protect evil.* This perhaps, is sufficiently clear from the remarks already made; but the importance of the principle in itself, and the application which I intend to make of it, require that it should be made a little more distinct and prominent. The position is that the purpose of society in organizing a government, and the purpose of a government under such organization, should not be to protect evil in any form. The law is made for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for unholy and profane, for murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers, for manslayers, for whoremongers, for them that defile themselves with mankind, for men-stealers, for liars, for perjured persons, (1 Tim. 1: 9.) and not to protect those who practice these vices, or protect anything which will give facility in practicing them. The true object of legislation is to *prevent*, not to *protect* evil. God never instituted a government on earth with a view to its throwing a protecting shield over vice and immorality. He has never commissioned men to sit in high places to accomplish any such work. The end of government, so far as it bears on that point at all, is to suppress crime, to punish wrongdoers, to remove iniquity, to promote that which is just and true. And it matters not what the evil is, nor how lucrative it may be, nor how much capital may be invested in it, nor how much revenue may be derived from it, nor how many persons may have an interest in its continuance—the business of the lawgiver is to suppress it—not to protect it; to bring it to as speedy an

end as possible, not to become the panderer to it, or the patron of it. What would be thought of a government that should, under any pretext whatever, take under its protecting care thieves, counterfeiters, and burglars? A third principle in regard to legislation is equally clear and equally important: It is that society should not undertake to *regulate evil by law*. Its business is to *remove* it —not to *regulate* it."

Having an abiding faith in prohibition backed by local option, I would have the young men of Hyrum use their influence to have illicit liquor dealers here, discontinue their degrading, unlawful traffic. This failing, rise up and help the city authorities to enforce the law. If there are any in favor of license to sell liquor in Hyrum please manifest it. [Not a hand was raised.] Who are in favor of temperance and prohibition? [The congregation voted unanimously.] May God bless and preserve you from the blight of intemperance and the sin of drunkenness.

A vote of thanks was tendered and most heartily given to the lecturer, Apostle Moses Thatcher, whose inspiration, clothed in striking and beautiful language, thrilled his hearers. Many hearts were touched and impressions made which cannot soon be forgotten.

*C. C. Sharp.*

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

### NOTICE.

The Tenth Semi-Annual Conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, Monday, April 9th. Meetings at 10 a.m., 2 p.m., and 7 p.m. The Stake Superintendents are expected to be present. Stake Secretaries are urgently requested to forward to the General Secretary their annual reports, to arrive not later than April 6th, and as much sooner as possible.

All officers and members of Associations and of the Young Ladies Associations and the public generally are invited to be present at this conference.

### QUARTERLY CONFERENCES—SUMMIT.

On Friday, February 9, 1883, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Summit Stake of Zion, met in quarterly conference in the Coalville School House. On the stand were the General Stake Superintendency and the Stake Presidency. Superintendent Ward E. Pack, presiding. Prayer by George Beard. After a few preliminary remarks by the Superintendent, the verbal reports of the various Associations were given; nine of the thirteen Associations being represented; the spirit of Mutual Improvement manifestly increasing. Much good and timely instruction was given by Presidents W. W. Cluff and Alma Eldredge; Superintendents Ward E. Pack, O. F. Lyons and George Beard. One of the speakers stated that ten of the members of the Associations of this Stake are now on foreign missions. After which the General and Stake officers were unanimously sustained. Stake officers, Ward E. Pack, Superintendent; O. F. Lyons, George Beard, Councilors; E. H. Rhead, Secretary.

Conference adjourned for six months.

*E. H. Rhead,*
Secretary.

### SEVIER.

The Fourth Quarterly Conference of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of Sevier Stake, was held in Richfield Assembly Hall, Saturday, Feb. 10th, 1883.

The meeting was called to order by Superintendent Wm. H. Seegmiller. The Superintendency and Stake Presidency were present on the stand. The morning exercises were commenced by singing, and prayer by Elder Simon Christensen, and consisted of opening remarks by Superintendent Seegmiller, verbal reports from the several Associations, and addresses by Elders A. D. Thurber, Jos. W. Noble, George T. Bean

and Superintendent Seegmiller, all of whose remarks were spirited and to the point. Conference adjourned till next day at 10 a.m.

Second day, Sunday, Feb. 11th, 1883. 10 a. m. Forenoon occupied by Elder Wm. A. Warnock. Afternoon—Sacrament was administered by the Richfield Ward. The following condensed report of the Associations for quarter ending December 31, 1882, presented and read by the Secretary. Sixteen Associations organized in the Stake, of which only twelve are reported, showing: Members, 449; average attendance, 298; regular, conjoint and extra meetings, 84; members gone on missions, 6; volumes in libraries, 301; value, $302.85; number manuscript papers, 1; essays read, 13; Scripture reading, total chapters, 246; subjective lectures, 78; testimonies borne, 81; questions answered, 89. The General and Stake officers were presented and unanimously sustained. Officers as follows: Wm. H. Seegmiller, Superintendent; Albert D. Thurber and Geo. T. Bean, Councilors; John A. Hellstrom, Secretary; Wm. Ogden, Jr., Treasurer. President Franklin Spencer gave a few cheering and encouraging remarks.

Superintendent Seegmiller gave instructions to the Associations, urging promptness in making reports, and diligence of the members to strive and reform erring young men, and to have the programme of exercises proposed and recommended by the General Superintendency adopted at the earliest possible date. The conference throughout was highly interesting and instructive, a good spirit prevailing.

Conference adjourned to meet at Redmond, on call of the Stake Superintendency. *Jno. A. Hellstrom,*
Secretary.

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SALT LAKE.

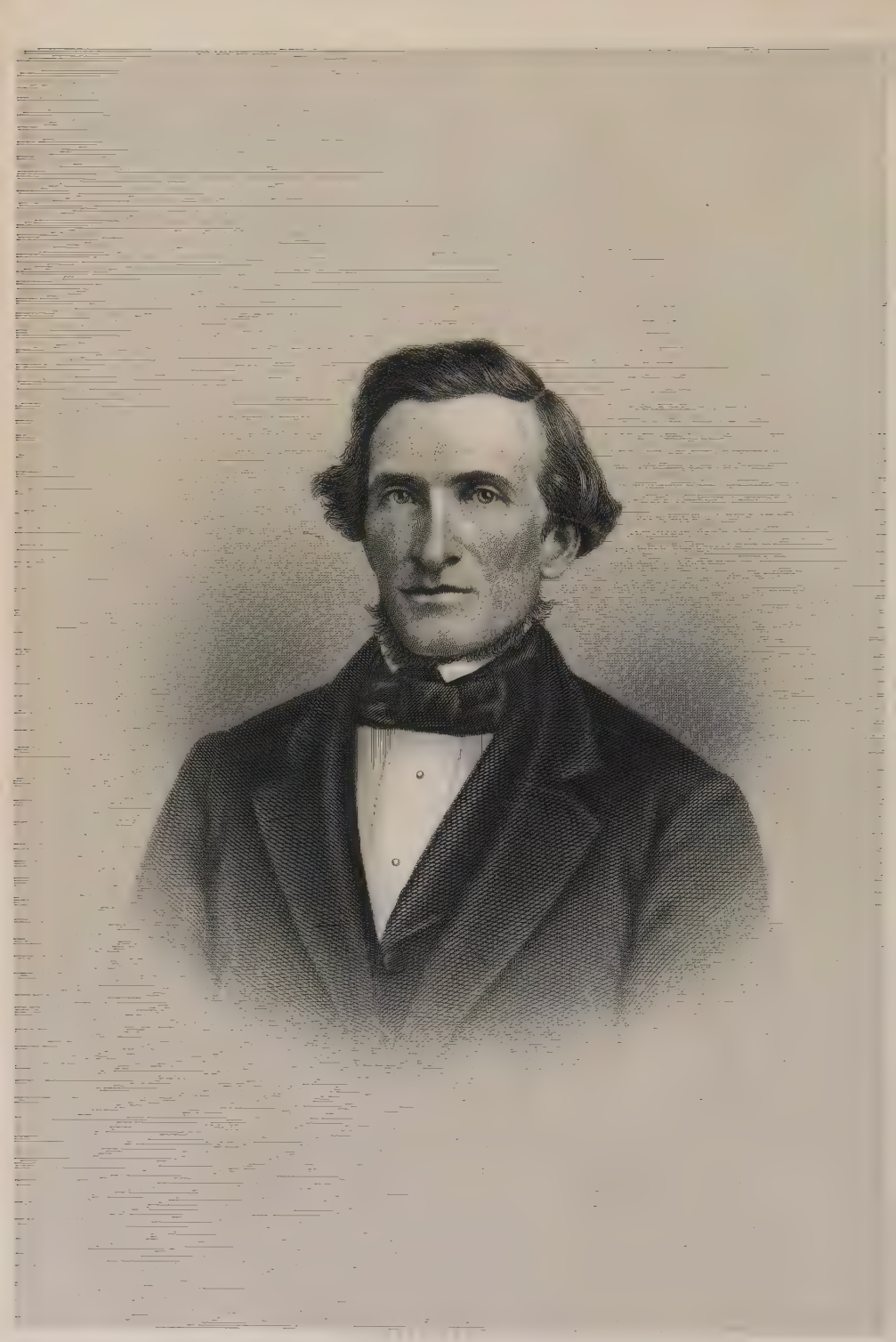
The Conference of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of the Salt Lake Stake was held in the Assembly Hall, Sunday, February 18th, 1883, commencing at 10 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

After the usual opening exercises, a statistical and financial report, for the quarter ending December 31st, 1882, was read and reports were given by the assistants who had been appointed to visit the Associations throughout the Stake. The reports showed the Associations to be in excellent working order, and accomplishing much good for the young who attend them. Sister Freeze reported the Young Ladies' Associations as being in a very good condition. Excellent remarks and timely suggestions were then made by President Wilford Woodruff, Supt. Jos. H. Felt and Asst. Supt. R. B. Young, each exhorting the young people to diligence in acquiring a knowledge of the principles of the Gospel, and not to be discouraged because some older people do not do as they should, for the time is coming when every person will have to stand on his own footing. Supt. Felt returned thanks, in behalf of the Associations, to President J. F. Smith and Elder Wm. Fotheringham, who had been lecturing to the Associations during the winter season. Adjourned to 6.30 p.m.

6.30 p.m.—After singing, and prayer, the general and stake authorities were presented and unanimously sustained.

Assistant Supt. J. F. Wells made some excellent remarks on the growth of the mutual improvement work, and the testimony of the parents and leading men of Israel of the good this work is accomplishing. Asst. Supt. R. C. Badger clearly showed the benefits of the Associations by contrasting the condition of the young men in his boyhood and those of to-day. President Wilford Woodruff made some excellent suggestions and remarks on the manner of conducting the Associations and the responsibility which is placed on young men when they receive the Priesthood. The men who received the Priesthood anciently were held responsible for its use and also for conferring it upon men appointed by God to receive it in this day, and all who receive it will be held responsible for its rightful use. President A. M. Cannon exhorted the young men to prepare themselves to take the responsibility of the Gospel from their fathers' shoulders.

Conference adjourned, subject to the call of the Stake superintendency.



J. N. Grant

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1883. NO. 7.

## JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

I.

THE lives of many of the prominent Elders of Israel are remarkable for their large experience and the maturity they attained in their youth. Joseph Smith, the Prophet of God, brought forth the fulness of the Gospel, organized the Church, revealed every principle essential to its perpetuation on earth and the salvation of the human family, preached the truth to thousands and prepared the way for it to reach all nations, administered the sacred ordinances of the house of the Lord, and entered into the practice of every principal he revealed, before he was thirty-nine years of age. He received his first vision when he was fourteen, and in less than twenty-five years after sealed the wonderful testimony of his brief life with the blood of a martyr. The hard struggle of his associates to establish the work of the Lord upon the earth was made before they, as a rule, had passed the meridian of life. Their active labors in the ministry, in receiving and spreading the principles of the Gospel to the people, caused them to grow rapidly in the knowledge of the truth and gave them wonderful life-lessons to develop the ability they were endowed with and cause them to become men of character, before they had hardly passed the portals of boyhood. Notably, in this respect, we remember the career of President George A. Smith, who was a preacher of the Gospel at seventeen and one of the Twelve Apostles at twenty-one.

Scarcely less remarkable is the rapid growth and development of President Jedediah M. Grant, the subject of this sketch. It is said of him, by those who remember him well and were most familiar with his life and ministry, that he ever impressed those who knew him with the maturity of his judgment, the thoroughness of his discipline, as related to his own culture and occupations, and the perfection he had reached in the application of the principles of eternal life. It is often said of him that he lived the Gospel so perfectly himself, and taught it so plainly to others, that it was impossible for him to remain longer in the flesh; that like certain holy men of old his great faith, the fruits of a Godly life, made it impossible to longer withhold his redemption. The progress he made in securing an education in the things of eternity—his life's greatest desire and aim—was very directly spoken of at his funeral in the remarks of President Brigham Young, who said: "Some people would have to live to be a hundred years of age to be as ripe in the things of God as was Brother Grant; as was the spirit which lately inhabited this deserted earthly tabernacle. There are but few that can ripen for the glory, the immortality that is prepared for the faithful; for receiving all that was purchased for them by the Son of God, but very few can receive what Brother Grant has received in his life time. He has been in the Church upwards of twenty-four years, and was a man that would live, comparatively speaking, a hundred years in that time. The storehouse that was prepared in him to receive the truth

was capable of receiving as much in twenty-five years as most of men can in one hundred." His career, which it is the purpose of this sketch to portray, so far as the very meagre record of it has been made and is accessible to us, fully sustains the observations quoted, and reveals a sublime character, one of the noblest of the earth, engaged in the highest and worthiest labor that such can be called unto. But before passing on to the events of his life we would direct attention to his portrait, which has been obtained at great expense, and appears as the frontispiece to this number of the Magazine. It is engraved from a daguerreotype in possession of the family, and is said to be a great improvement upon the original. It exhibits Brother Grant in the full vigor and power of manhood. The face is one of great force and distinguished appearance. In this respect, however, those who knew him say no picture could do him justice. His figure was tall and graceful, and his address pleasant. He is said to have been always smiling when he was not angry; his anger, no man would care to meet.

Jedediah Morgan Grant was the son of Joshua and Thalia Grant, and was born in Windsor, Broome County, New York, February 21, 1816. We have been unable to procure definite intelligence of his childhood and education, but the foundation for mental pursuits and the love of books and study was evidently laid at that early period of life, before he appeared as a candidate for baptism in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was baptized by Elder John F. Boyington, afterwards one of the Apostles, on the 21st of March, 1833. In the spring of the following year, when he was eighteen years of age, he accompanied "Zion's Camp" in the wonderful march to Missouri, "and in the fatigues, privations, trying scenes and arduous labors endured by that handful of valiant men exhibited a goodly portion, for one so young, of that integrity, zeal, and unwavering effort and constancy in behalf of the cause of truth, that invariably characterized his life." The experience the young men of this expedition obtained, on this memorable journey, was such as few ever pass through in life. While the history of Zion's Camp has not been written, and, like the history of our people in general, never will be in its fulness, enough is known to show that every man, who carried himself faithfully, without murmuring, through the dangers, diseases and difficulties of that most trying period, was a hero of the first quality and had laid foundation stones of life on which he could forever build.

On returning to Kirtland Brother Grant was ordained an Elder and appointed, in connection with Elder Harvey Stanley, to his first preaching mission. They started May 22, 1835, and spent the summer in the labors of the ministry, preaching and baptizing converts. In the winter of 1835-6 Brother Grant assisted in the labors upon the Kirtland Temple, where he received the blessings of the house of the Lord. He was appointed to a mission in the east, but participated, before leaving the Temple, in the great manifestations of the power and glory of God, which characterized the labors there from the time of its dedication, March 27, 1836, until the Elders, who were then called to go on missions, departed for their fields of labor. He was among that happy number who received from the lips of the prophet so much valuable counsel and instruction relating to the duties of the priesthood, and the following admonition, which has served as a guide to faithful and wise missionaries ever since. The ordinance of washing of feet had been attended to, when the Prophet spoke, saying: "That the time we were required to tarry in Kirtland to be endowed, would be fulfilled in a few days and then the Elders would go forth and each must stand for himself, as it was not necessary for them to be sent out two by two, as in former times, but to go in all meekness, in sobriety, and preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified; not to contend with others on account of their faith or systems of religion, but to pursue a steady course. This I delivered by way of

commandment, and all who observe it not will pull down persecution upon their heads, while those who do shall always be filled with the Holy Ghost; this I pronounced as a prophecy and sealed it with hosanna and amen."

On the 13th of April, 1836, Brother Grant started upon his mission, going to New York State, where he preached a great deal in many places and raised up a branch of the Church at Fallsburg, baptizing twenty-three persons, among them his brother Austin. He returned to Kirtland on the 6th of March, 1837, and remained until the sixth of the following June when he commenced a missionary tour to the south—the field in which his greatest missionary labors and achievements were accomplished. He passed through the States of Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, etc., and reached North Carolina, where he labored assiduously, proclaiming the Gospel in court houses, chapels and other places of assembly as frequently as circumstances permitted. He became extensively known and acquired considerable fame, as an adroit scriptorian and debater, in certain discussions held with Methodist divines whom he never feared nor declined to meet. His uniform success in overthrowing their sophistry and false theology by the forcible and conclusive way he presented the truth, won many friends and some converts. On the conclusion of this mission he returned to Kirtland and made preparations for final removal to Missouri. Starting October 9, 1838, he arrived at Far West on the 12th of November. He called at this time at Richmond jail to see his brother George D. Grant, to whom he had previously first presented the Gospel, and who was then imprisoned with the prophet and others on account of their religious faith. Brother Grant passed through the trials of the expulsion from Missouri, being driven, with his father's family from Far West to Illinois; they located in Knox County where he remained several months preaching and baptizing.

On the 12th of May, 1839, he made a trip to the site of the beautiful City of Joseph (Nauvoo) but hastened to Quincy to attend a conference held there on the 1st of June, at which time he was called on a mission to Virginia and North Carolina. This was the signal for opening the Southern States mission in earnest. With the Elders associated with him, among them his brother Joshua, an extensive field was at once occupied, meetings were held in all available places, baptisms were quite numerous and several large branches were organized. At Burks Garden, Tazewell County, Virginia, where Brother Grant made headquarters, a branch of more than sixty members soon sprang up and great interest excited by the populace in the labors of the traveling and local priesthood. Brother Grant's name was everywhere spoken of; his ready speech, logical argument, fearless and daring denunciation of sin, powerful exhortations to repentance and testimony of the restoration of the Gospel were taken up by rich and poor, high and low, and commented upon. They won many converts and left impressions on many others which are fresh in their memories even to the present time. Many very interesting episodes marked this active, incessantly laborious period of his life. Among others one which led to a painful and disagreeable accident, resulting in breaking the bones of his nose. The Saints still living in that region remember the striking peculiarities of his ministry and events which made it so successful, that every returning Elder laboring there in late years brings with him many anecdotes, by the frequent repeating of which Elder Grant's memory is kept sacred to them and passed down to their children. Among these we present two that Elder T. B. Lewis very graphically tells in the "String of Pearls:"

"In the early part of President Grant's ministry in that country, he gained quite a reputation as a ready speaker, frequently responding to invitations to preach from such subjects or texts as might be selected at the time of commencing his sermon, by those inviting him. In time it became a matter of wonder with many as to how and when

he prepared his wonderful sermons. In reply to their queries he informed them he *never* prepared his sermons as other ministers did. He said, 'Of course, I read and store my mind with a knowledge of Gospel truths, but I never study up a sermon.' Well, they did not believe he told the truth, for, as they thought, it was impossible for a man to preach such sermons without careful preparation. So, in order to prove it, a number of persons decided to put him to the test, and asked him if he would preach at a certain time and place, and from a text selected by them. They proposed to give him the text on his arrival at the place of meeting, thus giving him no time to prepare. To gratify them, he consented. The place selected was Jeffersonville, the seat of Tazewell County, at that time the home of the late John B. Floyd, who subsequently became Secretary of War, and many other prominent men. The room chosen was in the court house. At the hour appointed the house was packed to its utmost capacity. Mr. Floyd and a number of lawyers and ministers were present and occupied front seats.

"Elder Grant came in, walked to the stand and opened the meeting as usual. At the close of the second hymn, a clerk, appointed for the occasion, stepped forward and handed a paper (the text), to Elder Grant, who unfolded it and found it to be blank. Without any mark of surprise, he held the paper up before the audience, and said: 'My friends, I am here to-day according to agreement, to preach from such a text as these gentlemen might select for me. I have it here in my hand. I don't wish you to become offended at me, for I am under promise to preach from the text selected; and if any one is to blame, you must blame those who selected it. I knew nothing of what text they would choose, but of all texts this is my favorite one.'

"'You see the paper is blank,' (at the same time holding it up to view.) 'You sectarians down there believe that out of nothing God created all things, and now you wish me to create a sermon from nothing, for this paper is blank. Now, you sectarians believe in a God that has neither body, parts nor passions. Such a God I conceive to be a perfect blank, just as you find my text is. You believe in a church without prophets, apostles, evangelists, etc. Such a church would be a perfect blank, as compared with the church of Christ, and this agrees with my text. You have located your heaven beyond the bounds of time and space. It exists nowhere, and consequently your heaven is blank, like unto my text.'

"Thus he went on until he had torn to pieces all the tenets of faith professed by his hearers, and then proclaimed the principles of the Gospel in great power. He wound up by asking, 'Have I stuck to the text, and does that satisfy you?'

"As soon as he sat down Mr. Floyd jumped up and said: 'Mr. Grant, if you are not a lawyer you ought to be one.' Then, turning to the people, he added: 'Gentlemen, you have listened to a wonderful discourse, and with amazement. Now, take a look at Mr. Grant's clothes. Look at his coat; his elbows are almost out; and his knees are almost through his pants. Let us take up a collection.' As he sat down another eminent lawyer, Joseph Stras, Esq., still living in Jeffersonville, arose and said: 'I am good for one sleeve in a coat and one leg in a pair of pants, for Mr. Grant.'

"The presiding elder of the M. E. church, South, was requested to pass the hat around, but replied that he would not take up a collection for a 'Mormon' preacher. 'Yes you will!' said Mr. Floyd. 'Pass it around!' said Mr. Stras, and the cry was taken up and repeated by the audience, until, for the sake of peace, the minister had to yield. He accordingly marched around with a hat in his hand, receiving contributions, which resulted in a collection sufficient to purchase a fine suit of clothes, a horse, saddle and bridle for Brother Grant, and not one contributor a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, though some joined subsequently. And this from a sermon produced from a blank text.

"At another time, Elder Grant was

challenged by a very eminent Baptist preacher, named Baldwin, to a discussion. Brother Grant consented. The place chosen was the fine, large church of his proud and imperious antagonist. Mr. Baldwin was described to me, as a man, overbearing in his manner—a regular browbeater. When the time came for the discussion, the house was densely crowded. Umpires were chosen, and everything was ready to proceed, when Brother Grant arose and said: 'Mr. Baldwin, I would like to ask you a question before we proceed any farther.' 'Certainly so,' said Baldwin. 'Who stands at the head of your church in south-west Virginia?' Mr. Baldwin very quickly and austerely replied, 'I do, sir; I do.' 'All right,' said Brother Grant; 'I wished to know that I had a worthy foe.' Mr. Baldwin looked a little confused for a moment, and then said: 'Mr. Grant, I would like to ask you, who stands at the head of *your* Church in south-west Virginia?' Brother Grant arose and with bowed head replied, 'Jesus Christ, sir.'

"The shock was electrical. This inspired answer completely disarmed the proud foe, and the humble servant of God again came off victor."

## ETERNAL DURATION OF MATTER.

VII.

THIS second advent of Messiah, and the grand events connected with it, is a theme which all the prophets and apostles have dwelt on more fully in their writings than they have on any other subject whatever. If I would quote proofs on this subject, I might begin with Enoch the seventh from Adam, who exclaims, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints," etc. and end with the revelation of Jesus Christ to his servant John, "Behold! he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him; and they also which pierced him, and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." This glorious advent of the Messiah was the comfort of Job in his extreme afflictions; he could lift up his sorrowful eyes from the midst of sackcloth and ashes, and exclaim: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he will stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," etc. This was the solace of Daniel in his captivity. He could exclaim, "I saw in the night, visions, and behold, one like the son of man came with the clouds of heaven," etc. This same theme often inspired Isaiah, and David, with an ecstacy of admiration and delight, and caused them to pour forth their sweetest strains, —their sublimest effusions of poetic inspiration; and this same subject seems interwoven with almost every page of the New Testament writings. Indeed it formed a kind of centre, or rallying point, around which hovered all the hopes, joys, anticipations and comforts of the former day saints. In bonds or imprisonments, in persecutions and afflictions, in tortures or in flames; they could look forward to the coming of the Lord in joyful anticipation of a resurrection and reward.

It is this glorious advent of the Messiah, and the great restitution connected with it which has ever formed the hope of the Jews; on this one point hangs the destiny of that long dispersed nation, in their final restoration to the favor of God, and to the land of their fathers, and to their beloved city Jerusalem.

This advent is what Paul had allusion to in his writings to the Romans where he said, "As it is written there shall come out of Zion a deliverer, who shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." This second advent, is what Peter meant when he said to the Jews, "And he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you, whom the heavens must receive until the times of restitution," etc. (Acts iii.) It seems evident then, that Jesus Christ is to come again at the time of restitution; at which

time a trump shall sound, at the voice of which the graves of the saints will be opened, and they arise from the dead, and are caught up together with those who are alive and remain to meet the Lord in the air.

In the mean time the earth will be terribly convulsed; the mountains will sink, the valleys rise, the rough places become smooth; while a fire will pass over the surface of the earth, and consume the proud and all that do wickedly, as the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed in the days of Abraham: and thus after the earth is cleansed by fire, from all its wicked inhabitants, as it once was by water, and after its mighty convulsions have restored it to its former shape and surface, it becomes a fit residence for Jesus Christ and his saints. The Jews behold their long—long expected Messiah, and come to the knowledge that he is that Jesus whom their fathers crucified; they are cleansed from their sins through his most precious blood; their holy city Jerusalem becomes a place of holiness indeed, and a seat of government; where will be the tabernacle and throne of Messiah; and where the nations of them that are saved will resort from year to year, from all the adjoining countries to worship the king, the Lord of hosts; and to keep the feast of tabernacles: and thus, there will be one Lord, and his name one: and he will be king over all the earth. "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." This promise made by the Savior while on the mount, will then be fulfilled. Psalm xxxvii, and Ezekial xxxvii.

The curses that came upon the earth by reason of sin will then be taken off. It will no longer bring forth thorns and thistles, but its productions will be as they were before the fall. The barren deserts will become fruitful, the thirsty land will abound in springs of water, men will then plant gardens and eat the fruit of them, they will plant vineyards and drink the wine of them, they will build houses and cities, and inhabit them, and the Lord's elect will long enjoy the work of their hands. All the earth will then be at rest under one sovereign. Swords will then be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more. The very beasts of prey will then lose their thirst for blood, and their enmity will cease. The lion will eat herbs instead of preying upon flesh, and all the animal creation will become perfectly harmless as they were in the beginning, while perfect peace will cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea; while all the ancient prophets, apostles, saints and martyrs with all our friends who have fallen asleep in Jesus will be on earth, with their glorified, immortal bodies, to sing the song of victory, and to praise the great Messiah who reigns in the midst of his people. O reader, this is the first resurrection! "Blessed and holy is he that has part in the first resurrection."

O reader, this is the great sabbath of creation; the thousand years of rest and peace; the long expected Millennium! Wouldst thou live in the flesh, and have part in it? wouldst thou again enjoy the society of thy friends who were so near and dear to thy heart in this life? wouldst thou inherit the earth, and be free forever from the grave? Remember—remember, that meekness and holiness of life are the conditions. That it is the meek only who then inherit the earth. That it is the saints only who then possess the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven. In this delightful sabbath of creation, earth and its inhabitants will rest one thousand years from all the pains, and woes, and sorrows they have undergone during six thousand years of labor, toil and suffering.

After this thousand years is ended, the last resurrection will soon come, together with the judgment day. These grand events will be ushered in by the sounding of the last trump, which will call forth the wicked from their long confinement in the grave, and they will be judged according to their works, and will then depart from the presence of the Lord to the place appointed for them. At that time the heavens and

earth will undergo their last and final change. They die, and rise from the dead; or, in other words, the elements are changed from their temporal to their eternal state; being renewed, purified and brought to the highest state of perfection and refinement which it is possible for them to receive.

The earth being thus renewed and purified, is no more to be changed or shaken. It will then roll its eternal rounds amidst the unnumbered systems of the universe; being clothed with celestial glory, and inhabited by immortal and celestial beings who were redeemed from sin and raised from the dead by the blood of Jesus Christ and the power of his resurrection, and who are clothed in white raiment with crowns upon their heads in glory; being kings and priests unto God and to the Lamb with whom they reign on earth forever and ever; for there will be the holy city, New Jerusalem, the place of his throne; and his tabernacle will be with man, and he will dwell with them and be their God; and he will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there will be no more death, neither sorrow nor groaning; neither shall there be any more pain, for the old order of things will have passed away and all things will have become new.

Reader, wouldst thou leave thy native earth, and soar away to worlds on high, and be at rest? Thou mayest do so until the great restitution of all things spoken by the prophets; for Christ and the saints have gone to worlds on high, and have entered in before thee. But remember, that in the worlds on high thy stay is short. Jesus and the saints are only there to await the full time for earth to be cleansed and prepared for their reception, and they will all come home again to their native planet; and even while they are in heaven and absent from the earth, they look forward with joyful anticipation to the time of their return to the place of their nativity. The joyful theme of reigning on the earth inspires the music of their heavenly song; for proof of this, the reader is referred to Rev. v: 9, 10, he there records a song which he heard sung by the hosts of heaven, which closes with the following words, "We shall reign on the earth."

If man would enjoy a heaven beyond the bounds of space peopled by spirits: if he would desire to be forever free from earth, and absent from the body of his flesh, and from his native planet, he will be under the necessity of embracing the doctrines of the Alcoran, or some of the fables of the heathen mythology, where, in the boundless fields of fancy, or amid the romantic wilds of imagination and fanaticism, the mind roams unchecked by reason, and loses itself from all the realities of rational existence; in a land of shadows, a world of phantoms, from which it will only awake in disappointment by the sound of the last trump, and at last find itself constrained to acknowledge that eternity as well as time, is occupied in realities, and by beings of a physical as well as spiritual existence for the inspired writers, one and all have agreed, that the earth is destined for the eternal inheritance of the saints. The sacred volume opens with a paradise on earth, and closes with a paradise on earth. Moses introduces us to a world of beauty, glory, excellence and perfection in the beginning. And John closes the volume by leaving man in possession of an eternal habitation in his immortal body, in the holy city; and upon the very planet that first gave him being; and this is the end of matter. *Parley P. Pratt.*

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Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.—*Hamlet.*

It is the duty of a young man to revere his seniors and to select the best and most esteemed of them, on whose advice and authority he may depend, for the inexperience of early youth should be fixed and governed by the experience of age.—*Cicero.*

Job speaks of the price of wisdom being above rubies. A ruby of five carats is double the value of a diamond of that size, and one of ten carats is worth three times as much as a diamond of corresponding size. A perfect ruby is the rarest of all stones.

## THE SEASONS.

How sweet 'tis in springtime for beauty to entwine
A garland or wreath from the flowers of the soil,
Of the violet and crocus, and others which woke us
In the days of glad childhood to innocent toil.

We loved their bright forms as surrounded by storms,
They peeped through the snow as it melted away;
Ah, they prophesied true that the wind as it blew,
Was a herald announcing the coming of May.

Soon April's warm showers—the hedge-rows, the bowers—
Prepared them a robe of chameleon green,
Then the sweet honey-bee, with the bird in each tree,
Brought the music to welcome the bright summer green.

See, see, she advances, and from their deep trances,
The flowerets awaken of many a hue;
To array mother earth in a garment of mirth,
As they laugh in the sunshine or glisten with dew.

Oh, now, should the heart beat and each coming day greet,
Our Father above with the accents of prayer,
That the blessings around us with which He hath crowned us
May not be our highest ambition or care.

* * * * *

Now all nature rejoices, and ten thousand voices
As summer rolls by is impressed on the ear;
And the fruits of rich store, as each bough bends the more,
On the dial of time marks the flight of the year.

Each soft zephyr brings, and in its course flings
Rich perfume o'er mountain, o'er upland and dell,
From the fields of new hay, and the bean flowers gray,
Or the brier and woodbine which twine o'er the well.

The golden grain waving, as though it were craving
Earth's sons and bright daughters to comfort and bless,
While plenty and gladness drives far away sadness,
Encircling all flesh in its common caress.

Past—the season of reaping, and winter a creeping,
Locks the earth in a crust by its magical spell,
Checks the rivulets flow, brings a mantle of snow
From her storehouse, to throw o'er each nook, hill and dell.

And still should the heart beat and each circling year greet,
Our Father, our God with its love and its praise,
That His favor and smile, e'en in death may beguile,
And provide us a rest at the end of our days.

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

## AN ADVENTURE IN SONORA.

ORRIN D. MERRILL, son of Dudley D. Merrill, one of the pioneers and early settlers of Cache Valley, is a young man of fine physique, cool judgment and indomitable courage. While exploring portions of the state of Sonora, in the republic of Mexico, during January of the present year, young Merrill related to the writer the interesting and remarkable adventure, an account of which I now give, as nearly as possible in his own language, to the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR. The knowledge which our exploring party of eight persons gained—of the wild, almost uninhabited portions of country traversed by him and his treacherous negro companion, enhanced greatly the interest of his simply told story.

The Santa Cruz Valley and the Cocospera ranch, about which he speaks, have been the scenes, during the past century, of many bloody tragedies. Their inhabitants, save those who found safety within the walls of the old historic city of Santa Cruz, have many times during

the period named, fallen victims to the wily and merciless Apache, who neither gives nor expects quarter. The desolate and abandoned homes, which we saw in the places named, are mournful witnesses of the terrible work of that warlike people. To this day they remain unsubdued, and notwithstanding the efforts of the United States and Mexican governments, they frequently break from the reservations and pillage and kill the defenseless inhabitants of the two republics, committing depredations first in one country and then in the other. In the efforts that have been made to conquer or annihilate them, it is conceded that at least seven white men to one Indian have fallen. During the month spent by our party in Southern Arizona and Northern Mexico, not less than forty people met an untimely end at the hands of Apache raiding parties, in Chihuahua, Sonora and Arizona. I mention these disasters in order to convey to the mind of the reader the nature of the perils with which young Merrill must have been surrounded when tracking, through a country frequently infested by marauding bands, the thieves who had stolen his horses.

He says: Accompanied by Brothers James McRay and S. A. Merrill, I left St. David on the San Pedro River, in Cochise County, Arizona, in February, 1880, in pursuit of thieves who had stolen nine horses. Learning at Fort Huachuca the direction taken by the thieves, we proceeded southwesterly, crossing the divide near the northern base of the Huachuca mountains, we entered the valley leading to the San Rafael ranch, and eight miles beyond which, at La Noria, we entered Sonora, and following the trail continued down the Santa Cruz Valley to San Lazaro, thence south across a low divide into a narrow valley, skirted on either side with rolling ridges, covered with timber and grass, which, continuing ten miles or more, turned east, suddenly, and opened wider, leading us to the Cocospera ranch, where we lost all trace of the thieves. Crossing the high range of mountains eastward to Vacanoche, we again struck the trail and found that the thieves had taken the road leading to the Mexican town Arispe. The horse of S. M. Merrill having given out at Cocospera, he was obliged to discontinue the persuit and return home.

We met a negro at Vaconoche, who could speak Spanish as well as English, and we engaged him to go with us, agreeing to give him a horse and a mule if we captured the thieves, but nothing if we did not. The negro claimed to have seen the robbers pass through Arispe, six days before, with the horses, but on reaching there I could get no information about them, everybody seeming unwilling to answer questions. Finally, after starting away, a young Mexican came after us, saying that he had seen a party pass through the town, and they had sold one of their horses to Antonio Morales. I went to the man and spoke to him in English, which he appeared not to understand. Being questioned in Spanish by the negro, he at first denied having seen the horses, but subsequently owned that he had seen them, and that one was still in his possession. On learning that Brother McRay and I were Mormons, he seemed pleased, and treated us very kindly, giving us some supper, which we were glad to get, for, with the exception of a little parched corn, we had eaten nothing for sixty hours. Gladly accepting the hospitality of Señor Morales, we remained with him over night, and during the next day I succeeded in finding two old horse shoes, which Brother McRay tacked on to the sore feet of my tired horse. It seemed like a hopeless task to go further. We had no money, no provisions, and our horses were almost worn out. Brother McRay was discouraged, and after consultation it was agreed that he should remain at Arispe, while the negro and I would continue the pursuit.

Leaving Arispe an hour before sunset, and while going through a narrow cañon, a heavy storm came on, and we took refuge in a cave to which the negro led me, leading our horses in also. Kindling a fire, and eating a light sup-

per, we laid down to sleep, one on either side of the fire. The storm was howling outside, and I felt glad and thankful for the shelter of the cave. During the journey I often secretly and inwardly asked the Lord to help me and give me success in what I was trying to do, and this night I felt particularly anxious to have the protection and blessings of the Lord. With these feelings, I fell asleep. About midnight, I was suddenly awakened by a bad dream, the horror of which came near being realized, for as I awoke I saw, by the dim light of the still burning fire, the negro, bending over me, pistol in hand, and his eyes glaring like coals. He intended to kill me in my sleep, but the dream awoke me and saved my life. Rising quickly, I asked him what he was doing. He replied, saying he thought the blankets were on fire, but the blankets were not on fire. I then said, "Look here, Frank, I know you would like to get away with these horses, but if you ever make another such move as you have just made, I will kill you on the spot." The remainder of the night was sleepless for me, but the negro made no more suspicious movements.

The next morning we continued the pursuit and followed the rough and rocky trail for two days more, inquiring, wherever we could find anyone to inquire of, about the horses, but all the time keeping on their trail, until, finally, one day, just before sunset, we came into a broad wash, where the tracks appeared to be fresh, and I felt confident they had not long been made, and that we would surely succeed in finding them before we went much further. I sent Frank ahead to reconnoitre, and he soon returned, saying the thieves were at a house just ahead. His statement I verified a few minutes later, going forward and seeing the parties—three in number—myself. Frank wished to know what I intended to do. I told him as we had both been seen by the robbers, it would be best to defer any action on our part until night, when we might, under cover of the darkness, be able to take some advantage of them, but he was afraid to stay with me, and earnestly begged me to let him go to Ures, a distance of eighteen miles, where he said he could secure the assistance of Mexican soldiers. We had ridden sixteen leagues that day, and our horses were much fatigued, and thinking his animal unfit to accomplish, without rest, an additional six leagues, I tried to persuade him to remain, but my entreaties were of no avail; I could not allay his fears, and in the trying hour of need, he deserted me.

Left alone, I unsaddled my horse, and, entering a narrow gulch near at hand, I earnestly besought the help of the Lord, telling him in prayer how much I desired His assistance in recovering my horses. As a result, I was immediately greatly encouraged, and proceeded to move cautiously, in a roundabout way, to place myself between the house, where the robbers were, and the horses, grazing on a ridge beyond. I hid myself behind a large rock, and within five minutes heard voices, when, looking in the direction whence the sounds came, I saw the three thieves—two Americans, one the noted murderer, "Three-fingered Jack," and one Chilian, coming directly towards me. I experienced peculiar sensations, but when the party came within close rifle range, I leveled my Winchester and sharply ordered them to "throw up their hands." They, however, seeing but one drew their revolvers, covered me and stood their ground. Instantly comprehending my position, and while realizing the slight advantage my rifle and the partial screen from their fire the rock might afford me, I had a lively sense of the desperate character of the men confronting me, when, like a flash, I was prompted to adopt a ruse, which I instantly did by taking my hat and waving it energetically, and crying out with a loud voice, "Come on, boys, here they are, surround them quick, they can't get away!" Hearing which they appeared panic-stricken, threw down their lariats, and ran down the hill beyond the house and out of my sight, with all possible speed.

Gathering the horses I drove them into the corral near the house, which I entered later, finding there the saddles, guns, ammunition, clothing and bedding of the thieves. I piled them into a corner, and as darkness was fast settling around, I again went to the corral, with the view of guarding the horses through the night, not knowing what moment I might be attacked by the skulking rascals, whom fear had frightened away. Near midnight—how long the hours had seemed, I shall never forget—thinking I heard a noise at the house, I resolved to ascertain what caused it; for anything was better than the suspense under which I had labored while listening for hours to the heavy throbbings of my heart, made more distinct by suppressed breathing, whenever the night winds sighed through the long and plastic leaves of palm trees, whose waving branches cast flitting ghostly shadows all around me. Being unable longer to restrain myself and keep quiet, I cautiously approached the house, which was on a little hill not far from the corral. When within a few rods of it, I shouted, "Boys, surround the house and shoot the first man that darkens the door." Thinking that the thieves were in the house, I spoke in a loud voice, saying, "Keep in the house and remain quiet, and none of you shall be hurt." Receiving no reply, I ventured nearer, and on reaching the door found the house still unoccupied. I had been talking to the wind, but was not sorry.

Returning to the horses, I waited and watched and prayed while two more long, lonesome and weary hours passed away, when I heard at a distance the clatter of horses' feet on the stony road, and a few moments later, my terrible suspense was relieved, for the clang of sabres notified me of the approach of soldiers. The negro, for once, had been true and help was at hand. Under the command of their officer, the soldiers, five in number, quickly surrounded the house, made a rush for the door and found, as I had done twice before, the place abandoned. Building a fire, they and Frank stood around it and conversed together, but I was unable to understand them, and did not dare show myself, fearing the soldiers might mistake and shoot me for one of the robbers. At daylight, I ventured to reveal myself, and for my trouble had the pleasure of looking into the muzzles of six rifles, but Frank quickly informed them who I was, and through him I was able to express to the Lieutenant my sincere thanks for the timely assistance which he and his men had rendered me.

Believing that the thieves had cleared out entirely, I told the officer I would remain where I was a few days, and recruit my worn out horses. He, however, promptly informed me that his orders compelled him to take every thing, including myself and horses to Ures. This was wholly unexpected and exceedingly disagreeable to me; but my pleadings to remain were unavailing. I had thought that the saddles, bridles, guns, etc., which the thieves had abandoned, would partly repay me for the trouble and anxiety which I had experienced while pursuing them, but I soon learned that my claim on the property would be superceded by the law, under which it would be confiscated to the state. I was detained five days at Ures, waiting the slow process of a Mexican Court investigation. It was finally decided to discontinue further proceedings before the "Prefect," and send a posse of soldiers to apprehend, if possible, the thieves. I was instructed to accompany them, and we succeeded in capturing all three of them not more than thirty miles from Ures. This accomplished, I returned, much elated with the thought that I should speedily be released, and be able to return home. But imagine my chagrin when the thieves swore before the court that *I* was the robber and had stolen *their* horses, not they mine.

How to meet this unexpected charge I did not know, for it was evident that the testimony of the thieves had made an impression on the court. The negro, the night previous, had got drunk, and having used insolent language, which I resented, drew his pistol on me and I knocked him down to sober him. So I

had little reason to hope for any assistance from him. In this dilemma, far from home and friends, with thoughts of being confined indefinitely in a loathsome prison, my heart sank and my courage almost failed, when relief came in the person of Dr. McKinney, an American gentleman, who quickly satisfied the prefect that I was innocent of the charge made against me, and was really the owner of the horses. Through the doctor's efforts I was promptly discharged and told I could go. But this was easier said than done, for during the time of my delay, my horses had been shamefully neglected, almost starved, and unable to travel; so I selected one of the best, wrote a letter to Brother McRay at Arispe, and one to my folks on the San Pedro, and sent Frank, the negro, with them, intending to follow as the animals became able to travel. Frank delivered the letter to Brother McRay, and then, instead of going to St. David, and delivering the letter I had written to my folks to relieve their anxiety, which I knew must be great, went direct to Tucson and sold the horse and saddle. I saw no more of him for a long time.

I started in a few days after, from Ures, with five horses, the remainder could not travel, being too poor, weak and sore footed. Three days later I reached Arispe, and found Brother McRay, whose delight on seeing me knew no bounds. My letter having, to some extent, relieved his anxiety about me, still the days had dragged so heavily that he was almost wild before I came to him. He was pale and thin, having lived during my absence almost wholly on greens. But his tongue was as active as ever, and he deluged me with questions, which I was unable to answer, being so entirely worn out. I begged him to let me have just one night's sleep, and then I would reply to all his queries and relate fully my experience since parting with him. Eating some *penola* and *penocha* (parched corn and brown sugar), I threw myself down near the fire place of a floorless room, and was soon fast asleep. My rest was unbroken, profound and enjoyable until towards morning, when I dreamed that some one was choking me to death. With a start and a snort I awoke and found a good sized pig quietly resting with its belly across my throat.

Four days later we reached home, having been gone three weeks, during which, our families had heard nothing from us after leaving the Cocospera ranch. Always hungry, constantly on the watch, and frequently fatigued almost beyond endurance, yet with God's blessings, we conquered hardships, overcame dangers, escaped bodily harm, and demonstrated the kindness and hospitality of a strange and poor people, who willingly divided with us their scanty store.

Many months later I met Frank, the treacherous African, at Tucson, and remembering the peculiar circumstances under which I had known him, I freely forgave and extended to him the hand of reconciliation. He appeared greatly delighted, and invited me into his shop, saying he would like to shave me—he had turned barber—as a token of esteem. Soon after, I missed my watch, and then realized how impossible it is for "the leopard to change his spots;" Frank had stolen it, but I knew that I could not prove it. *Moses Thatcher.*

## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

KING FOLLETT'S FUNERAL.

April, 1844. At a quarter past three p.m., the choir sang a hymn. Elder Amasa Lyman offered prayer. President Joseph Smith delivered the following discourse before about twenty thousand Saints, being the funeral sermon of Elder King Follett. Reported by Willard Richards, Wilford Woodruff, Thomas Bullock and William Clayton.

Beloved Saints: I will call the attention of this congregation, while I address you, on the subject of the dead. The decease of our beloved brother, Elder King Follett, who was crushed in a well by the falling of a rock, has more immediately led me to that subject. I have been requested to speak by his friends and relatives; but inasmuch as there are a great many in this congregation who live in this city, as well as elsewhere, who have lost friends, I feel disposed to speak on the subject in general, and offer you my ideas so far as I have ability, and so far as I shall be inspired by the Holy Spirit to dwell on this subject.

I want your prayers and faith that I may have the instruction of Almighty God and the gift of the Holy Ghost, so that I may set forth things that are true and which can be easily comprehended by you, and that the testimony may carry conviction to your hearts and minds of the truth of what I shall say. Pray that the Lord may strengthen my lungs, stay the winds, and let the prayers of the Saints to heaven appear, that they may enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, for the effectual prayers of the righteous avail much. There is strength here, and I verily believe that your prayers will be heard.

Before I enter fully into the investigation of the subject which is lying before me, I wish to pave the way and bring up the subject from the beginning, that you may understand it. I will make a few preliminaries, in order that you may understand the subject when I come to it. I do not calculate or intend to please your ears with superfluity of words or oratory, or with much learning; but I calculate to edify you with the simple truths from heaven.

In the first place, I wish to go back to the beginning—to the morn of creation. There is the starting-point for us to look to, in order to understand and be fully acquainted with the mind, purposes and decrees of the Great Eloheim, who sits in yonder heavens as He did at the creation of this world. It is necessary for us to have an understanding of God Himself in the beginning. If we start right, it is easy to go right all the time; but if we start wrong, we may go wrong, and it be a hard matter to get right.

There are but very few beings in the world who understand rightly the character of God. The great majority of mankind do not comprehend anything, either that which is past, or that which is to come, as it respects their relationship to God. They do not know, neither do they understand the nature of that relationship; and consequently, they know but little above the brute beast, or more than to eat, drink and sleep. This is all man knows of God or his existence unless it is given by the inspiration of the Almighty. If a man learns nothing more than to eat, drink and sleep and does not comprehend any of the designs of God, the beast comprehends the same thing. It eats, drinks, sleeps and knows nothing more about God; yet it knows as much as we, unless we are able to comprehend by the inspiration of Almighty God. If men do not comprehend the character of God, they do not comprehend themselves. I want to go back to the beginning, and so lift your minds into a more lofty sphere and a more exalted understanding than what the human mind generally aspires to.

I want to ask this congregation, every man, woman and child, to answer the question in their own heart, what kind of a being is God? Ask yourselves; turn your thoughts into your hearts, and say if any of you have seen, heard or communed with Him. This is a question that may occupy your attention for a long time. I again repeat the question—What kind of a being is God? Does any man or woman know? Have any of you seen Him, heard Him, or communed with Him? Here is the question that will, peradventure, from this time henceforth, occupy your attention. The Scriptures inform us that "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

If any man does not know God, and inquires what kind of being He is—if he will search diligently his own heart—if the declarations of Jesus and the Apos-

tles be true, he will realize that he has not eternal life; for there can be eternal life on no other principle.

My first object is to find out the character of the only wise and true God, and what kind of being He is; and if I am so fortunate as to be the man to comprehend God, and explain or convey the principles to your hearts, so that the Spirit seals them upon you, then let every man and woman henceforth sit in silence, put their hands on their mouths, and never lift their hands or voices, or say anything against the man of God or the servants of God again. But if I fail to do it, it becomes my duty to renounce all further pretensions to revelations and inspirations, or to be a Prophet; and I should be like the rest of the world—a false teacher, be hailed as a friend, and no man would seek my life. But if all religious teachers were honest enough to renounce their pretensions to godliness when their ignorance of the knowledge of God is made manifest, they will all be as badly off as I am, at any rate; and you might just as well take the lives of other false teachers as that of mine, if I am false. If any man is authorized to take away my life because he thinks and says I am a false teacher, then, upon the same principle, we should be justified in taking away the life of every false teacher; and where would be the end of blood and who would not be the sufferer?

But meddle not with any man for his religion; and all governments ought to permit every man to enjoy his religion unmolested. No man is authorized to take away life in consequence of difference of religion, which all laws and governments ought to tolerate and protect, right or wrong. Every man has a natural, and, in our country, a constitutional right to be a false prophet as well as a true prophet. If I show, verily, that I have the truth of God, and show that ninety-nine out of every hundred professing religious ministers are false teachers, having no authority, while they pretend to hold the keys of God's kingdom on earth, and was to kill them because they are false teachers, it would deluge the whole world with blood.

I will prove that the world is wrong, by showing what God is. I am going to inquire after God; for I want you all to know Him, and to be familiar with Him; and if I can bring you to a knowledge of Him, all persecutions against me ought to cease. You will then know that I am His servant; for I speak as one having authority.

I will go back to the beginning before the world was, to show what kind of a being God is. What sort of a being was God in the beginning? Open your ears and hear, all ye ends of the earth; for I am going to prove it to you by the Bible, and to tell you the designs of God in relation to the human race, and why He interferes with the affairs of man.

God Himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted Man, and sits enthroned in yonder heavens. That is the great secret. If the vail was rent to-day, and the Great God who holds this world in its orbit, and who upholds all worlds and all things by His power, was to make Himself visible—I say, if you were to see Him to-day, you would see Him like a man in form, like yourselves in all the person, image, and very form as a man; for Adam was created in the very fashion, image and likeness of God, and received instruction from, and walked, talked and conversed with Him, as one man talks and communes with another.

In order to understand the subject of the dead, for the consolation of those who mourn for the loss of their friends, it is necessary we should understand the character and being of God, and how He came to be so; for I am going to tell you how God came to be God. We have imagined and supposed that God was God from all eternity. I will refute that idea, and will take away and do away the vail, so that you may see.

These are incomprehensible ideas to some; but they are simple. It is the first principle of the Gospel to know for a certainty the character of God, and to know that we may converse with Him as one man converses with another, and that He was once a man like us; yea, that God Himself, the Father of us all, dwelt on an earth, the same as Jesus

Christ himself did, and I will show it from the Bible. I wish I was in a suitable place to tell it, and that I had the trump of an archangel, so that I could tell the story in such a manner that persecution would cease forever. What did Jesus say? (Mark it, Elder Rigdon.) The Scriptures inform us that Jesus said, "As the Father hath power in himself, even so hath the Son power"—to do what? Why, what the Father did. The answer is obvious—in a manner to lay down His body and take it up again. Jesus, what are you going to do? To lay down my life as my Father did, and take it up again. Do you believe it? If you do not believe it, you do not believe the Bible. The Scriptures say it, and I defy all the learning and wisdom and all the combined powers of earth and hell together to refute it.

Here, then, is eternal life—to know the only wise and true God; and you have got to learn how to be Gods yourselves, and to be kings and priests to God, the same as all Gods have done before you, namely, by going from one small degree to another, and from a small capacity to a great one; from grace to grace, from exaltation to exaltation, until you attain to the resurrection of the dead, and are able to dwell in everlasting burnings, and to sit in glory, as do those who sit enthroned in everlasting power. And I want you to know that God, in the last days, while certain individuals are proclaiming His name, is not trifling with you or me.

These are the first principles of consolation. How consoling to the mourners when they are called to part with a husband, wife, father, mother, child, or dear relative, to know that, although the earthly tabernacle is laid down and dissolved, they shall rise again, to dwell in everlasting burnings in immortal glory, not to sorrow, suffer or die any more; but they shall be heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. What is it? To inherit the same power, the same glory, and the same exaltation, until you arrive at the station of a God, and ascend the throne of eternal power, the same as those who have gone before. What did Jesus do? Why I do the things I saw my Father do when worlds came rolling into existence. My Father worked out His kingdom with fear and trembling, and I must do the same; and when I get my kingdom, I shall present it to my Father, so that He may obtain kingdom upon kingdom, and it will exalt Him in glory. He will then take a higher exaltation, and I will take His place, and thereby become exalted myself. So that Jesus treads in the tracks of His Father, and inherits what God did before; and God is thus glorified and exalted in the salvation and exaltation of all His children. It is plain beyond disputation, and you thus learn some of the first principles of the Gospel, about which so much hath been said.

When you climb up a ladder, you must begin at the bottom, and ascend step by step, until you arrive at the top; and so it is with the principles of the Gospel—you must begin with the first, and go on until you learn all the principles of exaltation. But it will be a great while after you have passed through the vail before you will have learned them. It is not all to be comprehended in this world; it will be a great work to learn our salvation and exaltation, even beyond the grave. I suppose I am not allowed to go into an investigation of anything that is not contained in the Bible. If I did, I think there are so many *over-wise* men here, that they would cry "treason," and put me to death. So I will go to the old Bible and turn commentator to-day.

I shall comment on the very first Hebrew word in the Bible; I will make a comment on the very first sentence of the history of creation in the Bible—*Berosheit*—I want to analyze the word. *Baith*—in, by, through, and everything else. *Rosh*—the head. *Sheit*—grammatical termination. When the inspired man wrote it, he did not put the *baith* there. An old Jew without any authority added the word; he thought it too bad to begin to talk about the *head!* It read first, "The head one of the Gods brought forth the Gods." That is the true meaning of the words. *Baurau* sig-

nifies to bring forth. If you do not believe it, you do not believe the learned man of God. Learned men can learn you no more than what I have told you. Thus the head God brought forth the Gods in the grand council.

I will transpose and simplify it in the English language. O, ye lawyers, ye doctors, and ye priests, who have persecuted me, I want to let you know that the Holy Ghost knows something as well as you do! The head God called together the Gods and sat in grand council to bring forth the world. The grand counselors sat at the head in yonder heavens and contemplated the creation of the worlds which were created at that time. When I say doctors and lawyers, I mean the doctors and lawyers of the Scriptures. I have done so hitherto without explanation, to let the lawyers flutter and everybody laugh at them. Some learned doctor might take a notion to say the Scriptures say thus and so; and we must believe the Scriptures; they are not to be altered. But I am going to show you an error in them.

I have an old edition of the New Testament in the Latin, Hebrew, German and Greek languages. I have been reading the German, and find it to be the most correct translation, and to correspond nearest to the revelations which God has given to me for the last fourteen years. It tells about Jachoboy, the son of Zebedee. It means Jacob. In the English New Testament it is translated James. Now, if Jacob had the keys, you might talk about James through all eternity, and never get the keys. In the twenty-first of the fourth chapter of Matthew, my old German edition gives the word Jacob instead of James.

The doctors (I mean doctors of law, not of physic,) say, "If you preach anything not according to the Bible, we will cry treason." How can we escape the damnation of hell, except God be with us and reveal to us? Men bind us with chains. The Latin says Jachabod, which means Jacob; the Hebrew says Jacob, the Greek says Jacob, and the German says Jacob; here we have the testimony of four against one. I thank God I have got this old book; but I thank Him more for the gift of the Holy Ghost. I have got the oldest book in the world; but I have got the oldest book in my heart, even the gift of the Holy Ghost. I have all the four Testaments. Come here, ye learned men, and read, if you can. I should not have introduced this testimony, were it not to back up the word *rosh*—the head, the Father of the Gods. I should not have brought it up, only to show that I am right.

In the beginning, the head of the Gods called a council of the Gods; and they came together and concocted a plan to create the world and people it. When we begin to learn in this way, we begin to learn the only true God, and what kind of a being we have got to worship. Having a knowledge of God, we begin to know how to approach Him, and how to ask so as to receive an answer.

When we understand the character of God, and know how to come to Him, He begins to unfold the heavens to us, and to tell us all about it. When we are ready to come to Him, He is ready to come to us.

Now, I ask all who hear me, why the learned men who are preaching salvation, say that God created the heavens and the earth out of nothing? The reason is, that they are unlearned in the things of God, and have not the gift of the Holy Ghost: they account it blasphemy in any one to contradict their idea. If you tell them that God made the world out of something, they will call you a fool. But I am learned, and know more than all the world put together. The Holy Ghost does anyhow, and He is within me, and comprehends more than all the world; and I will associate myself with Him.

You ask the learned doctors why they say the world was made out of nothing, and they will answer, "Don't the Bible say He *created* the world?" And they infer, from the word *create*, that it must have been made out of nothing. Now, the word *create* came from the word *baurau*, which does not mean to *create out of nothing;* it means to *organize*, the same as a man would organize materials

and build a ship. Hence we infer that God had materials to organize the world out of chaos—chaotic matter, which is element, and in which dwells all the glory. Element had an existence from the time He had. The pure principles of element are principles which can never be destroyed; they may be organized and reorganized, but not destroyed. They had no beginning, and can have no end.

I have another subject to dwell upon, which is calculated to exalt man; but it is impossible for me to say much on this subject. I shall therefore just touch upon it, for time will not permit me to say all. It is associated with the subject of the resurrection of the dead, namely, the soul—the mind of man—the immortal spirit. Where did it come from? All learned men and doctors of divinity say that God created it in the beginning; but it is not so: the very idea lessens man in my estimation. I do not believe the doctrine; I know better. Hear it, all ye ends of the world; for God has told me so; and if you don't believe me, it will not make the truth without effect. I will make a man appear a fool before I get through, if he does not believe it. I am going to tell of things more noble.

We say that God himself is a self-existent being. Who told you so? It is correct enough; but how did it get into your heads? Who told you that man did not exist in like manner upon the same principles? Man does exist upon the same principles. God made a tabernacle and put a spirit into it, and it became a living soul. [Refers to the old Bible.] How does it read in the Hebrew? It does not say in the Hebrew that God created the spirit of man. It says, "God made man out of the earth, and put into him Adam's spirit, and so became a living body."

The mind or the intelligence which man possesses is coequal with God himself. I know that my testimony is true; hence, when I talk to these mourners, what have they lost? Their relatives and friends are only separated from their bodies for a short season; their spirits which existed with God have left the tabernacle of clay only for a little moment, as it were; and they now exist in a place where they converse together the same as we do on the earth.

I am dwelling on the immortality of the spirit of man. Is it logical to say that the intelligence of spirits is immortal, and yet that it had a beginning? The intelligence of spirits had no beginning, neither will it have an end. That is good logic. That which has a beginning may have an end. There never was a time when there were not spirits; for they are coequal with our Father in heaven.

I want to reason more on the spirit of man; for I am dwelling on the body and spirit of man—on the subject of the dead. I take my ring from my finger and liken it unto the mind of man—the immortal part, because it has no beginning. Suppose you cut it in two; then it has a beginning and an end; but join it again, and it continues one eternal round. So with the spirit of man. As the Lord liveth, if it had a beginning it will have an end. All the fools and learned and wise men from the beginning of creation, who say that the spirit of man had a beginning, prove that it must have an end; and if that doctrine is true, then the doctrine of annihilation would be true. But if I am right, I might with boldness proclaim from the housetops that God never had the power to create the spirit of man at all. God himself could not create himself.

Intelligence is eternal and exists upon a self-existent principle. It is a spirit from age to age, and there is no creation about it. All the minds and spirits that God ever sent into the world are susceptible of enlargement.

The first principles of man are self-existent with God. God himself, finding He was in the midst of spirits and glory, because He was more intelligent, saw proper to institute laws whereby the rest could have a privelege to advance like himself. The relationship we have with God places us in a situation to advance in knowledge. He had power to institute laws to instruct the weaker intelligencies, that they may

be exalted with himself, so that they might have one glory upon another, and all that knowledge, power, glory and intelligence which is requisite in order to save them in the world of spirits.

This is good doctrine. It tastes good. I can taste the principles of eternal life, and so can you. They are given to me by the revelations of Jesus Christ; and I know that when I tell you these words of eternal life as they are given to me, you taste them, and I know that you believe them. You say honey is sweet, and so do I. I can also taste the spirit of eternal life. I know it is good; and when I tell you of these things which were given me by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, you are bound to receive them as sweet, and rejoice more and more.

I want to talk more of the relation of man to God. I will open your eyes in relation to your dead. All things whatsoever God of His infinite wisdom has seen fit and proper to reveal to us, while we are dwelling in mortality, in regard to our mortal bodies, are revealed to us in the abstract and independent of affinity of this mortal tabernacle, but are revealed to our spirits precisely as though we had no bodies at all; and those revelations which will save our spirits will save our bodies. God reveals them to us in view of no eternal dissolution of the body, or tabernacle. Hence the responsibility, the awful responsibility, that rests upon us in relation to our dead; for all the spirits who have not obeyed the Gospel in the flesh must either obey it in the spirit or be damned. Solemn thought— dreadful thought! Is there nothing to be done? No preparation—no salvation for our fathers and friends who have died without having had the opportunity to obey the decrees of the Son of Man? Would to God that I had forty days and nights in which to tell you all! I would let you know that I am not a "fallen prophet."

What promises are made in relation to the subject of the salvation of the dead? And what kinds of characters are those who can be saved, although their bodies are mouldering and decaying in the grave? When His commandments teach us, it is in view of eternity; for we are looked upon by God as though we were in eternity. God dwells in eternity, and does not view things as we do.

The greatest responsibility in this world that God has laid upon us is to seek after our dead. The Apostle says, "They without us cannot be made perfect;" for it is necessary that the sealing power should be in our hands to seal our children and our dead for the fulness of the dispensation of times—a dispensation to meet the promises made by Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world, for the salvation of man.

Now, I will speak of them. I will meet Paul half way. I say to you, Paul, you cannot be perfect without us. It is necessary that those who are gone before and those who come after us should have salvation in common with us; and thus hath God made it obligatory upon man. Hence God said, "I will send Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

I have a declaration to make as to the provisions which God hath made to suit the conditions of man—made from before the foundation of the world. What has Jesus said? All sins, and all blasphemies, and every transgression, except one, that man can be guilty of, may be forgiven; and there is a salvation for all men, either in this world or the world to come, who have not committed the unpardonable sin, there being a provision either in this world or the world of spirits. Hence God hath made a provision that every spirit in the eternal world can be ferreted out and saved, unless he has committed that unpardonable sin, which cannot be remitted to him, either in this world or the world of spirits. God has wrought out a salvation for all men, unless they have committed a certain sin; and every man who has a friend in the eternal world can save him, unless he has committed the

unpardonable sin. And so you see how far you can be a savior.

A man cannot commit the unpardonable sin after the dissolution of the body, and there is a way possible for escape. Knowledge saves a man; and in the world of spirits no man can be exalted but by knowledge. So long as a man will not give heed to the commandments, he must abide without salvation. If a man has knowledge, he can be saved; although, if he has been guilty of great sins, he will be punished for them. But when he consents to obey the Gospel, whether here or in the world of spirits, he is saved.

A man is his own tormenter and his own condemner. Hence the saying, "They shall go into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." The torment of disappointment in the mind of man is as exquisite as a lake burning with fire and brimstone. I say, so is the torment of man.

I know the Scriptures and understand them. I said no man can commit the unpardonable sin after the dissolution of the body, nor in this life, until he receives the Holy Ghost; but they must do it in this world. Hence the salvation of Jesus Christ was wrought out for all men, in order to triumph over the devil; for if it did not catch him in one place, it would in another; for He stood up as a Savior. All will suffer until they obey Christ himself.

The contention in heaven was—Jesus said there would be certain souls that would not be saved; and the devil said he could save them all, and laid his plans before the grand council, who gave their vote in favor of Jesus Christ. So the devil rose up in rebellion against God, and was cast down, with all who put up their heads for him.

All sins shall be forgiven, except the sin against the Holy Ghost; for Jesus will save all except the sons of perdition. What must a man do to commit the unpardonable sin? He must receive the Holy Ghost, have the heavens opened unto him, and know God, and then sin against Him. After a man has sinned against the Holy Ghost, there is no repentance for him. He has got to say that the sun does not shine while he sees it; he has got to deny Jesus Christ when the heavens have been opened unto him, and to deny the plan of salvation with his eyes open to the truth of it; and from that time he begins to be an enemy. This is the case with many apostates of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

When a man begins to be an enemy to this work, he hunts me, he seeks to kill me, and never ceases to thirst for my blood. He gets the spirit of the devil—the same spirit that they had who crucified the Lord of Life—the same spirit that sins against the Holy Ghost. You cannot save such persons; you cannot bring them to repentance; they make open war, like the devil, and awful is the consequence.

I advise all of you to be careful what you do, or you may by and by find out that you have been deceived. Stay yourselves; do not give way; do not make any hasty moves; you may be saved. If a spirit of bitterness *is* in you, don't be in haste. You may say that man is a sinner. Well, if he repents, he shall be forgiven. Be cautious; await. When you find a spirit that wants bloodshed—*murder*, the same is not of God, but is of the devil. Out of the abundance of the heart of man the mouth speaketh.

The best men bring forth the best works. The man who tells you words of life is the man who can save you. I warn you against all evil characters who sin against the Holy Ghost; for there is no redemption for them in this world nor in the world to come.

I could go back and trace every subject of interest concerning the relationship of man to God, if I had time. I can enter into the mysteries; I can enter largely into the eternal worlds; for Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—John, xiv; 2. Paul says, "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from an-

other star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."—1 Cor., xv: 41. What have we to console us in relation to the dead? We have reason to have the greatest hope and consolations for our dead of any people on the earth; for we have seen them walk worthily in our midst, and seen them sink asleep in the arms of Jesus; and those who have died in the faith are now in the celestial kingdom of God. And hence is the glory of the sun.

You mourners have occasion to rejoice (speaking of the death of Elder King Follett), for your husband and father is gone to wait until the resurrection of the dead—until the perfection of the remainder; for at the resurrection your friend will rise in perfect felicity and go to celestial glory, while many must wait myriads of years before they can receive the like blessings; and your expectations and hopes are far above what man can conceive; for why has God revealed it to us?

I am authorized to say, by the authority of the Holy Ghost, that you have no occasion to fear; for he is gone to the home of the just. Don't mourn; don't weep. I know it by the testimony of the Holy Ghost that is within me; and you may wait for your friends to come forth to meet you in the morn of the celestial world.

Rejoice, O Israel! Your friends who have been murdered for the truth's sake in the persecution shall *triumph* gloriously in the celestial world, while their murderers shall welter for ages in torment, even until they shall have paid the uttermost farthing. I say this for the benefit of strangers.

I have a father, brothers, children and friends who have gone to a world of spirits. They are only absent for a moment. They are in the spirit, and we shall soon meet again. The time will soon arrive when the trumpet shall sound. When we depart, we shall hail our mothers, fathers, friends, and all whom we love, who have fallen asleep in Jesus. There will be no fear of mobs, persecutions, or malicious lawsuits and arrests; but it will be an eternity of felicity.

A question may be asked: "Will mothers have their children in eternity?" Yes! Mothers, you shall have your children, for they shall have eternal life; for their debt is paid, there is no damnation awaits them, for they are in the spirit. As the child dies, so shall it rise from the dead, and be forever living in the learning of God; it shall be the child the same as it was before it died out of your arms. Children dwell in and exercise power in the same form as they laid them down.

I will leave this subject here, and make a few remarks on the subject of baptism. The baptism of water, without the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost attending it, is of no use; they are necessarily and inseparably connected. An individual must be born of water and the spirit in order to get into the kingdom of God. In the German, the text bears me out the same as the revelations which I have given and taught for the last fourteen years on that subject. I have the testimony to put in their teeth. My testimony has been true all the time. You will find it in the declaration of John the Baptist. [Reads from the German.] John says, "I baptize you with water; but when Jesus comes, who has the power (or keys), He shall administer the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost." Great God! where is now all the sectarian world? And if this testimony is true, they are all damned as clearly as anathema can do it. *I know the text is true.* I call upon all you Germans who know that it is true, to say Aye. [Loud shouts of "Aye."]

Alexander Campbell, how are you going to save people with water alone? For John said his baptism was good for nothing without the baptism of Jesus Christ. "Therefore, not leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment. And this will we do, if God permit."—Heb., vi: 1—3.

There is one God, one Father, one Jesus, one hope of our calling, one baptism. All these three baptisms only make one. Many talk of baptism not being essential to salvation; but this kind of teaching would lay the foundation of their damnation. I have the truth, and am at the defiance of the world to contradict me, if they can.

I have now preached a little Latin, a little Hebrew, Greek and German and I have fulfilled all. I am not so big a fool as many have taken me to be. The Germans know that I read the German correctly.

Hear it all ye ends of the earth; all ye priests, all ye sinners, and all men: Repent! repent! Obey the Gospel. Turn to God; for your religion won't save you, and you will be damned. I do not say how long. There have been remarks made concerning all men being redeemed from hell; but I say that those who sin against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven in this world or in the world to come: they shall die the second death. Those who commit the unpardonable sin are doomed to *Gnolom* —to dwell in hell, worlds without end. As they concoct scenes of bloodshed in this world, so they shall rise to that resurrection which is as the lake of fire and brimstone. Some shall rise to the everlasting burning of God; for God dwells in everlasting burnings; and some shall rise to the damnation of their own filthiness, which is as exquisite a torment as the lake of fire and brimstone.

I have intended my remarks for all, both rich and poor, bond and free, great and small. I have no enmity against any man. I love you all; but I hate some of your deeds. I am your best friend; and if persons miss their mark, it is their own fault. If I reprove a man, and he hates me, he is a fool; for I love all men, especially these my brethren and sisters.

I rejoice in hearing the testimony of my aged friends. You don't know me; you never knew my heart. No man knows my history. I cannot tell it; I shall never undertake it. I don't blame any one for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I could not have believed it myself. I never did harm any man since I was born into the world. My voice is always for peace.

I cannot lie down until all my work is finished. I never think any evil, nor do anything to the harm of my fellow-man. When I am called by the trump of the arch-angel and weighed in the balance, you will all know me then. I add no more. God bless you all. Amen.

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The stream of truth can only be held back for a passing instant, but never permanently stemmed.

## INCONSISTENCIES OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

IV.

In the important matter of Church organization the Roman Catholics have widely departed from the order established by Jesus Christ. His Church was founded with Apostles and Prophets, Evangelists, Priests, Seventies, Elders, Pastors, Teachers and Deacons; but Catholicism provides a different class of officers, who perform different functions and are known by different names. Many of its leading dogmas too are diametrically opposed to the Scriptures of divine truth as conclusively shown in the former article upon this subject, and in their manner of church worship, they have departed as far from the plain and simple methods established by Jesus Christ and his Apostles as the heathen and idolaters in primitive times departed from the God-given worship of their fathers.

The heathen did not at first, and many of them do not now, worship their images as the true embodiment of deistic power, but simply as a visible symbol of some great unseen God, and so it is with the Roman Catholics. They

bow in reverence to the images of Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary not as they say, to worship the inanimate substance of which they are composed, but to be better able to concentrate their minds upon these deities to whom they are taught to offer their devotions. The heathen know as well as the Roman Catholics that the graven images formed by them possess no power in and of themselves, only as they are made the means, through their devotion to the great unseen powers which they typify, of bringing them the desired blessing and protection. As to all this class of worship no matter what its ulterior object, or in what form it is conducted, God has strictly forbidden it in his holy word, and all who indulge in it are under condemnation whether christian or pagan.

As Catholicism is the great head and front of modern Christianity. I deem it advisable before passing to the consideration of other churches, to make a few extracts from their published doctrines for the benefit of the young people of Zion; that they may behold the beautiful contrast between the religion of Jesus Christ in which they have been reared, and the hideous counterfeit which man has formulated by the strength of his own intellect. I will quote from "The People's Catechism of the Roman Catholic Doctrines," by the Rev. John Hannock, O. S. B.:

"It is not sufficient for us to believe the Scriptures only, but we must also believe the traditions of the church. God made man, as to his body, of the slime of the earth and breathed into his face the breath of life. His soul was created from nothing and made to the image and likeness of God. * * * God has promised forgiveness of sins to all that repent, by the sacrament of baptism and penance. Not only original sin, in which we are all born, but also the sins we may have done before baptism, after we came to the use of reason are forgiven by baptism and all the sins we have done after baptism are forgiven by penance.".

There are six general precepts of their church which are stated as follows: 1st: To hear mass on Sundays and holidays, and keep them holy. 2nd: To fast in Lent, on vigils, and ember-days, and to abstain from flesh meat on Fridays and other days of abstinence. 3rd: To confess our sins to our pastors at least once a year. 4th: To receive the blessed eucharist (Lord's supper) at least once a year. 5th: To pay tithes to our pastor. 6th: That at certain times of the year and where certain hindrances exist, the faithful are forbidden to marry. * * * There are three evangelical councils, namely; voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and perfect obedience. * * * There are seven general sacraments of the new law, namely; baptism, confirmation, holy eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy orders and matrimony."

Upon the subject of baptism the following instruction is given: "The church has defined that no one can be saved unless he be baptized, either actually or in desire, so that there remains no remedy for infants that die without baptism; they can never come to the enjoyment of God, except they die like the holy innocents, who were slain by the hands of persecutors, out of hatred to Christ. The reason is, because, all being born in original sin, there is no remission or remedy for that sin but through the blood of Christ, which cannot be applied to our souls without baptism, the first sacrament that we receive. It is called a *Sacrament for the dead* because we all are dead in original sin; and this is the only sacrament that can quicken us into spiritual life. * * * * There are three ways of baptizing validly: sprinkling or aspersion, pouring or effusion, and plunging. Whether you sprinkle, pour or plunge three times is not essential, but according to the rites of the church in this part of the world (England) we pour the water on the head of the person who is to be baptized three times, at the same time pronouncing the form: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." If any part of the body be washed with the water of baptism, very

probably the baptism is valid; but it ought to be chiefly poured on the head, as being the principal part of the body. The ministers of baptism are, first, bishops and pastors by their ordinary power; second, deacons by commission; third, laymen and women, in case of necessity; and whether it is done by Catholic or heretic by christian or pagan, provided he intends to do what the church does and Christ has ordained, the baptism is valid. * * * As to the necessity of this sacrament, though it is essential to salvation, yet if it be received only in desire, with faith and true contrition for sin, when it cannot be actually received it suffices."

The ceremony of baptism is thus explained on pages 150 and 152 inclusive: 1. When the person to be baptized is brought to the church-door, he is there stopped, to signify that, being born in original sin, and as yet a slave to the devil, he cannot enter the church, and that baptism gives him entrance into it. 2. The priest, having asked his name (which ought not to be a profane or heathenish name, but that of some saint, the more to excite him to a good life), then says, "What do you demand of the Church of God?" The sureties answer for him, "Faith;" by which is meant, the belief of the whole Christian religion, which, if put in practice, leads to life everlasting. 3. Then he breathes in his face three times (as our Savior breathed on his Apostles when He imparted to them the Holy Ghost), and commands the devil to depart, and give place to the Holy Ghost; thus signifying that he is by this sacrament made the temple of the Holy Ghost. 4. He then makes the sign of the cross on his forehead, to signify that henceforth he must not be ashamed of the cross of Christ, but publicly profess himself a Christian; he signs him also on the breast, to signify that he must not only outwardly profess, but inwardly believe, the faith and law of Christ. 5. He blesses salt, and puts some of it into his mouth, to signify that the words of a Christian ought to be seasoned with wisdom, of which salt is an emblem in Holy Scripture: "Let your speech be always in grace, seasoned with salt" (Col. iv, 6). 6. As our Savior gave a power to his Apostles, and in them to all their successors, the pastors of the Church, "over spirits, to cast them out" (Matt. x: 1), the priest proceeds to read the exorcisms, commanding the wicked spirit to depart in the name of Him who is to come to judge the quick and the dead. Then laying the stole upon the child, he leads him into the church to receive baptism, reciting, together with the godfather and godmother, the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer, to signify that the Church of God admits none to her communion who profess not that creed, and that none are worthy of baptism who are ignorant of that prayer. 8. The priest repeats the exorcisms as before. 9. He touches the ears and nostrils of the person to be baptized with spittle, in imitation of our Savior, who, with the like ceremony, "opened the eyes of the blind man," (John vi: 9), "and cures the deaf and dumb" (Mark vii: 38). This ceremony signifies that by the grace of this sacrament his ears are open to the doctrine of Christ, and his mouth to confess his faith. 10. The person to be baptized being now brought to the font, the priest puts three questions: (1) "Do you renounce Satan?" To which is answered by the godfather and godmother, "I do renounce him." (2) "And all his works?" They answer, "I do renounce them." (3) "And all his pomps?" They answer, "I do renounce them." Upon these conditions he is admitted to baptism. 11. Then he is anointed with the holy oils, blessed by the Bishop, on the breast and between the shoulders; as these unctions were used in all consecrations in the old law, and are also in the new, this ceremony signifies that by baptism we are consecrated to God and His service. 12. Next he is examined as to his faith: "Do you believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth?" etc. The godfather and godmother, if not of age himself, answer for him, "I do believe." Here he professes his faith of the Blessed Trinity, of the incarnation, of the holy Catholic church, the resurrection of the

body, and life everlasting. 13. Then the priest says, "Will you be baptized?" Answer, "I will;" to signify, that as our first parents wilfully transgressed, we, their children, must willingly return to our duty: yet, as to infants, who have not the use of reason, God is pleased they should be brought to baptism by the will and faith of others, because it was not by their own but by the will of others they were born in original sin. Then he pours water on the head of the person three times, in the form of a cross, saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and this is baptism itself. 14. The priest then anoints the top of his head with chrism, to signify that he is now, by baptism, a member of the church, united to the head, Jesus Christ. 15. Then he puts white linen on his head, as a symbol of that innocence and purity he has received by baptism, which he must carefully preserve till death and judgment. 16. A lighted candle is afterwards put into his hand, to signify that his soul, now espoused to Christ as a burning lamp, ought to shine by faith and good works in the Church of God, and be prepared to meet the Bridegroom, with the five prudent virgins, and all the saints at His second coming. 17. And lastly, after saying to the baptized person, "Go in peace, and the Lord be with thee," he admonishes the godfather and godmother of their duty towards the child, and the spiritual affinity they contract with their godchildren, and their parents, viz., that there can be no valid marriage between them without a dispensation from the church; for which reason the church allows but one godfather and one godmother to the same person, to prevent too great an extent of this spiritual affinity; nay, even one suffices, either godfather or godmother; but these ought to be such as are capable of instructing the child in the rudiments of the Catholic faith, if the parents should neglect it, or be prevented by death; whence it must be concluded that none but Catholics of good morals ought to be admitted to this charge."

The sacrament of confirmation is administered after the following manner: 1. The bishop extends his hands over those who are to be confirmed, whilst he prays that they may receive the sevenfold grace of the Holy Ghost. This is the laying on of hands mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. 2. With his thumb he anoints them on the forehead with chrism, forming a cross upon it, with these words: I sign thee with the sign of the cross; I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. 3. He gives every one a slight blow on the cheek, with these words "Peace be with you." * * * As to the effects of this sacrament: 1st. It imprints a spiritual mark in the soul, which will never be defaced, but remain therein to the future glory or confusion; for as by baptism we are made Christians, so by confirmation we are marked Christian soldiers. * * * 2nd. By this sacrament are communicated to our souls the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost, as *wisdom*, which wean our affections from the world to the love and enjoyment of God; *understanding* to submit implicitly to all the mysteries of faith, and to know and penetrate the excellency of them; *counsel*, to choose which is for the glory of God, and the good of our souls; *fortitude*, to withstand the devil, and all his agents; *knowledge*, to discern the right from wrong; *piety*, to walk with delight in the service of God; *fear*, to adore him in all His attributes, and tremble to offend him. * * * This sevenfold grace of the Holy Ghost is the proper effect of confirmation, not those extraordinary gifts of the tongues, or miracles, or prophecy, etc., mentioned by St. Paul to the Corinthians. (1 Cor. xii.)

Of the sacraments of Eucharist and Penance perhaps enough has already been said and as to Extreme Unction Holy Orders and Marriage neither time nor space will permit me to enter into any detailed explanation of them here. Suffice it to say that these sacraments are just as absurd, inconsistent and ridiculous as those which are explained above.

*Joseph A. West.*

# IN THE EGYPTIAN WAR.

I REACHED the bombarded city of Alexandria just two days before Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived. I have read a great many descriptions of Alexandria after its bombardment, and heard a great many people talk about its appearance, but nothing that I have ever read or heard seems to me to describe the real scene. As a matter of fact, no one, I suppose, can describe a bombarded city. Alexandria was destined to be one of the greatest and one of the most beautiful cities of the world. She should have the wealthiest society and the finest public institutions of any city beyond Paris; and yet when I arrived there in September last, expecting to go to shops that I knew well, expecting to go to hotels that are well known in Europe, expecting to have my drafts cashed on banks upon which I was wont to cash them, I found, instead of shops, and hotels, and banks, nothing but one great heap of burnt ruins, stretching from the quay to the great square. The streets I had known so well—beautiful streets, with their avenues of acacia trees, public piazzas, with their fountains, where the fashionable society of the city used to meet in the evenings, where the bands used to play, and the splendid Parisian shops—they were all one undistinguishable heap of ruins.

But one feature of the scene (so it seemed to me) that ought to have struck every man in describing the bombarded city of Alexandria, was the immense number of bombarded and starving cats. I had read description after description of the ruined city, but none of them ever said a word about the cats. The writers told me how shells had blown houses to pieces, described all kinds of horrors, and satiated me with catastrophe and skeletons, but no one said a word about cats. Now, it was perfectly impossible to go into Alexandria after the bombardment and then to sit down and write about it, or stand up and talk about it, and not mention the cats. In fact, the whole place was cats! I never saw such "felisity" in my life. If you turned the corner you would find a hundred—I am talking liberally of course—one hundred cats sitting on the ruins of a single house. Go a little farther and you would see two hundred. On the remains of what had been the bank of London, it was stated in a telegram that the writer counted three hundred and seventeen cats! New arrivals were moved with pity for the poor animals, but the result of sympathy was always disastrous. Your pity was ruined and destroyed by the immediate rush of paupers. If you produced a mutton chop for one cat, there were three hundred cats waiting next time for three hundred mutton chops. That made charity look rather a serious matter. After the second day the people, instead of taking mutton chops to the cats, would take revolvers and shoot them.

After Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived in Alexandria he took it upon himself to carry out the maxim, which he has always inculcated in the press, that it is the duty of a general in the field to tell a lie when he thinks that it is judicious for the public service to do so. I happened to have a personal acquaintance with Sir Garnet Wolseley; I have known him for many years. I am proud to say we are very good friends. I was on board his steamer on the 12th of August, and after a glass of wine and a cigar I said to him, "Would you mind telling me what you are going to do?" "Not a bit of it," said he; "if I would not tell you, who would I tell?" I said, "What are you going to do?" He replied, "We are going to bombard the forts of Aboukir." "Oh!" said I; "and when you have bombarded the forts of Aboukir, what then?" "Then the first division of the army will operate with the second division as events may develop." I asked if I might send that important piece of news home to my paper. He said certainly. Accordingly I wrote out my telegram: "Sir Garnet

Wolseley authorizes me to state that the British fleet is about to bombard the forts of Aboukir, and after the bombardment the second division of the British army will co-operate with the first division of the army as events may develop." I then took the liberty of going on to say that I didn't believe a word of it. Said I, "This is the first time in history that Sir Garnet Wolseley has appeared to act the part of an ass. If he is going to bombard the forts of Aboukir, he is going to do what every idiot said he would do and what every sensible man said he would not do." I went on in this strain with a long telegram. In about sixty hours the comments of the London Press on what they were pleased to call the presumption of my telegram, came back to Sir Garnet Wolseley, in the Bay of Ismalia, stating that the forts of Aboukir had been bombarded. It was only by a bit of luck, perhaps you would call it inspiration, that I guessed Sir Garnet was making fun of the special correspondent. I acted accordingly, with the most complete success.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is one of the most charming gentleman of the day. Let the republican New York papers say what they choose about it, I do not doubt that he is a soldier and a gentleman. We are going to have some big fighting in a year or two, and Sir Garnet is going to beat the man he fights against. He is probably one of the smallest heroes that God ever made, but he is certainly one of the handsomest. Put him on horseback, give him a good riding horse, a good helmet, and he is the *beau ideal* soldier. Take off his uniform and put him in the parlor, and he is the *beau ideal* civilian. He is one of the best men I ever met. He has read very extensively in several languages. He has studied the sciences and is able to conduct a table—for instance, at a geographical society or in any archæological body. If the guest or chairman of the evening, he is able to engage, in a charming manner, in the exact scientific discussion of the principles of art or the latest achievements of science. He has had four campaigns, and has met them all successfully. If Sir Garnet Wolseley had commanded the Zulu war, the Prince Imperial might have been on the throne of France to-day, and England would never have been disgraced.

Sir Garnet was in the Bay of Ismalia, where the British ships, one hundred and ten all counted, lay at anchor. You have heard in this country a great deal that is most maliciously untrue about the cause and course of the Egyptian war. The cause of it was this: Europe threatened the connection of Great Britain with India. The European nations combined threatened to undertake the protectorate of Egypt; or more directly, they refused to allow Great Britain to shape her policy in such a way that she should have a protectorate of Egypt. France, Italy, Germany, Turkey and Russia were all directly interested in the possession of that country; but when it came to the point there was only one power which insisted on settling the Egyptain question, and that was England. France, Italy, Germany, Turkey and Russia, for one reason or another, found it diplomatic or politic not to move. Old England, of whom it has been said sometimes, she is growing old, weak and effete, and silly and everything that is rotten—Old England took it upon herself to settle the Egyptian difficulty. She did not do it in a hurry, but waited till all Europe was disgusted, Alexandria in ruins; till Italians, Frenchmen, Shieks and Englishmen, had been slaughtered; then England stepped in. Germany began to diplomatize, France began to threaten, Italy to grumble, and Turkey to arm her troops. Russia began to move upon India. Great Britain took no notice whatever of the hostile or angry movements of either, but proceeded upon her way. She collected in the Bay of Ismalia about fifteen thousand of her best troops, and quietly waited till she had all that was necessary, in the way of transport; then she put her hands upon Tel-el-Kebir, and just shook Europe from Nova Zembla to Sicily. Still that rotten old England! When she came out with her fleet Europe said, "This is a threat." Wol-

seley turned to the officers and said, "Yes, it is a threat." They said, "It's a challenge?" He said, "Yes, it is a challenge," and told them it was a good many other things. The lesson of the Egyptian war to Europe was this—and it was a lesson to all nations: England asserted her position which her forefathers gave her—that of supreme dominion of the seas. When war is declared, England is mistress of the seas. Her fleet the other day, although it was but one-eighth of her power, of her metal and guns and fighting power, demonstrated this. Europe said we had better let England do what she wants to do with these Egyptians. And they did.

You have heard of that charge of the Highlanders upon Tel-el-Kebir. The papers have probably told you that after all it was only Egyptians; that anybody could make the Egyptians run away. I happened to be there. I confess it was an accident. It is not my way, nor any sensible man's way, to join the Highlanders in a charge. We had started out from camp together, for a night attack upon the entrenchments of the Egyptians—we had no idea whatever where the Egyptians were—marching with the rising sun behind us and a heavy mist in front, over the desert land of Goshen, which is a series of waves of sand. At the bottom of these undulations, during the night, there accumulated a thick white mist. The consequence was, as our soldiers advanced against the Egyptians, this mist raised up in front of them and concealed the country for a hundred yards before their faces. But it didn't prevent the Egyptians from knowing the Highlanders were coming upon them. Their pickets kept flying before the advance British column, probably every five minutes, carrying back the news to Tel-el-Kebir in their earthworks that the British army was coming. I had started from camp with the British Grenadiers. About two o'clock the order was given to bivouack, and we lay down to get such sleep as we could. It appeared to me I had been asleep about a minute when I awoke. It was still dark, but imagine my astonishment when I looked around, if you can use that phrase, trying to look around in Egyptian darkness, and became aware that the Grenadiers had gone. Now the awkward part of that discovery was this, that I had quite forgotten in which direction my head was pointing when I went to sleep. So as I stood up, my horse my only companion, I did not know which way to go. If I marched one way I would meet the British troops, if the other, the Egyptians.

I was standing in this dilemma when I became aware of a body of troops coming up, and I went to them and found they were British artillery. But often as I have seen troops going into action, I am certain I never encountered anything so picturesque as that battery of artillery moving across the sand, that morning, against the Egyptians, and absolutely without sound. They moved across the desert like a phantom; the horses seemed to be in the secret; they never neighed, the harness had been muffled, and the battery swept across the sand in ghostly silence. The men marched in front and made a sound exactly like the sea washing up gravel on the beach, and yet that sound was not more than a whisper. It was a march of men to death! I went on in front of the battery, asking the way from them; they told me they had no directions except a star. I followed the star, and came up to a large body of infantry advancing. I asked the corner man who he was; he said, "I belong to the Irish brigade." "You are supporting the Grenadiers?" He said, "Yes, sir." On I went, about a quarter of a mile in front, when I met a second body of troops; these I concluded were the Grenadiers. I moved up to their right flank and began to march slowly.

We had gone on in this way for about an hour, when the last of the Egyptians had discovered us and fell back to their intrenchments to tell the enemy that the British troops were at that moment less than three hundred yards away. Now, remember, the Highlanders had no idea, whatever, that they were within three

hundred yards of the intrenchments. They might have been three hundred miles away, for what they could see of the enemy. Yet within that murderous distance there were nearly thirty-six thousand Egyptians waiting for the word to fire. They had their rifles on the earthworks, and any amount of ammunition. They had orders to go on firing until further orders. Unfortunately, as usually happens, the generals of the two contending armies do not make their plans to suit each other. Accordingly their orders were considerably at variance. The Egyptians were told to go on firing till further orders. The Highlanders were told that as soon as the Egyptians opened fire they were to charge. They were not to fire, they were not to utter a single sound, but to rush upon the Egyptian earthworks, and give one shout for St. George as they got on the top, and as soon as possible get among them with steel.

You should have seen those men carry out their orders to the letter. They were just coming over one of those waves of sand, perfectly ignorant of the fact that the Egyptians were but two hundred and fifty yards from them; that the Egyptians could see them and had their rifles—thirty-six thousand of them—ready loaded. Of a sudden, the whole sky, from north to south, cracked out in a flame! The earth shook under our feet exactly like an earthquake! The volley of that infantry, I was told afterwards, was the most terrific they ever heard. Bullets did not come over by tens, hundreds or thousands, but simply came in bagsful. It was then that I discovered, to my intense disgust, that I had accompanied the Highlanders instead of the Grenadiers. I understood that the Irish brigade were to support the Grenadiers; instead of which the Grenadiers were to support the Irish brigade. I had passed them and gone on from them and found myself with the Highlanders, and a spectator of this tremendous fusillade.

I could not see the works at first, because of a rise in the ground. When I reached the top of the wave, I saw exactly what had happened two minutes before. The earthworks had burst into a flame, the Highlanders, according to their orders, just grabbed their rifles, but never fired a shot before the charge. Going two hundred and fifty yards they lost ten officers and two hundred and seventy men. They covered the distance in a minute and a half, and then tumbled over among the wretched Egyptians. The Egyptians were told to stand there and fire until further orders, and, as an officer afterwards said, they were not prepared for such fighting. They said that's not fighting. You should have stood still and we should have fired at you, then you should have fired at us, and, as we were behind these earthworks, and you were in the open plain, we would have got the best of you.

The Highlanders leaped like leopards among them. They never said a word, never fired a shot, but as every man got on top of the earthworks, they gave one cheer, then jumped over the bank. When I passed over, about seven or eight minutes after, I found three thousand dead Egyptians.

Don't let any one make you believe that the reason why the Highlanders succeeded on that charge was because the men opposed to them were Egyptians. I will tell you the reason the Highlanders succeeded. It was because the Highlanders charged. You may look over British history, through every victory, right through the Peninsular war down to the present time, and there have never been troops yet in Europe that have stood a charge from the Highlanders. There are no troops that ever will stand before a brigade of the British Highlanders! I ought to add, in justice to their nationality, that the finest peasantry in the world among the Highlanders, are Irish.

The victory of Tel-el-Kebir that I have just been trying to describe, resulted, as you know, in the complete collapse of the Egyptian rebellion. The leader of the rebellion, whom I find called in this country Arabi Pasha, who is known out there as Arabi Bey, was so taken back

by the eight minutes' work of the Highlanders that he did not have time to get in his first class carriage and ride back to Cairo. He had only time to catch a horse and get across the canal, and save his life at the skin of his teeth. We tumbled into his camp a few minutes after and ate his grapes. He had just collected a great many for refreshment of himself and his officers.

In a few minutes after, we were on board the train going to Cairo. Sir Garnet telegraphed to the Queen. Here we are: "Sir Garnet Wolseley to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Cairo. Here we are." It was one of the finest messages I ever saw written. We got into the train. All this time the Egyptians had had the trains and the British soldiers had to walk. Now the British had the train, and the Egyptians had to walk. The victorious general now rode in the train through the defeated army, and at the same time was racing with them for their capital, Sir Garnet going forty miles an hour in the train, and the Egyptians walking between the rails. Our train was forcing its way, screaming the whole of the time to drive the beaten army off the track. They were all marching as hard as they could go upon the same errand with us. There were some fifty thousand Egyptians; and six hundred British soldiers. But we had the better of them, and got there first.

When I reached Cairo, it occurred to me, according to the instinct of a correspondent, that instead of waiting and enjoying myself in drinking champagne with the Khedive and the officers and other swells, it would be a good thing to see the midshipman Du Chair, and if he was alive, to save him, and if he was not alive, to be the first to bring the news. This midshipman was the first prisoner taken by the Egyptians from the British army. He was sent one evening with a dispatch, by the admiral of his ship, to the commander of the troops, and was told to follow the railway line till he reached camp. But the admiral forgot to tell the boy there were two railways. He carefully followed the wrong one till he reached the camp, but it was the Egyptian camp. They immediately took him prisoner, and sent him down to Arabi Bey, expecting Arabi Bey would skin him alive. Instead of that, he put him in the Palace de Rouche, a palace in Cairo. There was probably no incident in all the war which created more curiosity and excitement than the capture of the boy Du Chair. The circumstances of his capture were very singular; they were not understood at all until I found him in Cairo. His mother received telegrams from him regularly, and also it was reported that his body, in three or four hundred pieces, had been distributed among the different regiments in Alexandria, by the Egyptians. Whether he was cut up, or who it was that was telegraphing to his mother, or where he was, no one could find out.

As soon as the train got into Cairo, I left my car on the opposite side to that upon which all the officers stepped out, and knowing Cairo very well, having stopped there on my way to India on a previous occasion, I met a carriage, and got the driver to take me to the palace. It was well known that young Du Chair had been a prisoner at the palace. When I mentioned his name, the Egyptian driver knew it. The common language of Egypt is bad French. I spoke to him in French, and he thoroughly understood me. He proceeded to drive me to Du Chair. I had hardly got into the street before I became aware that I was the object of very considerable curiosity. We did not know that the next day had been fixed upon by Arabi Bey for the destruction of Cairo, and to massacre all its European inhabitants. The result was that in all Cairo the fact being known, everybody pretending to be in any way a republican, was hiding in their cellars, down wells, up in the tops of trees or somewhere else, when suddenly there appeared, in the streets, an Englishman, driven in an open carriage through the city. You may imagine the interest it excited. I was passing one of the principal streets of Cairo opposite to the Shepherds' Hotel, when there was a rush of citizens. They had been sitting in the *cafés* smok-

ing and wondering how the war was going on and whether the battle had been fought at Tel-el-Kebir, and what Arabi Bey would do when he had defeated the British. They had heard nothing of Tel-el-Kebir. They had no idea that Sir Garnet had arrived; that the battle was fought the day before,and that we were in the city of Cairo. They had no idea that they were actually conquered and in the power of the English. So when they saw me coming down the street, they thought I was either some supernatural personage or a lunatic. They jumped up on their feet and stared at me. Some men, I saw myself, fell back in astonishment against the wall, with mouths wide open and hands stretched out. They could not conceive of any one so daring as to drive through Cairo. I was doing this in ignorance of any danger. I drove along with this large mob pursuing my carriage until I reached the square.

Sentries were standing at the door of the palace. I walked up to one of them and asked for Du Chair, but all he did was to bring his bayonet down. I said, "Du Chair." I stood about three feet from the point of his bayonet. He shook his head and turned around. A great many more men of the rabble collected around me. I turned to the driver and said: "Explain to these men that the British troops are at the railway station." So he began to tell them, but they would not believe it. They said it was nonsense, and laughed at him. I looked very serious and shook my head at them. They looked at me, and it began to occur to them that it was very curious to see me out on the street. At last, one of the men more sensible than the rest, evidently with some amount of authority, made a signal with his hands to open the gates and let me in. They opened them and I went in. I walked straight up through the gardens, through the marble court yard, with marble pillars supporting the roof. My step on the pavement brought up a sentry, who presented his bayonet at me. I drew my revolver, and so had the drop on him, as you say in this country. I held it within eight inches of his nose. He was astonished. I noticed that he was standing in front of the door. I brought my pistol to the side of his face and said: "Du Chair." He grunted. The door was opened. I met the young man standing in the room. He was only about fifteen years old. He looked up expecting I was his murderer. For three days that boy had been in hourly expectation of assassination. He had had news sent privately to him by Arabi Bey that he could not defend his life any longer; that if he could, he would save him and get him back to the British troops in security. But if things happened otherwise, he, Arabi Bey, was not responsible. This was quite enough assurance that his death warrant had been signed, and that the man to murder him had been toled off. Young Du Chair came forward and stood in the middle of the room. He supposed from the costume I wore that I was an officer. He tried to speak but could not do it. He could not bring his lips together. I took his two hands and waited for him to speak. Then I led him across the room to a seat in the window. "I am going to telegraph to your mother. I am going to tell her I have just arrived at Cairo, and that you are safe and that I am going to take you to Sir Garnet Wolseley. Have you any message to send to her?" The boy tried to speak but could not do it. I said to him, "Well never mind." I then wrote for him on a paper: "I am safe. God bless you." I asked him who had cared for him. He suddenly found his tongue and said: "Up stairs." I asked him how he got up there and how he called his attendant. In Egypt, when anybody is wanted, you clap your hands; I clapped my hands, when the sentry came in. I motioned to him to drop that objectionable bayonet, which he did. I then asked Du Chair: "Can you speak to this man?" Du Chair shook his head, signifying he could not. I asked him who those people were up stairs? Du Chair said: "The officers of the first regiment." Now, all of those men had overheard the whole of the conversation between the cabman and

the sentinels outside. I had hardly said the word when the door opened and the colonel and officers of the first regiment of Arabi's infantry came into the room. They made the same mistake that Du Chair did, thinking that I was an officer. They proceeded to make their submission to me as representative of Sir Garnet Wolseley. Having been in India for some years, and accustomed, as an official of the government, to receive complimentary submission in this way, I knew what Oriental etiquette, under such circumstances required. Accordingly, when they came forward, presenting their very handsome diamond studded swords, I did not take them, as a man might have done under the circumstances, but merely touched them with my finger and allowed them to keep them. The Egyptian colonel and officers solemnly came up one after another and surrendered themselves to the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. I turned around to them, and speaking in French, said: "I am going to start back to Sir Garnet Wolseley, and will inform him what excellent care you gentlemen have taken of this young man." These very gentlemen were going to murder him about an hour before. "Your lives," said I, "are for his, for I have all your names for Sir Garnet Wolseley, who holds you all personally responsible for this boy's life."

I went away thinking I had done more business than if I had stopped and drank champagne with the Khedive and Sir Garnet and his officers. When I got outside I found that my presence had already considerably roused the citizens. Rusha Pasha ordered two officers of the cavalry to accompany me back to the British camp. The result was that with one on one side of me another on the other, I appeared from the direction of the city with an escort of mounted officers of the Egyptian cavalry with loaded carbines. *Phil. Robinson.*

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.—*Cowper.*

## THE POET'S WORKSHOP.

THE idea of a poet suggests beauty and loveliness. We read of the poet's dream, the poet's reverie, and his imaginings, until we create in our own minds an ideal picture of the poet and his surroundings. We think of him as seated with pencil in hand and in elegant *negligée*, dashing off line after line of exquisite sentiment, or historic lore in rhyme, that will live long after he has passed away, without any apparent effort, while he smiles blandly and is at peace with all mankind. There are persons who will ask one to write a poem with as much assurance as they would ask a mechanic to plane a board, but in the one case the carpenter would expect his wages, whereas the poet is expected to give his services gratis, and sometimes look upon it as a compliment to be invited to write. These are the people who have not the least idea what positive drudgery there is in being a writer. The author, or the correspondent, is expected to write when all others are out for pleasure; there is no cessation or vacation for him, it is an endless round, and if he positively refuses, why then he is looked upon as unobliging. He is invited here and there because he writes these sort of affairs up, until he gets the impression that he is never asked on his own account, but simply because he has the faculty of writing in a pleasant style. Probably the poet is expected to do more work without remuneration than any other person. "O, the rhymes will come," and "it is easy for him," and "I'm sure if I could write I wouldn't refuse." These are only one or two of the numerous comments made about poets.

But suppose we take a look into one of these dens of the poets, ordinary poets, not Tennyson or Whittier, who have

arrived at the dignity of a mansion, whose star of fortune has risen to the highest point in the horizon and is illuminated with a halo of light in which appear clusters of stars less brilliant, that reflect the light of the leading, guiding star; not one of these, but some one just trying to earn a bare subsistence by the use of the pen. Gifted he may be, but without fortune to aid him, or influential patronage to give him prestige. We are apt to think of the poet writing pastoral pieces in the midst of sunny fields, where flocks graze and sleek cattle feed among the clover in the verdant meadows, while sparkling streams of crystal waters bubble near, and merry birds warble their sweetest notes in the groves hard by. All this is very pretty, but the poet sees it in imagination *only*, most likely while he sits by his midnight lamp and pries over musty old papers and books.

Let us take a peep at a poet's work, in an attic or a basement, one whose mind soars aloft into the aerial realms of fancy, and who roams at will through the elysian fields that gild his day-dreams and makes him seem above the "common herd." In one corner is a chest or trunk half-open perhaps; you see part of a wardrobe, rolls of manuscript and letters tied with cords of every color, or scraps of faded ribbons, a bureau with the drawers all half-open and in disorder, two or three tables piled with papers in the direst confusion imaginable, but on one corner, a tea tray with soiled napkins, cup and saucer, part of a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and if we might be permitted to tell it, a raw onion, and oftener still a black bottle very significant in appearance. Late in the night when all the lights burn low, the streets and lanes are dark, and the stars keep watch in the midnight sky the poet pens his richest, most harmonious lays; or the correspondent, no longer tormented and interrupted by the calls of friends anxious to make his acquaintance or some one desirous of a notice from his able pen, begins the work so long delayed, and the cocks are crowing, and the sun tinging the eastern sky with the splendor and radiance of the new born day, ere he lays down his pen and finds rest in that dream-land where his poetic fancy has been so fondly straying. No wonder he is restless and nervous, sensitive and irritable, his mind constantly wrought to the highest pitch of extreme sensibility.

Now we have taken a look at the man who writes, let us for a moment look in upon a poet-woman; imagination almost invariably pictures to the mind's eye what the woman is who writes the kind of articles we love to read, as we sit by the cosy fireside in the winter evenings, or repeat over and over in the pensive, summer twilight. We think of her as lovely in its proudest sense, gentle, amiable and courteous to all, sweet-mannered, a lady in every respect, always becomingly dressed, and neat in appearance, dainty, even, fond of children and inclined to be devotional; almost without fault at all, and blind to the failings of others. Her home exquisite in all its arrangements, her husband, if she be so fortunate as to possess one, always proud and happy. Now let us consider the poets *we* have met, or the writers we have known. Among them are some pretty and sweet, perhaps a trifle inclined to jealousy, and not very amiable in their own homes. How can they be, they are not thinking of what to eat, or how to dress, or alas! of the husband's wardrobe; and often when they try to darn his socks they are flitting in imagination among the soft, white, fleecy clouds, and yet they are only commonplace to look at, sometimes ugly in face and feature, but then we only see the outward, the beauty is within and only makes itself manifest by soul-stirring sentences, so delightfully arranged that although written in a garret, an attic, a dirty kitchen, or a dingy basement, they light up a thousand homes, and make gladness in human hearts enough to compensate for lack of beauty in form, or feature.

Few lady writers have been beautiful, even in youth, many passingly so, but to excel in lovliness only a very few; of those who have lived recently we can

think of some who were noted for their excessive plainness. The story goes that a lady who was much given to scribbling and whose powers were the admiration of all the country round, and whose husband withal was very proud of her, was one day stoutly reproved by him for neglecting the little ones who were very noisy and troublesome. While baby, not yet a year old, lay in the cradle crying for mama, one boy had spilt the ink, slapped his sister, and another had broken the window, while the mother sat writing on and on, as if unconscious of all surroundings; at last the irate parent and husband appeared upon the scene, and in dictatorial terms protested, tossing up her papers and exciting her angry passions; finally, womanlike, she began to cry, and refused to be comforted, but amid her sobs, she managed to make him understand she had just finished a touching little poem on domestic felicity or the pleasures of home. Suffice it to say he was convinced against his will, that she appreciated her home when he perused the poem, and never afterwards was known to rebel, for she won him over to her way of thinking, and all because she was a genius. But joking aside, to have the desire, the longing to write, the intense fascination, to be able to skim through the clouds of fancy and weave a golden web of fine spun threads, of which each one is like a jewel radiantly set, is something no one ever can comprehend, save one of these same fanciful, poetical scribblers, who live in a world of their own creation, and only come down from the towering heights of fancy, when they are hungry, cold or wretched. Such is the poet's workshop, not what it really is but what it seems to him.

*Amethyst.*

## AN AIM IN LIFE.

Do we have an aim in life? Have we ever asked ourselves that question, or have we carelessly and listlessly passed along in the stream of life following the current? It is a grave question, that requires our earnest consideration. When we peruse the biographies of great and good men and women, and learn how they attained to that standard which made them renowned, we find that they one and all, had an aim in life; they did not spring into greatness and importance at one stride, but they had a fixed purpose, an aim if you please; labored to that end and had the fortitude and perseverance to reach it.

There are, comparatively speaking, but few men and women who make history; the great majority are born, they live, they die, and that is the last we hear of them; many take but little more interest in this life and their surroundings, saying nothing about the life to come, than do the brutes. It is a hard saying but nevertheless true. If we have no more ambition about our welfare and future destiny than some manifest, we would never attain to anything of worth either here or hereafter. It requires something more than brute courage to labor diligently and persistently in spite of all earthly obstacles and failures to secure success; it requires nerve and faith, and a great deal of it.

Let us have an aim in life, and let it be high; then have the pluck and perseverance to reach it. We hold our destiny in our own hands. We have no time to spare to pass away in idleness and indolence, we must be up and doing and ever watchful to employ the time, the fast and fleeting moments, profitably. A day, an hour, or a minute wasted cannot be recalled; if we wish to make up for lost time we will have to labor all the harder and not be discouraged. In ascending the mountain to greatness and glory, we should keep a steady eye on the summit, never looking back, for should we do so, we are liable to become dizzy and lose our footing.

We expect as Latter-day Saints, when we pass from this mortal sphere, to be saved with the just, in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and we console ourselves with the idea that He is a merciful Father, which we have repeated proofs of daily, but while He is merciful, we must also remember that He is just. Our aim should be to abide His justice and love His mercy. *John A. Hellstrom.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:
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SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL, 1883.


## KEEPING JOURNALS.

THE practice of writing, either for preservation in private journals or publication in current periodicals, is one that every young Elder in the Church should be encouraged to adopt and follow throughout life. Among the earliest instructions of the Prophet Joseph Smith to missionaries, as they were about to start upon their missions, was a powerful admonition "to keep a journal." The Twelve Apostles were instructed to do so when they were first sent out, and this counsel has ever been enjoined upon missionaries and other official representatives of the Church for more than fifty years.

The object is to gather information and put upon record the dealings of God with His children as they are observed in the ministrations of His servants in these latter days. The great advantage to an Elder in keeping a journal of his travels and ministry is apparent, when we consider the opportunities he has to see the interesting places and persons of the world, to meet the various classes of society and observe the customs which distinguish them, to ruminate about the scenes of historical value and gaze upon the curious collections which scientific studies and research have contributed for the information and education of our race. As in all after life allusions to these will appear in the press and in conversation with intelligent people, knowledge of them to a greater or less extent should form part of our education. We only engage in gathering this kind of intelligence, when upon missions, incidentally. It is not the main purpose of our pilgrimage to foreign countries, but the purpose that takes us abroad gives us the opportunity to collect a useful fund of information upon all these things, while not lessening our usefulness in preaching the word and administering the ordinances of the Gospel.

Another very excellent reason why a journal should be kept by every Elder is that they may have, for convenient reference, lists of all the people they meet and become acquainted with. This is of peculiar value to us, from the fact that the Saints whom we labor among abroad are continually gathering to Zion, and we expect to meet them all again sometime; but unless we record their names and occasionally look over the history of our dealings with them, in most instances, not only the history but the names will pass from memory and leave us in that estranged condition which causes us to meet dear friends and brethren, who have ministered to our comfort when we were far from home, as strangers. There are of course exceptional instances where Elders have such excellent recollection of names and faces that they never forget, but these are far from common. We have observed and heard of many occasions where the failure to recognize the immigrating Saints, who were well known in foreign lands, has caused them bitter disappointment and pain. This would be avoided in a very great degree if journals were carefully kept and occasionally, in after years, read over to "stir up our minds by way of remembrance."

In regard to what should go into a missionary's journal, there ever will be great difference of opinion. The journal, if it is faithfully kept, will be the best biography of the man who keeps it that could be written. It is sure to contain characteristic sentiments enough to afford a perfect index, at least, to the character of the writer. Thus the daily journals of President George A. Smith and Wilford Woodruff are altogether superior to any kind of "Life" or "Biography" that could be written of them. But some-

times young Elders fall into a habit of recording unimportant matters in their journals. We recollect seeing a journal in which the following entry was regularly made every day for five years: "I arose this morning and ate my breakfast, after which I"—then followed an account of the day's labors. That sentence repeated so often, if compiled, would fill a volume of itself, and was entirely unnecessary, as the presence of anything else, whatever, upon the page would indicate all that it tells. Many journals are merely railway time cards and distance tables, reiterating what every guide book contains. So far as this disposition to record time and distances relates to the personal travels of the writer, it is a good feature of his journal. It becomes quite an interesting summary to foot up the miles traveled while upon a mission or for a given number of years. But we consider that next to the faithful record of actual missionary labors, the journals of young Elders ought to be filled up with their intelligent observations of the people, scenes and objects of natural and artificial wonder which they encounter. Suppose the journals of our missionaries contained this class of matter, if they were compiled, they would form an encyclopedia of rare utility and interest. As they are kept, no doubt, the curious would be entertained for months in their perusal.

The habit of writing in a journal grows upon one and becomes a source of much pleasure. We have sometimes heard smokers of tobacco give as a reason—no man *can* give an intelligent reason for smoking—for indulging in the habit, "that his pipe had become a companion with which he communed and it became a great solace and comfort to him in that capacity." Now while we cannot say much for the company such an one keeps—a hot, stinking, murky, puffing thing, both offensive and injurious—the idea of companionship which the settled habit suggests is true, and carried in another direction is very delightful, particularly in the direction of a daily journal. We are acquainted with a distinguished official of the Church, who enjoys his daily communion with his journal with all the pleasure and none of the injury that the smoker does with his pipe.

The journal may become in addition to a charming companion—if it is a charming journal—a silent monitor, a guide, a friend to succor and to save. President Woodruff once remarked in this connection, that, "So long as you keep your daily journal and write down the things you do, there is not much danger of your doing much that is wrong." How true to the mark this observation strikes us. Go! look over your lives, and in nearly every case the mistakes, the wrong doing, the blots, will be found wanting in that period which was recorded in your journals.

From this practice of reviewing the events of each day, the memory becomes strong, particularly in its grasp of names and dates, and the habit of keeping things in order and of pursuing with method whatever occupies our time will naturally ensue. This bears a rich reward in the increased power to do; for by method one may accomplish twofold, perhaps ten-fold what the erratic worker can possibly find time to do.

Many are the reasons that might be named for urging missionaries to keep journals, but at home they will say they do not apply. It becomes insufferably irksome to chronicle the every day humdrum affairs of routine home life! Let us consider a moment what might legitimately go into a home journal that will be of interest. Firstly, the morality of the habit of writing down our acts; then the benefit to the mind in reviewing them at the close of each day, and the pleasure of a confidential companion. These ought to be sufficient, but to make the matter worth recording, if we do not find it in "arising in the morning" and in "eating breakfast," perhaps if we will take into consideration the natural objects of interest about us, as of animal life, scenery, the people we meet, etc., we may find some entertainment and possibly develop rare powers of observation that will lead to special studies and enable us to do something in the in-

terest of science or art that will be worth the labor, and do good to our fellow men.

The advantage of a journal to one who writes for publication is hardly to be calculated. It not only supplies him with data, but it cultivates the art he has chosen, and is a wonderful help to him when the labor of writing is required but the spirit to write is dormant. His journal then is a treasury from which he may draw in the hour of need. There are journals written in youth that have been, to some of the world's greatest writers, the source of information, and their mainstay and principal helper in advanced years. So may we all find our journals, if we keep them faithfully now, and write down in truth the things we learn and do to-day.

## UTAH STATISTICS—CENSUS OF 1880.

Of the children born in Utah, who had left the Territory, there were at the time of the taking of the last census—

| | |
|---|---|
| In the States, | 4,501 |
| In the Territories, | 5,913 |
| Total, | 10,414 |

There were in—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Idaho, | 3,205 | Iowa, | 394 |
| Arizona, | 1,338 | Colorado, | 241 |
| Nevada, | 800 | Nebraska, | 208 |
| California, | 1,131 | New York, | 260 |
| Wyoming, | 451 | Washington T., | 234 |
| Montana, | 554 | | |

The remainder of the States and Territories had each less than two hundred Utah born people within their borders.

Of the native born residents of Utah who first saw the light in other parts of the Union the following contributed the largest numbers—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York, | 2,715 | Missouri, | 1,224 |
| Illinois, | 2,230 | Ohio, | 793 |
| Pennsylvania, | 1,628 | Massachusetts, | 645 |
| Iowa, | 1,602 | California, | 607 |

All the remainder of the States and Territories less than five hundred each, down to Florida, which supplied only fourteen, and Dakota ten, Washington Territory seven, and Indian Territory five.

Of the foreign born population the following countries supplied the greatest number—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| England, | 19,654 | Ireland, | 1,321 |
| Denmark, | 7,791 | Switzerland, | 1,040 |
| Sweden, | 3,750 | Norway, | 1,214 |
| Scotland, | 3,201 | British America, | 1,036 |
| Wales, | 2,390 | | |

All the rest of the various nations (and Utah has within her borders representatives from almost every nation under heaven) have less than one thousand.

Of the population of Utah one quarter are under eight years old, one third under eleven and one half under seventeen. Utah has more children under five years old, in proportion to its population than any other division of the country, but Arkansas is very nearly abreast of her; for Utah has seventeen hundred and seventy-six children under five years old in every ten thousand, while Arkansas has seventeen hundred and seventy-five in the same number. When we reach ten years, Utah looses her supremacy. At this point the number in one thousand souls is—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arkansas, | 337 | Alabama, | 325 |
| Mississippi, | 333 | Utah, | 324 |
| Texas, | 331 | Georgia, | 319 |

The whole of the United States, 267.

Per contra we will take some of the States where the proportion is below the average—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York, | 216 | Massachusetts, | 196 |
| Vermont, | 205 | Colorado, | 185 |

Utah's total population was—

| | |
|---|---|
| Males, | 74,509 |
| Females, | 69,454 |
| | 143,963 |

School age, five to seventeen, both inclusive—

| | |
|---|---|
| Males, | 24,468 |
| Females, | 23,595 |
| | 48,063 |

Military age, eighteen to forty-four, both inclusive—

Males, 26,480

Civilized Indians in Utah—

In 1860, 89 In 1870, 179 In 1880, 807

Of the total population there were—

| | |
|---|---|
| Under 1 year, 5,591 | Under 8 years, 38,715 |
| Under 2 years, 10,560 | Under 12 years, 54,234 |
| Under 5 years, 25,591 | Under 20 years, 79,355 |

Total males over twenty-one years, 32,773.

Total native population, 99,969
Total foreign population, 43,994

143,963

Number of persons to the square mile—

| *Year.* | *Utah.* | *United States.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1850 | 0.05 | 7.93 |
| 1860 | 0.18 | 10.83 |
| 1870 | 1.06 | 13.30 |
| 1880 | 1.75 | 17.25 |

Number of persons in a dwelling—

| *Year.* | *Utah.* | *United States.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1870 | 4.75 | 5.47 |
| 1880 | 5.39 | 5.60 |

Number of persons to a family—

| *Year.* | *Utah.* | *United States.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1850 | 4.90 | 5.56 |
| 1860 | 4.96 | 5.28 |
| 1870 | 5.04 | 5.09 |
| 1880 | 5.07 | 5.04 |

Number of families and dwellings in Utah—

| *Year.* | *Dwellings.* | *Families.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1850 | 2,322 | 2,322 |
| 1860 | 10,763 | 9,500 |
| 1870 | 18,290 | 17,210 |
| 1880 | 26,710 | 28,373 |

Total assessed valuation of property in Utah, 1880—

Real estate, $14,779,344
Personal property, 9,995,935

$24,775,279

The percentage of "bread winners" or those engaged in gainful occupations is smallest in Utah and West Virginia of the whole nation, or only 28 per cent. It is largest in Arizona (55) and Montana (57). The vast number of young children in Utah may be accepted as one of the causes of this small percentage, and the general prosperity of its citizens as another.

The persons engaged in all kinds of occupations in Utah are classified according to their nationality as follows—

Natives of the United States, 20,903
Great Britain, 11,915
Scandinavia, 2,137
British America, 857
Germany, 554
Ireland, 515
Other countries, 3,184

The year 1880 was an unfortunate one for Utah so far as statistics for mortality are concerned, as an epidemic of diphtheria prevailed, which made her general mortality very heavy as compared with other seasons. The causes of death during the year were—

| | |
|---|---|
| Measles, | 24 |
| Scarlet fever, | 25 |
| Whooping cough, | 17 |
| Enteric fever, | 55 |
| Consumption, | 69 |
| Diphtheria, | 749 |
| Diarrhœal diseases, | 121 |
| Diseases of the nervous system, | 185 |
| Diseases of the respiratory system, | 457 |
| Diseases of the digestive system, | 71 |

Taking the average of the deaths of children in a dozen States and Territories at random we find the rate of mortality was greater than Utah in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New York, and less in Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Louisiana, Nebraska, Nevada, Texas and Indiana.

The statistics of illiteracy show—

| | | *Utah. pr.ct.* | *U.S.pr.ct.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Persons of 10 years and upwards who cannot read, | 4,851 | 5.0 | 13.4 |
| Persons of 10 years and upwards who cannot write, | 8,826 | 9.1 | 17.0 |
| Whites of 10 years and upwards who cannot write, | 8,137 | 8.5 | 9.4 |
| Native whites 10 years and upwards who cannot write, | 3,183 | 5.9 | 8.7 |
| Foreign whites 10 years and upwards who cannot write, | 4,954 | 11.8 | 12.0 |
| Whites, 10 to 14 inclusive, who cannot write, | 1,904 | 10.7 | 11.9 |
| Whites, 10 to 14 inclusive, who cannot write, males, | 1,072 | 11.9 | 13.0 |
| Whites, 10 to 14 inclusive, who cannot write, females, | 832 | 9.5 | 10.7 |
| Whites, 15 to 20 inclusive, who cannot write, | 848 | 4.9 | 7.2 |
| Whites, 15 to 20 inclusive, who cannot write, males, | 498 | 5.8 | 7.8 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Whites, 15 to 20 inclusive, who cannot write, females, | 350 | 3.9 | 6.7 |
| Whites, 21 and upwards, who cannot write, | 5,385 | 8.9 | 9.4 |

Thus we find that the average illiteracy in Utah amongst persons of all ages is less than the average of the country as a whole, and the disproportion would be much greater were the colored citizens of the United States taken into account. The percentage of lunatics, idiots, paupers and criminals is also much lower than that of the average of the whole country.

The public debt of Utah is stated in the Census returns as below—

| | |
|---|---|
| Territorial debt, | $ 9,120 |
| County debt, | 15,132 |
| City and town debt, | 91,999 |
| Total, | $116,251 |

For the sake of comparison we annex the total debts of some of the surrounding Territories—to wit—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arizona, | $377,501 | Montana, | $759,925 |
| Dakota, | 998,860 | Wyoming, | 205,462 |
| Idaho, | 235,319 | | |

*Geo. Reynolds.*

## PRINCE KRAPOTKINE.

THAT these prosaic days are not wholly without their thrilling romances and hairbreadth escapes, is shown by the remarkable career of Prince Krapotkine, the Russian Nihilist, who now lies in prison at Lyons, France, having been recently condemned to five years imprisonment as an anarchist.

Russia has produced, in this generation, few men more learned, more eloquent, or more accomplished than this man of princely rank, doomed to solitary confinement in a foreign country. Prince Krapotkine traces his descent from Rurick, the first ruler of Russia; and claims, indeed, that he has a better claim to the Russian throne than the reigning Czar himself.

Belonging to a family not only noble, but very rich, he early manifested a craving for knowledge, and in his youth devoted himself to scientific studies. He became, while yet a young man, a noted geologist, geographer and traveler; and wrote several scientific works on subjects of physical science, which won for him a wide reputation.

Outraged by the despotism of the Russian rulers, Prince Krapotkine, in spite of his wealth and his fame as a man of science, about ten years ago joined the revolutionary society of the Nihilists, devoted to the destruction of the Empire, and from that time he became one of its most active and energetic members. Besides being learned, he is an orator of a high order. His bold and vehement eloquence, electrifying those who heard him, rapidly made converts wherever he went. At last, however, he was hunted down by the Czar's police. He was arrested and thrown into the dungeons of the fortress of Peter and Paul, at St. Petersburg. These dungeons, gloomy to the last degree, extend beneath the ice-cold river Neva. No ray of light from heaven relieves their darkness. No wonder that the prisoner was attacked by deadly illness, and had to be removed to the Nicholas hospital, near by.

As the prince gradually recovered his strength in the hospital, he began to plan his escape. By some means, he managed to communicate with his Nihilist friends outside. Having received permission to walk three times a week in the hospital yard, he one day observed a cart, laden with wood, enter by a gateway. This gave him a hint of a method of escape.

He contrived to convey a message to the Nihilists, asking them to have a carriage, with a swift span of horses, stationed on the outside, near the gate, every day from noon till four o'clock.

One day a wood-cart again passed through the gate, which was left open and unguarded. Krapotkine did not lose an instant. Throwing off his prison coat, he darted through the gate, hotly pursued by the guard who always closely watched him in his walks. The carriage was waiting outside, as it had been every day for four months. He leaped into it, unhit by the balls of the rifles, and pushed aside one of the guards, who reached him just as he was getting in.

The carriage drove off at lightning speed, and within two days the prince was safe in Switzerland.

Ever since his daring escape, until his trial and conviction at Lyons a few weeks ago, Prince Krapotkine has been living in Switzerland, busily involved in the plots of the Nihilists, and in close co-operation with the revolutionists of Germany, France, and other countries. There can be no doubt of his sincerity; since he chose to give up rank, fortune, position, scientific fame, and even liberty, in adopting what he regards as the cause of oppressed peoples; and his history shows us how despotic the Russian political system must be, to drive men of the learning, eloquence and courage of Prince Krapotkine into the ranks of conspiracy and revolution.—*Selected.*

WOMAN *vs.* LADY—At an Irish meeting lately held in Dublin for establishing a technical training school, quite a dispute arose as to whether it should be called the Women's Institute or the Ladies' Institute. Rev. Professor Houghton was decidedly in favor of "Women's," and said when he was in America the chambermaid at Niagara called herself a "lady," and not long after stole his silk muffler. We do not know that the time will ever come when every American woman will be called a "lady," but we doubt whether a more beautiful and interesting woman has ever lived than Eve, and she was content to be called a woman, and her husband was as well pleased with the designation as she was. Besides all this, God said: "She shall be called Woman." What sense there is in the universal substitution of "ladies" for "women," is one of the things we do not comprehend.

Truth gives wings to strength.

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

### NOTICE.

The Tenth Semi-Annual Conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, Monday, April 9th. Meetings at 10 a. m., 2 p. m., and 7 p. m. The Stake Superintendents are expected to be present. Stake Secretaries are urgently requested to forward to the General Secretary their annual reports, to arrive not later than April 6th, and as much sooner as possible.

All officers and members of Associations and of the Young Ladies Associations and the public generally are invited to be present at this conference.

### QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—EMERY.

The first conference of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of the Emery Stake, was held at Huntington, Saturday evening, March 3, 1883.

Present of the Twelve Apostles F. M. Lyman, of the General Superintendency, Assistant Junius F. Wells; of the Presidency of the Stake, C. G. Larson and Counselors, and several of the Bishops and their Counselors. Superintendent Samuel R. Jewkes and Counselors, and several of the Presidents of the Associations and other officers were present.

Meeting called to order by Superintendent Samuel R. Jewkes. Singing by Huntington choir. Prayer by John Donaldson. Singing by Orangeville choir. The roll call showed that there was a representation from each Association in the Stake.

J. F. Wells presented the General Officers who were unanimously sustained, also the following Stake Officers: Samuel R. Jewkes, Superintendent; John Donaldson and John F. Wakefield, Counselors; Christian G. Larson, Jr., Secretary. Bro. Wells then spoke for a considerable length of time upon subjects of interest to the Associations.

Supt. Jewkes was the next speaker, he said he felt encouraged with the interest which had been taken by the Associations in this Stake. He wished to

do his duty in the position he was called to fill, asking God to help him.

The following report was then read by the Secretary: Associations, 4; members, 167; average attendance, 78; meetings, 68; reading, 4774 chapters; testimonies borne, 89; questions answered, 105; visitors sent, 39; visitors received, 42; visits of General and County Officers, 29. Greatest total of chapters read by one Association (Castle Dale), 1974.

After the report was read, Apostle F. M. Lyman spoke, and gave excellent council and instruction to both old and young.

Singing by the Huntington choir. The conference adjourned for three months, to be held at Orangeville. Benediction by J. F. Wakefield.

*C. G. Larson, Jr.*,
Secretary.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Life of Nephi, by President George Q. Cannon, the ninth book of the Faith Promoting Series, is a very delightful little volume. It contains, however, more matter than any of its predecessors, and is quite as entertaining. Not only by the author's avowal, in the preface do we learn of his admiration, of the character and work of Nephi; in his public discourses, for a period of many years and in private conversation, it has been observed by many that Nephi, to him, was a name which carried great interest. It is a matter of congratulation that we have this volume as a result of the study of Nephi, to which President Cannon has devoted so much time and an excceedingly clear comprehension. The book will be read by thousands and cannot fail, from the absorbing interest of the matter and the agreeable literary style of the writer, to give them great pleasure and to create a desire for other similar works to follow "The Life of Nephi" in as rapid succession as possible.

The Farmers' and Miners' Manual by Charles W. Stayner.—A pamphlet of twenty pages, contains valuable information in relation to Homestead, Preemption and Desert Land entries, the titles of coal and mineral lands, etc. Its aim is to supply the farmer or miner with exact information upon these subjects. Price 25 cents, at Stayner & Simmons' Land Agency and Law office.

Self-Sustaining to the End.—The Duchess of Galliera, not long ago, presented to the pope the usufruct of two extensive Italian estates, which leads an exchange to tell how she obtained her great fortune. The late duke, her husband, possessed a fortune of about sixty million dollars, and had an only son, who, as a boy, was free from all the so-called "noble passions." When scarcely twenty, the young nobleman retired to the neighborhood of Nice, applied for the post of schoolmaster in a small village, and obtained it. His father allowed him yearly from sixty to eighty thousand dollars; but the young man sent all the money to Paris, where it was divided as an anonymous gift among the poor. The noble teacher lived absolutely and entirely on his salary, and discharged his duties most conscientiously. After three years of work, the French Ministry of Instruction named him, "Officer de l'Académie." The young noble declined the honor in a very polite letter, declaring that it had never been heard that a schoolmaster had merited so high a distinction after three years' work, and that as he sould see in it only respect for his name, he was unable to accept it, being resolved to owe everything to himself. A few years ago his father died, and the whole of his colossal fortune descended to the son. The young duke went at once to Paris, drew up a will naming his mother as heiress to all his immense wealth, and a second deed conferring upon her during lifetime the free and absolute administration of the Galliera property. After these formalities, he returned to his village, and, as before, applied himself to teaching the A, B, C. The dowager duchess, probably the richest lady in the world, has lately established a large hospital in which the care of the sick is entrusted to a religious order.

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. IV. MAY, 1883. NO. 8.

## JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

II.

HAVING completed his Southern mission in 1842, Elder Grant returned to Nauvoo. He left the kind hearted people of Virginia with tears in their eyes. They had learned the principles of life from his utterances and daily example, and loved him as the messenger of heaven sent to save them. For five days previous to his departure, a protracted series of meetings was held at Burk's Garden, when hundreds attended and the Elders were kept busy preaching to the large congregations, and baptizing and confirming converts.

In June, 1843, Brother Grant went to Philadelphia to preside over the Church there. He remained in that city, making many valued friends and officiating in the duties of his office, until March, 1844, when he again reached Nauvoo. His stay, however, was short, for on the 9th of the following May he started, in company with Elders Woodruff and George A. Smith, on a preaching expedition through Illinois, the intention being to continue the tour eastward through several States. From this mission, however, he was suddenly recalled, and was in Nauvoo at the time of the martyrdom of the Prophets, on the 27th of June.

He proceeded at once to carry the tidings of this awful tragedy to the Apostles and other Elders in the eastern States and resumed his station at Philadelphia. Previous to leaving Nauvoo, July 2nd, he was married to Miss Caroline Vandyke, Bishop Newel K. Whitney officiating. His wife accompanied him to Philadelphia. His mission there was made particularly remarkable by the position he took in regard to Sidney Rigdon's peculiar apostate doctrines and the efforts of his followers to establish his claim to the guardianship of the Church. Certain letters which Brother Grant published upon these subjects were so clear, as were all his writings, and the strictures upon Rigdon's course so manifestly just, that they at once quelled the fears of the doubting Saints, and exhibited in plainness the true position of the faithful as well as the assumption of the ambitious apostate.

In May, 1845, Elder Grant returned to Nauvoo, and in the following winter received the blessings of the House of the Lord, assisting, also, in administering those sacred ordinances to many others. He was among the first who left Nauvoo in the exodus of 1846, crossing the river in February, and with the body of the Saints turning his back upon the tyrannical oppression of mobs and treacherous friends to seek an asylum of peace in the fastnesses of the mountains of the great West.

He went east from Winter Quarters in the winter of 1846-7, on a short mission, during which he purchased the materials for making a flag, which for several years floated over "the land of the free and the homes of the blest" in this city, and was familiarly known as "the mammoth flag." After transacting important business in the interests of the exodus, he returned, in June, 1847, to the Missouri River, and was appointed Captain of the Third Hundred of the emigrating Saints

which he successfully led to the Salt Lake Valley, arriving in the following October. A year after, with characteristic energy and promptness, he went out beyond Fort Bridger with several men and teams to relieve President Willard Richards and company and assist them in.

May 26, 1849, he was elected Brigadier General of the first brigade of the Nauvoo Legion, and October 23, 1852, was promoted to the Major Generalship of the First Division, which military office he held unto his death. He was an efficient officer, valiant, energetic and just. In the difficulties with the Indians he manifested considerable skill, and always was regarded as eminently jealous of the rights of the red men as well as of the safety of the whites.

In the fall of 1849, Elder Grant went to the States on business together with about forty missionaries, who elected him Captain of the company. Among the number were President John Taylor, Apostles Erastus Snow, Lorenzo Snow, F. D. Richards, Bishop Hunter, Colonel Reese, Curtis E. Bolton and several other prominent Elders.

They had reached the banks of the Platte river some distance this side of Fort Laramie, and were camped for noon on a cold, wintry day, in a horseshoe bend of the river, when they were attacked by a large war party of the Cheyennes, who were painted and equipped for war, on their way out to engage with a hostile band of the Crows. With the utmost energy the animals were got together and fastened, and a line in open rank formed from the river's bank to face the Indians and prevent them from surrounding the party. President Taylor, in writing to the *Frontier Guardian*, describes the appearance of the red men as follows:

"When they first appeared they were about three quarters of a mile from us, and as they were mounted upon excellent chargers they came with the rapidity of an arrow. It gave us little enough time to gather our horses and prepare ourselves to meet our belligerent visitors. Captain Shadrach Roundy ordered the horses to be gathered and securely tied to the wagons. General Grant acted with great promptness and decision on the occasion, immediately forming us into line, leaving two of our number to tie the horses up. The men showed great intrepidity, every man standing at his post undaunted. The efforts of the Indians were to either break our line or turn our flank; but being repulsed at all points, they were brought to a dead halt about a rod and a half in front of us. During all this they were shaking out the priming from their firearms and priming them anew. Many placed their arrows to their bow strings—their lances in rest, and were wetting the ends of their arrows with their mouths, that they might not slip too quick from the finger and thumb."

Bishop Hunter describes the scene at this moment as one of the intensest excitement. Every white man stood with his gun cocked and primed, expecting each moment to receive the signal to fire; indeed one or two raised their weapons, but were ordered in Gen. Grant's usually emphatic manner, doubled, to lower their guns. The advance warriors rode their animals furiously along the line of the white men, and showed great excitement and determination to fight. They worked up a perfect frenzy of rage, and could hardly be restrained until their chiefs came to the front.

As they approached, President Taylor, Captain Roundy and Curtis E. Bolton went forward to meet them. They showed signs of peace, and exhibited a paper signed by Major Sanderson, commanding Fort Laramie, certifying that "This tribe is friendly to the whites." During this parley, General Grant becoming impatient at the ferocious conduct of the younger warriors who were restless and eager for the fray, called Bishop Hunter from the line to the command, while he went forward to assist in the council with the chiefs. The Indians were finally ordered to withdraw while the council proceeded. They were presented with crackers, dried meat and tobacco, had a grand smoke, and after riding along the line twice,

consented to shake hands and let the party proceed upon their way.

President Taylor further says: "They very courteously filed to the right and left, and escorted us on our road till we came opposite their village. They were about two hundred in number, and were of the tribe of Cheyennes, as they pronounced it. They presented the most respectable appearance of any Indians I have met with. Many of them were dressed in American style, with clothes of the best broadcloth, beaver hats, caps, etc. And those who were dressed in Indian costume, displayed the greatest elegance of taste in their attire. They were adorned with head dresses of feathers of the richest hues; and their various insignia of office, displayed a taste which is at once wild, romantic and beautiful. They were mounted on excellent horses —richly comparisoned in many instances, and painted off in the most fantastic style; they pawed the ground and champed their bits, and seemed as impatient of restraint as their riders. The whole affair was truly grand, and notwithstanding the peculiar situation in which we were placed, we could not but admire the magnificent display which the lords of the prairie presented, as they dashed with lightning speed upon us, arrayed in all the gaudiness and pride of Indian holiday attire. The scene was rich, and exceeded any theatrical representation we have ever witnessed. Messrs. Edward Hunter, Lorenzo Snow and myself, at the request of their chief, visited their encampment, which was about three miles off the road; we found there a large number of lodges, and were informed by a Frenchman that they numbered six hundred warriors. They appeared to be wealthy, and I should think they had about three thousand horses, seen by us. We visited many of their lodges. They appeared very friendly, but a little chagrined at the occurrence of the morning."

The party pursued their way without further molestation. Elder Grant accomplished the object of his mission and returned to the vallies in the following year, in charge of a merchant train. Many interesting incidents, displaying the strong characteristics of their leader, occurred on this return journey, which make it ever memorable to those who were in the train.

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Gratitude iz a word that you will find in the dictionarys, but yu will not find mutch ov it enny where else.—*Josh Billings.*

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## TAX SYSTEM OF INDIA.

THE form of government, the nature of the laws for the administration of justice and the wise enforcement of the same, to a great extent, determine the condition of the people. Another evidence of the people's happiness and prosperity is the enacting of wise provisions for the raising of revenue, to supply the pecuniary necessities of the government. In this article I design to briefly set forth the systen of procuring revenue which has been in vogue in India from time immemorial.

Through the laxity of the law, and the power placed in the hands of the Zemindar, who is clothed upon with great authority, and acts as a middle man between the ryots or cultivators, who raise the crops, and the king who receives a very great portion of the produce, very grave controversies would frequently arise between the ryots and Zemindaries in collecting the revenues in their respective districts. The rulers were much interested in the collection of the taxes, and to accomplish this the Zemindaries were vested with a portion of the powers of the government. They had a military force at their disposal, together with the police of the district, as well as the authority to try cases that would arise in the non-payment of the rents. When the French held sway in India, according to the account of Sally

the French statesman, in the year 1859, one hundred and fifty millions of French money in the shape of revenue were wrung from the people through the Zemindaries and their substitutes, while only thirteen millions found its way into the French exchequer. In this manner the middle men of India fleeced the taxpayers and robbed the government of its legal revenues.

The taxable property as listed, the mode of assessment and being paid in kind, as set forth in their ancient books, convey an outline of the primitive state of the people. The ordinance of Menu states on this particular subject: "An eighth part, a sixth or a twelfth may be taken by the king, to be determined by the difference of soil and the labor necessary to cultivate it." The uncertainty here in relation to the amount of tax to be collected through the quality of soil, etc., gave the Zemindar, or middle man great latitude to impose great hardships upon the poor ryots. The ruler through his district agents, may take a sixth part of the clear annual increase of trees, flesh meat, honey, clarified butter, perfumes, medical substances, liquids, flowers, roots and fruit; of gathered leaves, pot herbs, grass, utensils with leather or cane, earthen pots, and all things made of stone. Of cattle, of gems, of gold and silver, added each year to the capital stock, a fifteenth part may be taken by the king. When the rules of purchase and sale are ascertained, the law states, "the length of the way, the expense of food and of condiments, the charges of securing the goods carried, and the net profits of trade, let the king oblige traders to pay taxes on their saleable commodities, after full consideration, let a king so levy those taxes continually in his dominions, that both he and the merchant may receive a just compensation for their several acts. Let the king order a mere trifle to be paid in the name of the annual tax by the meaner inhabitants of his realm who subsist by petty traffic. By law, handicraftsmen, artificers and servile men, who support themselves by labor, the king may cause work to be done for a day in each month." The law also states, "A military king who takes a fourth part of the crops of his realm at a time of urgent necessity, as of war or invasion, and protects his people to the utmost of his power, commits no sin. The tax on the mercantile class, which in times of prosperity must be only a twelfth part of their crops, and a fifteenth of their personal profits; may be an eighth of their crops in a time of distress, or a sixth, which is the medium, or even a fourth in great public adversity; but a twentieth on gains on money and other moveables is the highest tax. Serving men, artisans and mechanics, must assist by their labor, but at no time pay taxes."

All the lands in India belonged to the king, who looked to the Nabobs, who were subordinate district rulers in their respective districts, for the revenues or rents, and the Nabobs looked to the Zemindaries, the middle men, referred to, who when the rent was not forthcoming, would quarter themselves and posses upon the tillers of the soil, helping to eat up their scanty substance until the rent was paid. By conquest, the soil of India became the property of the conquerors; but they never interfered with the husbandmen or their bullocks and implements of husbandry, as long as the estimated revenue was collected. The rent of the lands was the property of the emperor, and the tenure of the ryots continued so long as they paid the rent. If a ryot desired to change his residence the rude hut composed of mud and covered with thatch, in which he lived, and which he built by his own exertions, he could not dispose of it to another; this rude real estate being interpreted as a part of the soil, and hence the property of the king. The only property possessed by the ryot was his few cows, buffaloes, pots, etc. It was difficult for creditors to collect their accounts from this class of citizens, on account of their having no property in the soil. Again the law protects the ryot, wherein a creditor cannot deprive him of his cattle, this deprivation would take out of his hand the means to cultivate the

soil, which would result in an injury to the king, hence the creditors were obliged to resort to intimidation, or to hire a Brahman to sit in d'herni, as described in a former article. The king, as the proprietor of the soil, was well protected by law, to ensure him his equitable returns from the land, against bad cultivation. Menu states, "If land be injured by the fault of the farmer himself, as if he fails to sow it in due time, he shall be fined ten times as much as the king's share of the crop, that might otherwise have been raised; but only five times as much if it was the fault of his servants without his knowledge.

When the king felt disposed to make a gift of lands or revenue to any prince, he would cause it to be written on prepared cloth or copper, sealed with his signet. The conveyance would specify the time, his name and that of his ancestors, and if the gift was land, the metes and bounds, etc. The following is a description of a royal land grant, engraven on a copper plate, dated twenty-three years before Christ, and discovered among the ruins of Mongeyr, translated by Mr. Wilkins. Assat. Researches, 1. 123. "Be it known, that I have given the above mentioned town of Meseeka, whose limits include the fields where the cattle graze, above and below the surface, with all the lands belonging to it, together with all the Mango and Modhoo trees, all its waters, and all their banks and verdure: all its rents, all its tolls and fines for crimes, and rewards for catching thieves. In it there shall be no molestation, no passage for troops," etc.

The foregoing briefly but clearly sets forth the various and peculiar channels, through which he received revenues. Every district is studded over with villages, the inhabitants of which cultivate one or two thousand acres of land according to the population. These villages resembled incorporated towns, and according to the ancient usages of the country, have the appearance of a small republic, and to a certain extent enjoyed the community of goods. Every village viewed itself as a distinct society, the sole interests of which concerned all its inhabitants. They all assisted each other, and the combined labors of all paid the rent. Each according to his original interest received his proportionate profit. In this division of labor, one man would go to market, while the others would attend to their respective labors, according to the occupation assigned them. These organized villages were each presided over by an officer called the Potail, who was the head and had a general supervision of all the affairs of the village, settled all the disputes of the people, directed the police and collected the revenues within his village under the particular district Zemindar. The next was the office of the Tallier whose calling was to protect persons traveling from one place to another, and to glean information of crimes and offences that were committed. The business of the Totie was to guard the crops and to assist in measuring them. The boundaryman had to watch that the limits of the village was not encroached upon, and in case where boundary disputes arose, would give evidence. The water master saw to the water ditches and tanks, and the distribution of the water for agriculture. The Brahman attended to the village worship. The schoolmaster spent his time in teaching the children to read and write. The astrological Brahman posts the ryots, in relation to the lucky and unlucky periods for sowing and threshing. Then came the blacksmith and carpenter who built the houses of the ryots and made the farm utensils, also the potter who made all the earthen vessels for the inhabitants of his village. The washermen do all the washing; the barber all the shaving; the cow-keepers look after all the cattle; the doctor attends to all the sick. The dancing girls do all the dancing for the whole village, during their numerous religious festivities; also the poet and musicians perform their particular parts in making up the complete organization of the village. The natives of India have thus lived from primitive times.

To conclude this article, I will make a quotation from a statement made by A.

Fraser Tyler, in a description of a village in Bengal: "Under this simple form of municipal government, the inhabitants of the country have lived from time immemorial. The boundaries of the villages have been seldom altered; and though the villages themselves have been sometimes injured, and even desolated by war, famine and disease, the same name, the same limits, the same interests and even the same families have continued for ages. The inhabitants gave themselves no trouble about the breaking up and division of kingdoms. While the village remains entire, they care not to what power it is transferred, or to what sovereign it devolves; its internal economy remains unchanged, the potail is still the head inhabitant, and still acts as the petty judge and magistrate and collector or renter of the village." *William Fotheringham.*

## DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

THE causes of the Zulu war, of course, you all know. The Zulu people had become so strong, that they threatened the security of the British colony of Natal. They said they were going to "eat" us up, which means in that country, cutting you up into small pieces and otherwise annoying you. Yes—they were going to eat us up, they said. I had just finished the Afghan war—I don't mean by that, however, that I had myself brought it to a successful termination—but only that I had finished describing the campaign—when the news came of the outbreak in Zululand.

I started from Bombay for South Africa, and found the colonial forces trying to fight the Zulus by themselves. About three days after my arrival, the Prince Imperial arrived. I was in the same building as the Prince for the first few days after his landing. I started with him up the country, and was therefore very frequently in his company for the next month. I was in the same camp with him from which he went out to his death. He was very fond of being written about and having his picture taken. My friend Mr. Melton Prior, the artist of the *Illustrated London News*, shared a tent with me, and the Prince was perpetually coming across to see us. Indeed if he had not been a prince, he would have sometimes been a nuisance. He was in the British camp as a guest of Lord Chelmsford, and nobody could understand why he was there. It was supposed by some to be a political dodge to ally England and France as against Germany and Russia, but whatever the purpose may have been, whether design or accident, it was certain the schemes of statesmen were frustrated by one of the most extraordinary occurrences that has ever happened. The Prince was very fond of asking for little jobs of work to make himself, as he said, "useful" to Lord Chelmsford; several such jobs were given him, and one of these was to make sketches of the proposed lines of march. On the occasion upon which he met his death, he was engaged in one of these commissions. Lord Chelmsford told him not to venture out unless he were accompanied by a Basuto guard. No Zulu will venture himself to meet a Basuto. Any Basuto is more than a match for any Zulu; and the Zulus know this perfectly well, for they never think of attacking a camp that is guarded by Basutos. They never think of waylaying or ambuscading travelers who have a Basuto guide, because a Basuto is just twice as sharp as a Zulu.

As it happened, the Prince Imperial was standing outside my tent when the order came for the party to start. We were at the time examining a large ant hill in front of my tent. The ants in Africa build large conical mounds, which are almost as hard as masonry, and stand almost three feet from the ground. We were all digging holes with Zulu assagais into an ant hill to see what the internal economy of these insects was. We were thus engaged when an orderly

came up and told the Prince that his horse was ready. The Prince, in his characteristic and impetuous way immediately left us and got on his horse, which he did in an acrobatic, gymnastic way, a kind of a left handed vault. He was excessively clever in mounting his horse in that way. He jumped upon the horse which was probably sixteen hands high (it was the biggest horse in all the camp) and putting his spurs to the animal he was soon gone. His escort, as it turned out, had not been mustered, and the result was the Prince rode out of camp with five colonial soldiers only, under the command of a British officer, Captain Carey, who with the Prince made seven, the total of the party, five of whom were of foreign birth.

They started off, and by the time the Prince had finished his sketch, it was about two o'clock in the afternoon. He suggested that the whole party should stop to water their horses and have a cup of coffee, and seeing at the bottom of the valley a small deserted Zulu village, they went down the hill. There were one or two broken down huts and a large crop of corn—"Indian corn," as we call it in Europe, "corn" as you call it in America, "mealies" as they call it in Africa—grew on three sides of this kraal or village. The Prince Imperial with an ignorance or recklessness which ought to have been corrected by the officer who was with him, said: "We will go down into that valley and water our horses there, and have a cup of coffee and a cigarette." Now it was afterwards pleaded on behalf of Captain Carey that the Prince Imperial was in charge of the party and not Captain Carey. Now that, of course, is impossible, for if a British officer is with soldiers, he *must* be in command of the party. The Prince Imperial was not even a soldier, and did not belong to the British army. He was there for his own amusement as a guest of Lord Chelmsford, but being very anxious to make himself useful, took charge of the party and gave all their orders. If nothing serious had happened it would never have mattered, and the Prince might have gone on giving orders all the day long; but as affairs turned out, it was of the utmost importance to know who had been in actual charge of the party at the time, lest the blame should fall upon some one unjustly.

The Prince then directed the party to go down to the ruined kraal for their coffee. They went down there, watered their horses, cooked their coffee and smoked their cigarettes. One of their servants came back from the water, saying in the Zulu tongue, that he had seen a Zulu across the water running up the hill on the opposite side. The moment they heard this (it was interpreted to them by one of their party), the Prince said, "That looks like danger, we had better start." He pulled out his watch and said, "No, we will give the men another ten minutes."

That *ten* minutes made all the difference of his life. It turned out afterwards, nine Zulus traveling across the hills had seen the Prince's party coming down on the opposite side of the water, and to see what they were going to do, they crept down the hill unobserved. They found them sitting on the side of the "mealies." The Zulus, as though these men had been wild animals, crept through the crop and got up within a few feet of them as they sat there smoking. The Zulus, at that time, had not made up their minds to attack the party. It is true they were nine and the others were seven. They had found themselves beaten under better odds than that, and it was not their intention to attack. But it appears that while they were sitting there, they heard the Kaffir servant come up with the news that he had seen a Zulu running up the hillside. These Zulus hiding in the crop had seen the movement of dismay that the information caused in the party; they also noticed and quoted it afterwards that the Prince Imperial was the one who said "No, we wont go away," (that was their interpretation) "simply because we have seen a Zulu, we will stay here another ten minutes." And so ebbed away the last brief moments of the young Prince's life. The ten minutes

over, he said, "It is time to go, Captain Carey." The Captain said, "Yes sir." "Stand to your horses!" continued the Prince. They all stood ready, "Prepare to mount!" and the men put their feet into the stirrups. "Mount!" said the Prince, and the whole party sprang to their saddles.

But the word of command was hardly out of his mouth when a volley broke from the mealies upon them. One of the party was killed on the spot, a second was wounded, but managed to lie across his horse, and was thus carried off. The whole party then galloped away—all except one—that was the Prince Imperial. Now the boy, as I have said, was in the habit of showing off his extraordinary dexterity in getting on to his horse without any kind of assistance. He could leap on to it in any way you ever saw in a circus or military gymnasium. In France he was in the habit of carrying off every prize for horsemanship. But now that his very life depended upon it, with the help of saddles and holster and stirrups, he could not manage to reach the saddle.

The Zulus are the only authorities, of course, on the manner of his death, for they alone saw the Prince die. They said that as soon as they fired the whole party bolted; that one of them in passing spoke to the Prince Imperial who was trying to mount, and the man himself (Letocq) told me that what he said (in French) was, "Be quick, sir, be quick, for the Zulus are coming through the crop!" The Prince never said a word, but took hold of the holster in front of his saddle and tried to pull himself up into his seat. The holster broke off in his hand and he came down to the ground. He still had hold of the bridle and tried again and again to get across his horse. He tried to get his foot in the stirrup, but each time his foot slipped. He once actually got off the ground, but fell again, and his horse trod upon him. He held on to the bridle and tried to get on the horse a second time, but a second time he fell and the horse again trod upon him. He then lost his hold of the bridle, and his horse galloped away after its comrades. The Prince gathered himself up and looked around. The Zulus were now in the open ground. His friends (if you can call those men friends) were three quarters of a mile away and the Zulus but a few yards. He stood up and looked full at his pursuers. The Zulus say that there was something in the Prince Imperial's look that ought to have told them he was a king. The Zulus have a a national tradition and superstition against shedding royal blood, and if they had known that he was of royal blood they would have spared his life. They did not know it. The Zulus say that when the Prince turned round the first time and seemed about to defy them there was something in his look and attitude that was unmistakably royal. It looked as though he was going to fight. The next moment he changed his mind, perhaps thinking he might catch his horse and reach his friends, he turned around and ran. The Zulus fired at him, missing him. The Prince ran sixty or eighty yards from them to a deep ditch, about sixty feet deep. He reached the ditch and whether in jumping down or from the injuries he had received from his horse had weakened his leg—when they came up to the edge of the ditch he was standing with his back against the opposite bank with his sword in his left hand and revolver in his right. They came up, and when they saw his revolver they naturally withdrew. The Prince began to fire. It was simply a toy kind of pistol, and he fired with no effect; even if he hit them there was no serious result. He threw away his revolver and changed his sword from his left to his right hand and waited for them to come on. The Zulus, of course, were not going to jump into the ditch to fight him when they had an opportunity of killing him from the bank. They came up to about six feet from him, and selected one of their number to kill him, who was a man much stronger than the others, and perhaps known to have a better aim. He selected from a bundle of assegais the sharpest and heaviest. The others stood by to watch him. He

went as close to the edge as he could, drew back his hand and threw the spear. It struck the boy in his right eye and passed through his head, probably paralyzing his sense of feeling even, if it did not actually kill him. The Zulus say that he put up his hand, moved his sword back again into his left hand to draw the spear which was in his head, then made a military pass with his left hand and held it out, standing in the moment of death in an attitude of defense and defiance. Then they came up to him and promiscuously, one after another, threw their assegais at him till the boy suddenly staggered, reeled and fell, facing his foes.

*Phil. Robinson.*

## FLIGHT OF JOSEPH AND MARY.*

Far away o'er the sandy Egyptian soil,
Near the fertile fields, on the banks of the Nile,
All sunburnt and weary, two travelers lay
Neath, a cypress tree, in the noontide of day—
A sage, and his lady, who held to her breast,
A sweet, lovely child in its slumbering rest;
Near a donkey, unharnessed, lay sleeping at ease,
Half stretched on the sand, with its head on its knees.
Self-exiled, they had fled from a bloodthirsty hand,
Ah! how friendless their state in a heathenish land;
Where the Pyramid's height, cast a sad, sullen gloom
From those mountains of stone, o'er some king-made tomb;
Where the Sphinx, half human, half beast-form portrayed
The monstrous formations their artists had made;
Yet, amidst all these horrors of heat, gloom and fear,
A friend, unexpected, moved silently near.
In a palanquin, borne by Egyptian slaves,
In which was a lady, who saw in amaze
The trio, embowered neath the evergreen tree,
Called a halt, and inquired if destitute, she
Might lead them to some safer place of abode,
To an inn that was nigh, near the turn of the road.
She saw they were strangers, as she once had been
A poor, wandering gypsy, now a Sultan's loved queen;
From the lowest of castes, from a soothsaying race,
She'd been chosen for beauty in person and face;
On the child she looked smiling, examined its hands,
And flesh marks, that fortune foretells by its brands,
To know of its future, for good or for ill,
Would be through its life, by her sibylic skill.
Surprised—she seemed sad—and then suddenly said,
"Ah! there is a cross and a shroud for the dead!
But this is its left palm, its right let me see—
Why, here is a crown and a sceptre says he
Will reign as a king, o'er a great fallen race,
But the marks fail to tell of the nation or place,
Still I cannot define how this cross can refer
To this sceptre and crown, he must certainly wear,
For his right holds the power all his foes to subdue,
Though they will be many, yet his friends will be true.
It all seems mysterious, opposing and strange,
To reign as a king, yet be killed in revenge.
Perhaps when his spirit's refined, it may be
After death, he will reign in a higher degree;
Like the long transmigrated king Cheops of old,
He'll return after ages to reign as I've told.
So come, let us go where contentment and rest,
You will find in the inn, by my humble request;
Where you will remain just as long as you may,
And I will be voucher for all you should pay."

MORAL.

Here the picture is left to conjecture, and throws
In fancy, the poet, to think or suppose;
In the inn they lived happy, had all they required
From this lady of feeling, by heaven inspired:
Who knew not the strangers she honored and blest,
Nor the God who thus led her to save the distressed,
Till the time passed away, and the tyrant was dead,
Who sought the child's life, from whom they had fled.
So ends this strange tale of a sibyl's false art,
Who, led by her soothsaying, truth did impart;
Showing God in His wisdom, where demons intrude,
Make arts that are evil turn out for our good.

*John Lyon.*

*Written on viewing an Egyptian picture.

# SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

Sunday, May 12, 1844. At 10 a. m. I preached at the stand. The following brief synopsis of my discourse was reported by my clerk, Thomas Bullock:

The Savior has the words of eternal life. Nothing else can profit us. There is no salvation in believing an evil report against our neighbor. I advise all to go on to perfection, and search deeper and deeper into the mysteries of Godliness. A man can do nothing for himself unless God direct him in the right way; and the Priesthood is revealed for that purpose.

The last time I spoke on this stand it was on the resurrection of the dead, when I promised to continue my remarks upon that subject. I still feel a desire to say something on this subject. Let us this very day begin anew, and now say, with all our hearts, we will forsake our sins and be righteous. I shall read the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, and give it a literal rendering and reading; and when it is rightly understood, it will be edifying. [He then read and translated it from the German.]

I thought the very oddity of its rendering would be edifying anyhow: "*And it will preached be, the Gospel of the kingdom in the whole world, to a witness over all people; and then will the end come.*" I will now read it in German. [Which he did, andm any Germans who were present said he translated it correctly.]

The Savior said, when those tribulations should take place, it should be committed to a man, who should be a witness over the whole world; the keys of knowledge, power and revelations should be revealed to a witness who should hold the testimony to the world. It has always been my province to dig up hidden mysteries — new things—for my hearers. Just at the time when some men think that I have no right to the keys of the Priesthood—just at that time I have the greatest right. The Germans are an exalted people. The old German translators are the most correct, most honest of any of the translators; and therefore I get testimony to bear me out in the revelations that I have preached for the last fourteen years. The old German, Latin, Greek and Hebrew translations all say it is true; they cannot be impeached, and therefore I am in good company.

All the testimony is that the Lord in the last days would commit the keys of the Priesthood to a witness over all people. Has the Gospel of the kingdom commenced in the last days? And will God take it from the man until he takes it himself? I have read it precisely as the words flowed from the lips of Jesus Christ. John the Revelator saw an angel flying through the midst of heaven having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.

The Scripture is ready to be fulfilled when great wars, famines, pestilence, great distress, judgments, etc., are ready to be poured out on the inhabitants of the earth. John saw the angel *having* the holy Priesthood, who should preach the everlasting Gospel to all nations. God had an angel—a special messenger — ordained and prepared for that purpose in the last days. Woe, woe be to that man or set of men who lift up their hands against God and his witness in these last days; for they shall deceive almost the very chosen ones!

My enemies say that I *have* been a true prophet. Why, I had rather be a fallen true prophet than a false prophet. When a man goes about prophesying and commands men to obey his teachings, he must either be a true or false prophet. False prophets always arise to oppose the true prophets, and they will prophesy so very near the truth that they will deceive almost the very chosen ones.

The doctrine of eternal judgments belongs to the first principles of the Gospel in the last days. In relation to the kingdom of God, the devil always sets up his kingdom at the very same time in opposition to God. Every man who

has a calling to minister to the inhabitants of the world, was ordained to that very purpose in the Grand Council of heaven before this world was. I suppose that I was ordained to this very office in that Grand Council. It is the testimony that I want that I am God's servant, and this people His people. The ancient Prophets declared in the last days the God of heaven should set up a kingdom, which should never be destroyed, nor left to other people; and the very time that was calculated on, this people were struggling to bring it out. He that arms himself with gun, sword or pistol, except in the defence of truth, will some time be sorry for it. I never carry any weapon with me bigger than my penknife. When I was dragged before the cannon and muskets in Missouri I was unarmed. God will always protect me until my mission is fulfilled.

I calculate to be one of the instruments of setting up the kingdom of Daniel by the word of the Lord, and I intend to lay a foundation that will revolutionize the whole world. I once offered my life to the Missouri mob as a sacrifice for my people, and here I am. It will not be by sword or gun that this kingdom will roll on; the power of truth is such that all nations will be under the necessity of obeying the Gospel. The prediction is that army will be against army; it may be that the Saints will have to beat their ploughs into swords, for it will not do for men to sit down and see their children destroyed patiently.

My text is on the resurrection of the dead; which you will find in the fourteenth chapter of John: "In my Father's house are many mansions." It should be, "In my Father's kingdom are many kingdoms," in order that ye may be heirs of God and joint heirs with me. I do not believe the Methodist doctrine of sending honest men and noble minded men to hell, along with the murderer and adulterer. They may hurl all their hell and fiery billows upon me, for they will roll off me as fast as they come on. But I have an order of things to save the poor fellows at any rate, and get them saved; for I will send men to preach to them in prison, and save them if I can.

There are many mansions for those who obey a celestial law, and there are other mansions for those who come short of the law, every man in his own order. There is baptism, etc., for those to exercise who are alive, and baptism for the dead, who died without the knowledge of the Gospel.

I am going on in my progress for eternal life. It is not only necessary that you should be baptized for your dead, but you will have to go through all the ordinances for them, the same as you have gone through to save yourselves. There will be one hundred and forty-four thousand saviors on Mount Zion, and with them an innumerable host that no man can number. Oh! I beseech you to go forward, go forward, and make your calling and your election sure; and if any man preach any other Gospel than that which I have preached, he shall be cursed; and some of you who now hear me shall see it, and know that I testify the truth concerning them.

In regard to the law of the Priesthood, there should be a place where all nations shall come up from time to time to receive their endowments; and the Lord has said this shall be the place for the baptism for the dead. Every man that has been baptized and belongs to the kingdom has a right to be baptized for those who are gone before; and, as soon as the law of the Gospel is obeyed here by their friends who act as proxy for them, the Lord has administrators there to set them free. A man may act as proxy for his own relatives; the ordinances of the Gospel which were laid out before the foundation of the world have thus been fulfilled by them, and we may be baptized for those whom we have much friendship for; but it must first be revealed to the man of God, lest we should run too far. "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive;" all shall be raised from the dead. The Lamb of God hath brought to pass the resurrection, so that all shall rise from the dead.

God Almighty Himself dwells in eter-

nal fire; flesh and blood cannot go there, for all corruption is devoured by the fire. Our God is a consuming fire. When our flesh is quickened by the Spirit, there will be no blood in this tabernacle. Some dwell in higher glory than others.

Those who have done wrong always have that wrong gnawing them. Immortality dwells in everlasting burnings. I will from time to time reveal to you the subjects that are revealed by the Holy Ghost to me. All the lies that are now hatched up against me are of the devil, and all the influence of the devil and his servants will be used against the kingdom of God. The servants of God teach nothing but principles of eternal life; by their works ye shall know them. A good man will speak good things and holy principles, and an evil man evil things. I feel, in the name of the Lord, to rebuke all such bad principles, liars, etc., and I warn all of you to look out whom you are going after. I exhort you to give heed to all the virtue and the teachings which I have given you. All men who are immortal dwell in everlasting burnings. You cannot go anywhere but where God can find you out. All men are born to die, and all men must rise; all must enter eternity.

In order for you to receive your children to yourself, you must have a promise, some ordinance, some blessing in order to ascend above principalities, or else it may be an angel. They must rise just as they died; we can there hail our lovely infants with the same glory—the same lovliness in the celestial glory, where they all enjoy alike. They differ in stature, in size; the same glorious spirit gives them the likeness of glory and bloom; the old man with his silvery hairs will glory in bloom and beauty. No man can describe it to you—no man can write it.

When did I ever teach anything wrong from this stand? When was I ever confounded? I want to triumph in Israel before I depart hence and am no more seen. I never told you I was perfect; but there is no error in the revelations which I have taught. Must I, then, be thrown away as a thing of naught?

I enjoin you for your consideration. Add to your faith virtue, love. etc. I say, in the name of the Lord, if these things are in you, you shall be fruitful. I testify that no man has power to reveal it but myself—things in heaven, in earth, and hell; and all shut your mouths for the future. I commend you all to God, that you may inherit all things; and may God add His blessing. Amen.

## ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

"Show thyself a man."—*1 Kings, ii: 2.*

THIS was part of David's dying charge to Solomon his son. The poet-monarch of ancient Israel was about to be gathered to his fathers. He had already placed the crown upon the head of Solomon. As he stood upon the verge of his mortal existence he enjoyed with all a father's solicitude those principles which were well calculated to make his son's government successful and his name illustrious. He exhorted him, not to show himself a warrior merely, not a statesman merely, not a monarch merely, but a man, possessing the generous impulses of a man, and displaying a manly character in all his intercourse with men.

So Solomon understood him, and his government became the admiration of the world. The proudest monarchs of earth came to behold his glory and the magnificence of his kingdom. While others gloried in conquest and ruled as tyrants, he governed as a man, having common sympathies with those above whom he had been elevated by birth and fortune.

In our times there are various and contradictory opinions cherished in regard to what constitutes a manly course. It is not every one that wears a masculine human form that can claim to be a man in the full sense of the term. There are many who live and move in

society, who are destitute of the chief elements of a manly character. They may profess to be honorable men. Indeed many may consider their course as worthy of imitation. The gambler has his code of honor, the duelist has his code of honor, even the robber has his code of honor. Napoleon was an honorable man in his way and the world ascribed to him many great and noble qualities; he fought well, and conquered well; his banner waved in triumph over many a bloody field, carnage and famine and death attended his steps and like the genius of evil he stalked abroad; he was doubtless a splendid general and a brilliant emperor, but the child that wandered over the battle field, after his most triumphant charge, and wet with water the lips of the dying soldiers there, was far more exalted in the scale of being than was the plumed and epauletted chieftain.

Nelson was a skillful officer and died, as the world says, in all his glory. His banner was his shroud, the roar of the cannon was his dirge and the shout of victory his requiem. Thousands of leagues he traversed to build up England's greatness and scores of battles he fought to carry the terror of her arms to surrounding nations. In the history of ocean heroes his name stands foremost and those who love the navy have learned to honor him. But the poor sailor, who a few months since in a distant city braved the fire and at the risk of his own life saved a mother's only child, gained a truer glory than ever shone around the head of the distinguished admiral. How false —how unjust the estimate which the world places upon the actions of men. He who rushes to carnage and to strife is a man of honor!

Parliaments and senates return him thanks, and when he dies whole nations unite in erecting a monument over the spot where sleeps his corpse. But he whose task it is to dry up the stream of blood, to mitigate the anguish of earth—to lift man up and make him what God designed him to be, dies without a tongue to speak his eulogy, or a monument to mark his fall. He only is truly honorable who does good to the body and soul of man—who contributes to human happiness or promotes the kingdom of God—who sacrifices his own interests that he may benefit others, who lays his own happiness, nay, even life itself upon the altar of a common humanity.

The true object of life has scarcely begun to be understood. Too frequently men are attracted by the glitter and show of conquest, and worldly predominance. They have pursued the phantom while the real and substantial have been sacrificed. They have aimed at objects which have resulted in no good to the world. They have built up systems of monstrous wrong. Self has been the common centre around which they could make all things revolve like planets around their suns. What then are the elements of true honor.

Wealth is not one. In a multitude of cases the possessor of the richest inheritance and largest fortune has been found to have views and feelings not at all in proportion to the magnitude of his possessions. There is a contingency about wealth which has nothing to do with moral or intellectual character. It seems to be rained upon the human family by a capricious goddess who distributes her favors according to rules known only to herself.

At one time a monarch is her favorite. She studs his throne with jewels and fills his crown with the richest diamonds. At his feet she spreads out broad fields, well cultivated vineyards, beautiful palaces and shining towers, and as his admiring eye gazes over the scene, she whispers in his ear, "these are thine." At another time she fixes her eye upon a beggar boy as he asks for food from house to house, repulsed everywhere. His hand she takes and leads him up as if by magic, through the various grades of society until she establishes him in a palace and fills his coffers with the shining gold. Fair cheeked young men have sought to win her smile, but sought in vain, while she turned from them to bestow her gifts on some unsightly being on whom God's curse seems to have

fallen. The intelligent, the virtuous, the wise have knelt at her altar and breathed their supplications, but she has spurned them away and beckoned with friendly hand to sordid ignorance and vice. Hence we find that wealth gives us no clue to character—furnishes us with no criterion by which we may judge of the dimensions of the man himself.

Birth and blood are not elements of true honor. Royal veins are often found to flow with plebeian streams and crime and duplicity as often disgrace the palace of the monarch as the hovel of the slave. Cæsar was a monarch; blood, of which after ages loved to boast, flowed through his princely temples. The crown was on his brow, the imperial crown of Rome. At the foot of his throne proud nations nestled, and over all the known world his banner waved. But had he an honorable character, was his bosom thrilled with manly emotion? No. Again Henry the Eighth of England was a mighty monarch. He could trace his lineage through a long line of kings and emperors. But was Henry truly honorable? Every good man must answer, No. Neither of these were honorable in the sight of God. No living link connected them with the great heart of humanity. True they ate and drank and slept like other men. They wore the human form but aside from this, they moved through the earth like demons, smiting its flowers and withering its verdure. On the other hand the world has seen beggars and slaves, in whose veins not a single drop of princely blood was flowing come forth from their low abodes, to startle the world with the brilliancy of their lives, wake up the race to angelic deeds and produce a wonderful change throughout all the ranks and grades of human society. Euclid was an Ethiopian slave; yet he taught the world Geometry.

Mohammed was a camel driver in the deserts of Arabia yet he founded a system of religion which has continued for more than twelve centuries, and embraced among its votaries untold millions of the human family. Look again at Luther. He bore no tokens of royalty. From a cloistered cell he came a shaven monk. In his hand he bore no scepter, on his head no crown. But he had a human heart within him and it gushed out for human woe. Such was Wilberforce the pioneer of freedom, such was Howard the reformer of prisons, such was William Lloyd Garrison the anti-slavery agitator, and a host of others who have stood for right and breasted the world's dark tide for the good of men.

Intellect does not constitute true honor. I acknowledge its superiority over wealth physical power and brute force, but a mere intellectualist is not a man. The possession of intellect gives proof that one is fitted to be a man, and the use of that intellect shows to what extent he is a man. In every department of science and literature will be found the names of men of vast power and intellect who were well fitted by nature to become honorable men, but who, by the perversion of that intellect, have proved that they were not so.

Among the poets you see Byron standing in the first rank. The grasp of thought, the clear conception, the elevated diction, the elegant language are seen at a single glance. As an intellectualist, he stands almost beyond the power of criticism; and that is a bold man indeed who dares to hurl a shaft at the literary merits of his productions. But what is the tendency of the works of Byron? Will his writings do good or evil. I hesitate not to say, as others have done before me, that they tend to corruption, that they are calculated to sink the feelings of the reader, corrupt his taste and deprave his heart.

Among historians stands conspicuously the name of Gibbon. And if the question were asked, "Who was he?" the answer would come from nearly every intelligent man or woman, "He was one of the world's most distinguished writers. His 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' will continue to be read with interest so long as the world stands. His name will be remembered so long as time endures." But Gibbon was an infidel as well as an historian. Skepticism is interwoven with all that he has writ-

ten, and to the last age will be handed down with his grand history, his attempts to subvert the principles of truth, and destroy man's hope of heaven. Look again at Thomas Paine, Alexander Dumas and Robert Ingersoll, what powers of mind, what vast capacity for labor, what unwearied perseverance in catering to the public taste and all perverted, all used to debase man and sink him to a level with the brutes. Towering intellect when used for unholy purposes is a curse not only to its possessor but to all who come within the circle of its fatal influence; and better far would it be for the world to be without those splendid intellects than to have them devoted to the service of Satan.

Thus we see that wealth, noble birth or great intellect does not necessarily cause the possessor to have an honorable character. Of all the elements of success none are more vital than self-reliance. "Help yourself and heaven will help you," should be the motto of every young man who would make himself useful in the world or carve his way to riches or honor. God never intended that strong, independent beings should be reared, by clinging to others for support like the ivy to the oak, like the vine to the pillar.

The difficulties, hardships and trials of life—could we but read them rightly—are positive blessings. They knit our muscles more firmly and teach us self-reliance, just as by wrestling with one who is superior to us, we increase our own strength and learn the secret of his skill. Read the history of the rich and poor in all countries; and you will find that almost invariably the lucky fellows, as they are called, began life at the foot of the ladder. In most instances the only money which really benefits a young man is that which he himself has earned. But why confine ourselves to those who have gained wealth. Whence come the great lights of the intellectual firmament, the stars that shine with steady radiance through the ages. Have they not in the vast majority of cases emerged to eminence from the chilling depths of obscurity, destitution and want? They were not the sons of the rich, who were dandled in the lap of luxury, whose path was smoothed for them at every step. No! They were those who were compelled to fight against the armed resistance of misfortune, poverty and wrong. They were men of humble parentage whose cradles were rocked in lowly cottages and who have buffeted the billows of fate without dependence save upon the goodness of God and their own strong arms. These are the true gentlemen, who have trodden under foot the painted lizards of society and worked out their own destinction with an order that could not be quenched and a perseverance that considered nothing as accomplished while anything remained to be done.

The great men of Utah—who were they? Were they not all sons of toil? Let us imitate their example, and recognize the wisdom of the law of heaven which declares, "by the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread." Read the history of the great men of America—Runford, Rittenhouse, Franklin, Washington, Lincoln and many others. They were all sons of toil.

Most of the great men of the world have gained their positions by means of unremitting industry. Read the history of the late Senator and Vice-President Henry Wilson. In a speech which he delivered in his native town, a short time before his death, he said: "I was born in poverty. Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask my mother for bread when she had none to give. A dollar would cover every penny I spent before I was twenty-one years of age. The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut saw-logs and chopped wood. I rose early in the morning, before daylight, and worked hard until after dark each night; and at the end of the month I received the magnificent sum of two dollars;" and, he added, "those dollars looked as large to me as a full moon in a September night."

The brown jacket of the mason or carpenter, besmeared with lime or cov-

ered with dust, is as honorable as the broadcloth of the merchant whose ships are in every port. The immortal Washington was not ashamed to acknowledge himself a farmer. When his country required his services, he went from his field to the Presidential chair, and when he had finished his mission, he retired to his toil again. The best and greatest men we have are found to be those who regard labor as an honor rather than a crime.

An amusing anecdote is related of the late Professor Stuart of Andover, one of the best scholars of the age, which illustrates a correct idea concerning those who despise labor. A young man, who was attending the college under the Professor's charge, had occasion to buy a load of wood and was greatly perplexed because he could not find a person to saw it for him. In his difficulty he applied to Professor Stuart, and asked him what he should do. The aged and learned Professor replied that "he was out of a job himself, and he would saw it for him."

Correct business habits are essential to success. Young men are peculiarly exposed to temptations. For example, the clerk is frequently taught to inform the customers that certain goods cost such and such a sum, that they are durable and fashionable, when he knows these things are precisely false. Not seldom is the ignorance of the purchaser made the opportunity for a good trade; and clerks and apprentices are taught to look upon such fraud as a harmless transaction. In these and a thousand other ways the principles of a genuine honesty are shamefully violated. What though a man does make a momentary advance in his business by his dishonesty! What though at the end of each year he is a hundred dollars richer than he would have been but for this fraud! What though he may enlarge his business and beautify his residence! Will not the vengeance of a just God follow him? Will not the memory of his ill-gotten gains canker and rust his soul? Will not the consciousness of his dishonesty haunt him like Hamlet's ghost, until he shall acknowledge the truth of the words of an inspired writer, "there is that which maketh rich, but the end thereof is not good."

There is no trait of human character so potential for weal or woe as firmness. To the business man it is all important. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties, the terror which causes the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back in dismay, provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile. You have all heard the story of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the great Irish orator. When he first attempted to speak in public he was so timid that he was obliged to sit down in the midst of a speech. Convinced of the cause of his failure and mortified at it, he said to a friend one day, "it is in me and it shall come out." From that moment he rose, and shone and triumphed in a consummate eloquence. Here was true moral courage.

Again, we have all heard the famous answer of John C. Calhoun. It is said that when he was attending school he was laughed at by his fellow students for his unremitting application to his studies. "Why, sirs," he replied to them one day, "I am forced to apply myself to my studies that I may acquit myself creditably when I get to Congress." A loud laugh followed. "I tell you, if I did not believe myself capable of reaching the house of Congress, within the next three years, as a representative of my native State, I would leave college this very day." How pregnant the lesson these incidents convey! How many instances there are in which inglorious defeat ends the career of the timid and desponding, when the same tenacity of purpose would crown it with triumphant success. Let every young man thus have faith in himself and take earnestly hold of life, and soon he will have those very boons whose absence he now bewails. Instead of repining and dreaming that if he only had friends and influence and education he would be something, let him remember that, as Horace Greeley says, he is looking through the wrong

end of the telescope—that if he really was something he would soon have friends and education and influence. Let him remember the words of Longfellow,

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were upward toiling in the night."

There has existed a notion in times past, and it still exists to some extent, that age alone can accomplish great deeds. Hence we are apt to pass by our young men and deem them unworthy of notice because their heads are not covered with silver locks. I admit that age has the benefit of a longer experience, and old men are likely to act with more prudence and caution, but I also contend that young men may put forth efforts which will lead to the most important results.

I have gathered from history a few facts bearing upon this very point, which will clearly illustrate my position. Alexander the Great was less than thirty-three years old when he subdued his enemies in Greece, passed over into Asia, conquered the whole of Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt and Persia, besides countless smaller kingdoms and a large part of India. Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, the most formidable enemy that Rome ever had, was made general at the age of twenty-two. By the time he was twenty-eight he had driven the Romans from Spain and France, crossed the Alps and, by the battle of Cannæ, brought Rome itself in danger. Napoleon Bonaparte, at the early age of twenty-seven, was made general of the French armies; he subdued Italy, overran Egypt and humbled Austria, and eventually crowned himself Emperor of France before he reached the age of thirty-five. Washington, at the age of twenty-two, fought by the side of General Braddock, and after Braddock's death took command of the Colonial army. Lafayette, at the tender age of eighteen, stood shoulder to shoulder with the most distinguished officers of the Revolutionary army, and at twenty-four led on the National Guards of France.

If we turn to literary men, orators and philosophers, we find numerous examples to illustrate the same idea. Lord Bacon, at the early age of sixteen, conceived the idea of overthrowing the philosophy of Aristotle, and openly expressed his opposing views. William Pitt entered the House of Parliament at the age of twenty-two; at twenty-four he became Prime Minister of England, and for many years conducted with wisdom and ability the complicated affairs of that great nation. Robert Burns gave to the world some of his most exquisite poems before he had reached the age of twenty-seven, and Byron had written that wonderful poem, "Childe Harold," before he reached the age of twenty-three.

If we should take from the world what has been done by her young men, history would lose half its charms—half the brilliant deeds it now records with triumph and satisfaction. There is no class of persons capable of accomplishing more. Should our young men, in one firm, united band, set their faces against vice of every description, the effect would be instant and irresistible. Half the dram shops would be closed; half the gambling saloons would be deserted and silence would reign in many a hall of revelry.

We all sustain certain relations to each other; we are children of one common Parent, we are the heirs to one common inheritance. Go to the wildest spot on earth and find the most degraded being within the limits of the race, and in that degraded being you find one for whom Christ died. The Sandwich Islander as he lifts his hands to God, the wild Indian as he rushes from his jungle ready for blood, are all our brethren. God has formed this relationship for us, and we cannot divest ourselves of it even if we would.

To live for self is not the great end of our being. No! We have a higher calling—a more glorious destiny. We were made to do good to others. It depends on us, in a great measure, to say how

far the burning waves of vice shall sweep on and where they shall be stayed. The monster with whom we have to contend is more powerful than kings and emperors, and will not be defeated without a struggle. It is the work of humanity—the work of God, and must ultimately triumph. Though we may not live in this mortal sphere to see the end, yet from our happy rest beyond the vail, we shall be eye witnesses in the hour of triumph.

Let us invoke the assistance of God o'erhead, and do our duty well. In the evening of life every effort to stay the tide of crime will be looked upon with high and holy satisfaction. The memory of every good deed will be sweeter music than can be purchased with all the wealth and honors and noisy parade of empires. *J. H. Ward.*

He who hates an enemy gives him more reason for animosity; he who shuns him creates the suspicion that he hates him; he who forgives him always triumphs over him; he who loves him makes him a means of good.

## WAITING FOR THE HARVEST.

THERE is an ever-abiding anxiety in the breast of the conscientious worker, in the field of human advancement, in regard to the result of his labors; and hope is very often the only stimulus to persistence, in experience with the instructable and indifferent elements of life; the rank undergrowth and wilderness of "a clearing," to the frontier forest farmer, is in fair analogy with the worker in the uncleaned and uncultivated soil of mental and spiritual ignorance, and obstacles seem almost insurmountable for one lifetime or one individual.

No matter how indefatigable or how devoted in either case, success is often problematical, and faith is often only blended with hopeful labor because of some understanding of the nature of things, rather than from any pronounced evidences of progress, or tangible prospects realized in partial experience.

With the advent of spring and the consequent crowding of necessary labor, there is usually a suspension of the opportunities which the leisure and long nights of winter seem to invite, yet there is surely interest enough to create reflection and to invite inquiry, such as might be expected from a husbandman in the fall as to his success after ploughing, harrowing, seeding, watering and harvest; but there is this difference between those engaged in the culture of the soil, and those engaged in the culture of the moral, mental or spiritual faculties of organization, which contains within itself more or less power of self-help or otherwise of defiant or passive resistance.

The soil must submit itself to the operator, to the power of manurial stimulus, to the disintegrating power of frost, to the genial shower, and to the silent yet irresistible force of the solar ray; men are liable to self will, to opposing element, to the canker worm of indifference, and to the searching power of the rust which comes of sad disuse. Yet the intelligent laborer exercises patience, he "sows the seed beside all waters," he hearkens to the admonition of the Prophet, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that;" he senses also as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that one wiser than he hath declared, that while "Paul might plant and Apollos water—it is to a higher source that he must look for blessing—God giveth the increase."

An incident of experience may be used to buoy up the spirits, and increase the hope, and arouse the faith of many who are readers of the CONTRIBUTOR, and acting officers in the Mutual Improvement Societies throughout this Territory; and if we go further back than may seem needed for the force of

the illustration, probably there are those to whom even the details *in extenso* will be of more than passing interest.

England was in the very whirlwind of political excitement, organization within her borders was among the masses almost everywhere universal; the continent of Europe was also seething with political ferment, finally culminating in the flight of Louis Phillippe and the revolution of 1848. A large measure of reform had been conceded by the British Parliament, yet there was much discontent, trade was stagnant and "the sliding scale" of a landed aristocracy, in regard to the importation of food, was but too transparent as a scheme for keeping up the prices of the farmer's produce, and consequently rents; there must always be under artificial scarcity a dangerous clamoring for bread, and, growing out of want, more inquiry in regard to the nature of political supremacy; demagogues are always in plenty; conspirators grow like Jonah's gourd in the baleful shadows of popular discontent; hence came that vast organization for an armed determination to secure the passage of what is known in the political history of England as "The people's Charter." It seems at this date, and with some knowledge of American institutions, to have been simply asking for ordinary justice, but in conservative England it was revolutionary, the "five points" were: "universal suffrage," "vote by ballot," "equal electoral districts," "no property qualifications and payment of members," including "annual parliaments;" there was a large section of "the chartists" who aimed to secure legislation by agitation, another section proposed in the event of non-success, an appeal to arms; of this latter class among the most prominent were the famed trio, Frost, Williams and Jones, who were arrested, tried and declared guilty of treason, and suffered the ancient sentence, "to be hung, drawn and quartered;" they were the last to be thus sentenced for political offense under the government of Great Britain, and in obedience to the merciful disposition of that government, this was commuted to banishment and labor in the penal colonies. Among the more moderate was the well known Fergus O'Conner, and among the most dauntless of the orators of the time was the brilliant and half worshipped Henry Vincent, who with many others was sentenced to four years imprisonment—under the silent system—in the castle of the old city of York.

About this time certain discoveries had been made of historic importance in regard to the era of "the commonwealth," and particularly in regard to the real character of the hero Cromwell, whose designs and reputation had been colored or blackened by royalist writers prior to these discoveries, quite universally. To popularize this information, so fully established by the lion hearted Thomas Carlyle, the magnetic oratory of Vincent had been secured soon after his term of imprisonment expired, and in every large town and many small ones of England, his course of six lectures of "the life and time of Cromwell" (based upon Carlyle) was a continuous ovation and success. Curiosity led the writer of this sketch to listen in Liverpool to this course, there was an anxiety to know the secret, which could move so wondrous a power as the government of England to prosecute and imprison men who really only belonged to the ranks of the people.

To see and hear so resistless an orator was to partly understand, for to voice a grievance or arouse the passions of men in a just cause, there is nothing more potent than the human voice, inspired of a sympathetic heart; the lecturer was a finished workman, the fervor and pathos infused into his topic bespoke a master mind, and as the flood rolled to a very Niagaratic torrent of invective or laudation he moved his audience as the wind might sway a field of corn.

O, what a treat it was to see the crowded audience spellbound by the magician's voice! What a treat to listen to that marvelous word-painting which gradually caused to melt away the walls of the concert hall, and brought you face to face with the vivid, living, real actors in that the most stirring period

almost in the annals of a nation's life! In giving details of many contests which finally ended in the complete subjugation of the royalist forces, the execution of Charles, the dissolution of "the long Parliament" and the recognition of the Lord Protector Cromwell, the effect was startling and overpowering, one only must be given by way of illustration. The Roundheads, under Cromwell, were engaged in reducing the strongholds of the Cavaliers in Ireland, the forces of the royalists were in possession of the entrenched castle of Dunbar; it was almost invulnerable in the then condition of warfare, but the "Ironsides" were there, the morning of the attack had come, and to give impetuosity to the soldiery, Cromwell was personally in command; as he passed up and down the ranks his nerve and faith gave power in reserve to the waiting host; and when he proclaimed the battle cry "the Lord of Hosts is with us!" "the Lord of Hosts is with us!" it was as if destiny held in suspense, for the moment, the supreme period of decision! Then came the dreaded word "charge!" and as the lines came nearer and the shock of battle was surging around the foundations of the old fortress, the besieged began to give way and victory waited upon a God-fearing army resisting oppression. The sympathies of the audience in the gallery were brought so fully into unison with the rushing impetuosity and magnetic power of the speaker that they rose *en masse* to watch the contest (as the master limned it) on the plains below, and when as he stood on tiptoe, with eyes aglow and lips aflame to tell the utter rout of the enemy and the complete triumph of the besiegers, the tension was so great a pin dropping would have almost startled the audience as they stood!

This, to the writer, was simply wonderful; it was the first and last, the grandest triumph of the power of words, and the exclamation came involuntarily to the lips, "if God will give me something to say, and the ability to say it, I will esteem this as the greatest, the one best gift to me!" When "Mormonism" was heard, the writer found his topic, and life has been given to an intelligent understanding and elucidation of its doctrines, but the latter half of the then impulsive expression is as yet unrealized after the experience of so perfect an ideal.

Gathered to Zion, after many years, this same intrepid advocate of human rights, and uncompromising teller of half unwelcome truths came to Utah. After delivering (by request) one of his lectures as a synopsis of the whole on Cromwell, the writer had the pleasure of dining with him at the residence of Mr. Wm. Jennings; over dessert was recapitulated the above experience, when the sensitive, heart-touched man said, as the tears ran down his cheeks, "Ah, Mr. ——, I have many a time from public ministration and the platform, in my travels at home and abroad, gone to my bedchamber and felt disheartened and discouraged because of the little good that I seemed to be doing; but now," said he, "I come seven thousand miles from my native land and in the desert, in despised Utah, I find one who dates his most profound impressions of desire to do good from listening to me many years ago!" The listeners were all sympathetic, and felt that it was good counsel given of old, "cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be seen after many days."

Our local laborers, then, may take courage if results are not always apparent, for yet, in all the missionary fields of the earth, in the Senate chambers of many States, in the central seat of government, amid the royal courts of nations, and in countless humble spheres of life, there will be those yet testify that the first impulse received its motion, the first word its utterance, the first thought its expression, the first act its force and inspiration from quiet words, from simple counsel, from earnest prayer and devoted faith, while pursuing in silence and comparative obscurity the duties of the hour in Mutual Improvement Associations, under the direction of the anointed of God. Courage, brethren! Patience, brethren! Work while it is called to-day, and in due season you *shall* reap, if you faint not. *H. W. Naisbitt.*

# A MOQUIS RACE.

Among the many interesting sights seen by our party in visiting the seven Moquis villages, I witnessed none more pleasing to me than one of their grand foot races. The runners were divided into companies, varying in number from ten to twenty-five; each company representing a competing workshop. A peculiar feature of the race was that each company was required to keep a ball ahead of it. I was informed that these balls were made of different materials; the one I examined I found to be about two and one-half inches in diameter, and made of solid rock.

When our party arrived at the Oriba village, that is, within about one-half a mile of the village, which was as near as we could get with our teams, we concluded to take lunch before entering. Shortly after camping, we were, however, visited by an old Oriba chief named Tuba, who informed us that the Indians were preparing for one of their long races. This information, on account of the Oriba races having became so celebrated, caused us to finish our lunch in double-quick time and to start for the village at a rapid gait, hoping that we might be there in time to see the start. We had only proceeded a few steps, however, when we observed the runners coming on at full speed.

Some of us started ahead of them and ran for the "come out," hoping to get as near as possible to that point, so as to witness the finish. It was up hill and very sandy, and we only ran a short distance before we concluded that there was no pleasure in it. When the runners passed us, they were going at about eight or ten miles an hour, which by some may not be considered very fast running, but it was wonderful speed, when one remembers the fact that they had already run eight or nine miles in the sand, each company keeping its ball moving, but never touching it with their hands. They used their feet and legs instead of hands and arms with which to pick up and throw the balls; yet I doubt very much whether a person running at their speed could pick up a ball with his hands so quickly, or, unless he were an experienced ball player, throw it more accurately.

As near as we could judge, there were something over one hundred runners, and we understood that at the start it took a very good runner to keep up with them for one or two hundred yards. No one was allowed to get ahead of his company's ball, and this rule, no doubt, lessened the general speed, though there were some laggers who could not even keep up with their ball. The winning company was the one that had its ball first at the goal, and notwithstanding the great length of the race, and the great number of the runners, they all came in very nearly together, showing a very high degree of training. As an example of this, we were informed by the people at Moen Copi, that Lightning, a Moquis, had many times run from the Oriba village to Moen Copi, a distance of thirty-five miles, and returned in one day, and also stopped long enough at the last named place to water his corn. We were also told of many similar feats equally wonderful.

Returning to our race; the companies were distinguished by some particular device, painted upon their bodies, their arms and their legs. They were all naked excepting scanty waist cloths. As many as could obtain bells, varying from a cow bell down, had them attached to their persons.

In writing a description of a Moquis race, I realize that the reader has no more idea of the great interest the event inspires in a person witnessing it, than he would have of the merits of a dramatic company or the piece performed, by simply attending a rehearsal. I have heard it said that to see a herd of deer running is one of the most animating sights that one can witness—as I have never seen a herd of deer running, I cannot therefore judge of its grandeur; but I can truly say, that to see over one

hundred Indians engaged in a foot race, is a wonderful sight and long to be remembered. A Moquis race is always followed by a grand feast.

*H. J. Grant.*

The joys and sorrows of this world are so strikingly mingled! Our mirth and grief are brought so mournfully in contact! We laugh while others weep, and others rejoice when we are sad! The light heart and the heavy walk side by side and go about together! Beneath the same roof are spread the wedding feast and the funeral pall! The bridal song mingles with the burial hymn! One goes to the marriage bed, another to the grave; and all is mutable, uncertain and transitory.—*Longfellow.*

At present, the most valuable gift which can be bestowed upon women is something to do.—*J. A. Garfield.*

## ATHEISM AND INFIDELITY.

II.

A FREQUENT cause of doubt and final unbelief, is found in the conflicting ideas of Deity. Some affirm that the character of God has changed with the conceptive ideas of His worshippers, and like them, He was either humane, merciful and just, or selfish, cruel and vindictive. To us this argument seems puerile, and how persons possessed of ordinary intelligence can allow it to influence them, is more than we can understand. The absolute Being whom we adore, is unchangeable. He works according to just and merciful laws, and not upon arbitrary principles. Upon every page of the great Book of Nature which He has written, we see wondrous and sublime evidences of this important fact. Men of intellect have spent their lives in studying the harmonies of the universe, and never has an inconsistency been found. What has at first seemed abnormal, with additional knowledge, is seen in all its transcendent beauty. The ideas of men may change, their conceptions of morality in each successive age be different, accepted scientific theories be proven incorrect by following generations; but God and His works are unchangeable. "He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever." Will man then, the most wonderful of the works of nature, be dealt with other than mercifully? The divine answer comes ringing down the cycle of time, grander and more beautiful than utterance of poet or philosopher, "Ye shall be judged according to the deeds done in the body." Let us not, then, with fallacious reasoning, persuade ourselves that we are not responsible for our actions; for just so surely as we are punished for transgressing natural laws, so will we suffer for disregarding the higher spiritual laws we are commanded to obey. As above inferred, we do not believe that atheism and infidelity inculcate morality and purity, all the assertions written and spoken to the contrary notwithstanding. There are few characters strong enough to keep themselves morally and physically pure, when adrift upon the sea of speculation, without the strong anchor of faith to hold them firmly, and to aid them in overcoming the seething waves of distrust and despair ever ready to engulf them.

Take away the incentive that religion gives to do right, and remove the fear of punishment incidental to immorality, and no nation or people would long cherish the sentiments now considered paramount to all else. A few there might be who would do right for the love of right; but each successive generation would be worse than the one preceding it, until, finally, humanity would be sunk to a depth of lawlessness and impurity, terrible to contemplate, yet which would be the inevitable result of each person fixing a standard of morality —or rather of immorality. In advocating the above idea, we fear no successful contradiction; but we will further maintain our position. The well being and

very existence of a people depends upon the purity of the marriage contract and the family relationship; but infidelity destroys the very foundation of the social superstructure. Without the Gospel, the beautiful words, Mother, Wife and Home, lose all their holy significance. Marriage would simply be a civil contract and entered for convenience, to be dissolved again at will. Many prominent infidels of this country and Europe are openly ventilating the opinions we here ascribe to them.

"One world at a time" is the teaching of nearly all so-called "Free Thinkers," and is neither more nor less than the ancient school of Epicurus modernized, —"Let us live for the pleasure of the moment, eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Such a doctrine must in time bring its adherents to a condition no better than fallen people of past ages, whose lives have given assent to this foolish doctrine. Skeptics have come to sneer at the idea of the Infinite God having a chosen people unto whom special interpositions are made. We are told this idea is inconsistent, but revelation has shown to the faithful repentant believer how philosophically reasonable the principle is. This article not being the place for the advocacy of the last named doctrine, we leave it, and call attention to the fact, that whatever the cause may be, the Jews, or the chosen people, have been remarkably different from contemporary nations, those of the present time being no exception. They have been wonderfully free from vices which have disrupted governments and overthrown nations. Few have become heretic to their belief in one Supreme God, and the most that can be said against them is their inordinate love of wealth. Through centuries of mental and moral darkness they were the most moral. When they have been in the midst of raging persecution, the beacon star of hope has been shining before them, promising rest and reward when their Deliverer, the Messiah, should come. And notwithstanding all its sneers, the Nineteenth Century has the Rabbis of Judah to thank for preserving the records which have thrown a little light upon the obscure past. We now come to the point we wish to make. If we have read history correctly, nations which have been infidel, or more properly atheist, have been the first to succumb under the practice of their own theories. People holding contrary views to those entertained by the tribe of Judah, viz: That men are responsible agents to an absolute power, have been those whose course was soon run, and who, to-day, are known only by name. To what nation of the past can the advocate of infidelity point as a fit example to those he would have follow his teaching? Even the few individuals—sages and philosophers, whose wisdom we all revere, and to whom he points with pride, as teachers of his theme, were, for the most part, as morally impure as they were intellectually bright. France, to-day, is principally infidel, and the sayings of French metaphysicians are much quoted, but we think the most blatant "thinker" will hardly point to France as an example of morality. If France is one of the most corrupt nations upon the earth, she has made the greatest strides toward moral and physical degradation since infidelity gained ascendency over the public mind. If our own loved America is fast becoming the home of the "social evil" in its varied and horrid forms, it is because its people do not cherish the same feelings which inspired our fathers. One of the strongest weapons used by infidels in their guerilla like warfare is blaming God for what has been done under the name of religion. This attack has been well met by Prof. George Fisher, in the *North American Review*. We quote from his article and call the reader's attention to it: "Before proceeding farther, it is well to advert to an idea which I had formerly supposed was nearly extinct in the world—the idea, namely, that religion, and the Christian religion in particular, is a bane. The Epicureans thought it an advantage to have deities which stood aloof from all concern for men or connection with human affairs. Lucretius wrote a poem to set forth the atomic theory of the

universe, and thus to deliver men's minds from the terrors of superstition and all the gloom and torture of soul of which religion was the cause. It cannot be denied that religion has been the occasion of incalculable suffering. Think of the uncounted victims of religious intolerance! Think of the animosity and bloodshed caused by religious wars! What an amount of misery arose out of the European wars of the seventeenth century, which had their origin largely in religious dissension! It seems a quick way to abolish these manifold calamities to abolish religion itself. Does it need to be said that there is another side to the picture? Apart from the fallacy of charging on a feeling or principle, the consequences of its abuse or perversion, one should look at the comfort, wholesome restraint, uplifting hope, and all the other purifying, elevating, beneficial influences, incalculable in their extent, which have gone forth to the individual, to the household, to the state, and to mankind at large, from religion in its purer forms. Moreover, one should look at the state of things which would ensue, if religion, the Christian religion, were swept away, and men were left to be born, and toil, and live, and die, having no hope and without God in the world. This way of arguing against religion as baneful, really contains an argument for religion. The evils that have sprung from fanaticism and other abuses of the religious sentiment, shows how deeply planted religion is in the constitution of the human nature, how powerful and ineradicable a feeling it is. In no other way can we account for its tremendous influence, when unenlightened or morbid, for evil.

"Why not go in for getting rid of the nervous system on account of sciatica and neuralgia? Apply the same sort of reasoning which is used against religion to the passion of love as between the sexes. Who can measure the agony of which it has been the occasion—the corroding jealousies, the frantic rage, abiding rancor, adulteries, self-murder, sanguinary wars, from the seige of Troy, for the capture of Helen, to the connection of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and from the epoch of the Egyptian sorceress down to our day? Remembering Pascal's remark, that if Cleopatra's nose had been longer or shorter, the course of history would have been changed, I am tempted to turn aside, and show what unutterable woe would have been spared to mankind if 'the fatal gift' of beauty had not been given to man or woman. But not to leave our illustration: if love had been absent, and the sensibilities and propensities involved in it, none can doubt that frightful sorrows would have been avoided. But then, among other things, we would have missed the family. To argue that religion is a curse, is like contending that domestic life and human government are a curse. If the family had not existed, or were to be abolished, an unmeasured amount of petty tyranny, grinding toil, anguish and bereavement would not have been, and would be no more. Then, as to human government, what is it but a long record of oppression? The cruel deeds of tyrants, of the Pharaohs, the Neroes, the Napoleons, the ravaging wars which rulers have instigated, the dynamite struggle—were they all written down, the world would not contain the books. Yet, is human government a bane?"

Were the subject less important, one could be amused at the tranquil air of superiority assumed by the disbeliever. He imagines himself and fellow-doubters the only ones who dare exercise the prerogative of free thought and intelligent research. He pompously repeats the hackneyed phrases, "A higher plane of thought," "Thinkers of the age," etc., and is often even ignorant of the fact that he, parrot like, is simply repeating what was originated years, and even centuries ago, and, in many instances, by theologians themselves. Most of the "advanced ideas" of the present time are a mere rehash of the doctrines of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, Celsus, Spinoza, Voltaire and Strauss. The popular theory of evolution advanced by Prof. Charles Darwin, with "minute variations" as a basis, is but slightly different

from a similar one advanced about twenty-four hundred years ago by one Democritus, under the head of "Fortuitous Atamos."

Volumes might be written, giving reasons for believing in a Supreme Being and His intimate relations to mankind. We have given only a few, and accomplished our purpose. If we have removed the doubts of any, and caused them to think further and more correctly, or have strengthened their faith, we are satisfied.

We thoroughly believe in having a "reason for the hope within us," and for every principle of the Gospel, but reason and philosophy will never cause us to know that God lives. They will not console in times of trouble: "when thoughts of the last sad hour come like a blight over the spirit," and without the life-giving sunshine of Faith, they will desert us; when our loved ones pass to "the great unknown," they will yield us no comfort. Faith and a repentant obedience to the principles of truth, which are those of the Gospel, will alone give us the knowledge we seek. Faith only will bring the priceless "Comforter" to us in times of trouble. Purity should be the highest aim of mankind. It is worth everything. As stated in a former article, we worship God because He is the embodiment of all purity. The Gospel of Jesus Christ teaches us nothing but purity, that which will make us nobler and better, and fit us for a higher life, for which purpose this life is given us.

"My own dull life should teach me this
That life shall live forevermore;
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

*J. L. Robison.*

## IN THE WAKE OF THE CHURCH.

### IV.

### CARTHAGE JAIL.

In 1838, the Mormon people were driven from Missouri under circumstances which have left an ineffaceable stain upon the state; accused of crimes which were never committed, arraigned upon the black charge of being un-American, in being united; hunted like beasts; driven from their homes by executive order, or left the bitter alternative of extermination; their men slaughtered by dozens, their women ravished and homes burned; guilty of raising an arm toward the assassins blow; finally forced to succumb to the unconstitutional attack upon them and despoiled in many cases of the means of flight, these fugitives hastened across the Mississippi, leaving a colony of their leaders in Liberty jail, and sought the protection of Illinois.

It was freely granted. The people of this state saw much to gain in a community so skillful and industrious. Commerce was chosen as the headquarters of the People, and its name was changed to Nauvoo. For a few years, "all went merry as a marriage bell;" Nauvoo became a flourishing city of twenty thousand inhabitants and the center of a thriving district, covered with farms and dotted with villages. People from all parts of the world brought energy and experience to add to the natural advantages of the country and there is every reason to believe that the people of Illinois thought Missouri's loss was their gain.

But we audaciously prospered more than our neighbor; we still had the presumption to be united; and could not be embroiled in the political squabbles of the politicians. It is true that our common religious ties drew us nearer together; that as far as possible we dealt among ourselves, and perhaps pursued a policy which tended to withdraw us from our fellow citizens. The conflict came; ministers were again found giving practical illustration of the Christianity they professed; not by leading forward the mobs which they had raised, but by boldly urging them forward from the rear. The persecutions of our leaders

were resumed and law suits were multiplied, but since the judges, at least, had retained a spark of justice, enough for the purpose, these suits were unanimously fruitless. As the sky lowered and the tempest gathered more ominously around us, the Prophet Joseph, his brother Hyrum and several of our leading elders delivered themselves up to the Governor of the state as hostages, to thus prevent, if possible, an open breach between the armed citizens and the people of Nauvoo. Carthage, which was the seat of Hancock County, and is some twenty miles to the east and south of Nauvoo, was the headquarters of the mob, and the point from which the Governor was acting in an ostensible attempt to settle the growing difficulty.

I shall not attempt to describe in detail the sanguinary events of the succeeding days; graphic descriptions of the martyrdom have been written by those who were present on that eventful June day, in the year of our Lord 1844. It will subserve the purpose of this sketch, which is to give an account of a visit to the Carthage jail, to briefly allude to the chain of circumstances with its melancholy closing link which has made this town hostoric. The Governor, after pledging the faith of the state to the safety of the Prophets, left Carthage for Nauvoo early in the afternoon of June 27th, escorted by those troops who were friendly to the prisoners, and leaving behind, for the protection of the latter, a well known troop of mobbers called the Carthage Grays. We all know the sequel; at twenty minutes past five the same afternoon, the lifeless body of the slain Prophet lay bleeding upon the ground by the prison wall, that of his brother Hyrum was in the prison room above, while President Taylor, thrice wounded, together with Elder Willard Richards who had miraculously escaped unhurt, were in a rear room of the building in momentary expectation of being sacrificed to the intolerance of a republican community.

To-day, Carthage is a pretty farming town of perhaps twenty-five hundred inhabitants; it is the seat of Hancock County as it was in 1844. The jail is situated towards the northwestern part of the town, and is now used as a dwelling-house. As we approached the building, it was evident it had changed but little since the time it was called upon to play its part in the drama of 1844; since we at once recognized it from an old picture, we remembered to have often contemplated with melancholy interest in our early days.

It was still a very plain two story sandstone structure, exceedingly massive in appearance. I remember to have noticed in the old sketch of the jail, that on account of the decided nature of the pointing, which being intensely white contrasted sharply with the darker sandstone, each individual stone in the walls seemed to stand out in emphatic assertion of its historic importance—they should rather slink in remembrance of the dark deed they rendered possible. The same staring effect still exists. But there were many evidences that the building had been turned from its ignoble service of a jail, to the more honorable use of a residence, for as we approach, the windows, frames and sashes were seen to be neatly painted, curtains and blinds adorned the windows, blooming beds of flowers were tastefully arranged, with surrounding walks, in the front yard, and there was a thrifty garden and orchard to the right. The front of the house, the gable end, faces to the south. The building is on the south west corner of a block and stands about a rod from either street. A one story kitchen annex on the east side, is not the one, though very like in appearance, which formerly stood in about the same place.

We approached and knocked; the door was answered by the lady of the house. She, in answer to our inquiry, stated that the proprietor was at home, but was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, and intimated that, "Thank you; good day!" was next in our programme. But this was not to our liking, and so, neglecting the hint, we stated how urgently we wished to look around the premises and learn

what we could of interest and importance. So with many an excuse for introducing us into a sick room, she led the way into the parlor, temporarily so used, which occupied the whole front of the lower story, except the hall on the left through which we passed. The name of the family was Browning, cousins of a gentleman in Utah of the same name. Mr. Browning was county treasurer, and was apparently in good circumstances, for we found that the jail had, by means of paint, plaster and furniture, been transformed from a jail into a comfortable dwelling-house.

Mr. Browning detailed, at our request, the current account of the Martyrdom, which did not differ in particulars, materially, from our own version, though it was scarcely told with the same spirit in which we view the deplorable event. He excused himself from pointing out the house to us, and asked his daughter to take charge of us. The young lady proved to be a highly intelligent, and we inferred, a much practiced guide. The woodwork of the staircase, of the windows and doors, and so on, is the same as it was in June, 1844. The stairs, up which we were led, are in the hall mentioned above, and rise along the west wall of the structure. Upon reaching the head, you find landings to your front and right, in both of which directions are doors to rooms. The room to your front, which is the west rear room of the upper floor, was the dungeon into which Elder Willard Richards carried President Taylor, for refuge, after those mobbers, who were in the jail, had left at the cry of, "He's leaped the window."

The room to the right is where the four brethren were secured, when, shortly after five o'clock, they heard a brief scuffle in the hallway below, and then the shouts and advancing footsteps of the mob, accompanied by the discharge of firearms from within and without. The brethren sprang to the landing door, to close it, and then retreated, all but the Patriarch Hyrum, to the front of the room, and he back from the door, but still facing it. In a second he was pierced by two bullets, one from the landing crashing through his head, and one from the exterior penetrating his right side. The panel, with the hole made by the bullet which first struck the Patriarch, partly filled with putty, still forms a part of the door. The reader will doubtless understand that the door mentioned is near the rear part of the room, and that the window through which the firing was done from the outside is nearly opposite the door.

Hyrum dead, the attention of the party was turned towards keeping back the devils at the head of the stairs; in this they were successful by means of several canes and a single revolver. President Taylor was the first to seek escape through the window; he fell back, having received two wounds, one in the leg from within the jail, and one in the side from without, the latter of which might have been fatal had the projectile, which caused it, not spent its force on his watch. He was again wounded in the hip by a shot from the landing. Driven by the desperation of the situation to seek safety elsewhere, the Prophet Joseph next sprang to the window, and in a moment fell outward pierced twice from the hall and once, in the breast, from the ground below; he struck the ground a dead man. It was at this juncture that the cry of, "He's leaped the window," was raised, and that the mob having left the jail, Presidents Richards and Taylor sought safety in the dungeon.

Such was the final testimony of two noble lives, rendered many times more impressive by viewing the scene of its consummation.

The well against which the body of the slain Prophet reclined, no longer exists; in its place there is now a bed of white and red flowers, emblematic at once of the righteousness and the life-blood of the man chosen to teach Christians Christianity.

Our next journey was to Hannibal, and from there to Kansas City, which is the best point from which to reach Independence, Missouri. *R. W. Young.*

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Search others for their virtues, and thyself for thy vices.—*Fuller.*

# SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

## V.

## "DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES."

"THAT in the dispensation of the fulness of times, He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in Him.—*Eph. i: 10.*

"A dispensation" is power and authority to dispense the word of God, and to administer in all the ordinances thereof. Many dispensations have been given, which it is not our province here to dwell upon, but to show forth in unmistakable language the advent of this epoch, which was to be fraught with so many important events to fulfil prophecy and establish truth and righteousness on the earth.

The dispensation of the fulness of times is to embrace all dispensations from Adam to the present time and all things which have been spoken by the mouths of all the holy prophets are to be fulfilled. The Jews are to figure very conspicuously in this dispensation, according to the Apostle Peter, who exhorted them to "Repent that their *sins* might be blotted out, when the time of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord and he shall send Jesus Christ which before was preached unto you, whom the heavens must receive until the times of restitution of all things."—Acts iii: 19—21.

They had rejected Christ, and His mission, which rejection culminated in His ignominious death on Calvary—and placed them under a voluntary ban, which their fathers had invoked in Pilate's Judgment Hall—"His blood be upon us and our children" which request received general acclamation and a fearful sequence, lasting till the present time. Peter speaking with that "spirit of truth" which was his wont, and with which he was endowed, was enabled to offer them a boon, distant though it might be, which would give them solace for the present, and hope that would carry them to the "time of refreshing" when this great national sin of regicide should be "blotted out" and they be redeemed from the legitimate curse that was to mark their progress and prove their bane. Peter Paul and other of the apostles had predicted the great apostasy, and the restoration of all things—in unmistakable language—but the "fulness of times" could only be discerned by the eye of faith, and the magnitude of its provisions was yet to be understood.

The Jews are very much like the Christians of the present day, with regard to this important event—and the words spoken by all the holy prophets since the world began are held alike sacred, and significant with this distinction; the Jews look for the *first* advent of the Messiah, while the "household of faith" hail this glorious epoch as the harbinger of His *second* advent. Those who were converted, and made partakers of the Gospel blessings and in full faith and fellowship have been looking and longing for the day of redemption, while those who were still callous and whose hearts were hardened must still remain in darkness and doubt till the "fulness of the gentiles is come," and all things be gathered together in one, even in Him, the poor despised Nazarene.

In the "fulness of times" a welding link is to unite the heavens and earth, the operations of Gods' Holy Priesthood on earth are to be ratified in the heavens, and the work of "uniting the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers" is to receive cognizance both in heaven, and on earth. The Church of God is to be established with all its gifts and blessings, power and authority is to be given to it, that the purposes of Jehovah may be consummated, and receive His approbation—laws are to be revealed, "both those that have been revealed, and those yet to be revealed." Israel long scattered is to be gathered and restored to the "land of promise"—the revealed laws of God are to be made known to every nation, kindred, tongue and people, and the warning voice of the Holy Priesthood is

to be heard, "Fear God and give glory to Him for the hour of His judgment is come"—thrones are to totter and fall—Zion, is to "rise and put on her beautiful garments," and be prepared as a bride to meet the bridegroom—and a reign of peace be ushered in by Him whose right it is to reign. "What was before partial shall now be universal. Not only are the honest in heart to be gathered into one, but all of earth's sons and daughters will find themselves compelled by the force of circumstances to enlist under the respective banners of truth or error. Hell will send forth her demon hordes to the conflict and the hosts of heaven united will aid the righteous among men to hurl them back to perdition, and secure the world from their unholy grasp that Messiah may reign King of kings and Lord of Lords."

In view of this event "holy men of God wrote and spoke:" "The fulness of the Gentiles should come in;" "Elias should first come and restore *all* things." "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge and power of God;" "The works of darkness to be made manifest;" "That which is sealed to be loosed;" all things which have been revealed to be again revealed; good restored to good and evil to evil; in short, a fulness to be restored, and dispensed, whereby not only the Jews but all mankind may be brought to a "knowledge of the Son of God, to perfect men, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

This dispensation is to restore in unity all former dispensations that the consummation decreed may be wrought and God's ultimatum salute the ears of every nation, kindred, tongue and people. To Joseph Smith a Prophet of the Most High God, has this all important work been assigned and multiplied evidence, discloses the fact that the duty, under God, was well and faithfully done. The world is made acquainted with the following facts which truthfully attest the restoration of all things embodied in the "fulness of times."

In 1820, the Father and Son appeared to Joseph Smith, when the voice of God declared "This is my beloved Son hear ye Him," thus literally fulfilling the prediction of Peter, Acts, iii: 20. "And he shall send Jesus Christ which before was preached unto you." May 15, 1829, The Aaronic Priesthood was restored to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery by John the baptist. April 3, 1836, In Kirtland Temple. The Savior, Moses, Elias and Elijah appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and restored the keys of their respective dispensations, which embrace under one great head the Restoration of the Everlasting Gospel, gathering of Israel, baptism for the dead, sealing power, etc., which go to make up the sum total of the great and last dispensation, which was to unite all things both which are in heaven and on earth, and introduce that unity of action which is to characterize the beginning of the end.

Not only are the Jews who have passed behind the vail to be made the recipients of the "times of refreshing" by having the privilege afforded them of receiving the Gospel at the hands of those holding the priesthood in the heavens but the remnants of Judah on the earth, are to be made through force of circumstances to exclaim, "blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," and openly acknowledge Him as they view His wounds, which He "received in the house of His friends,"—their chagrin and discomfiture is to be manifest by their flight, from the face of Him whom they pierced and hanged on a tree—then and not till then will they realize the utter desolation that has marked their identity in the world's history since Jerusalem was first trodden down of the Gentiles—and which was to exist till the fulness of the Gentiles had come in. While contumacy is charged to Judah, and Christianity wonders thereat, God's purposes are rolling forth, and the wonder of psuedo-Christianity will be turned to the awful condition of a people less favored, to whom the Gospel is now being preached and whose bitter rejection of its saving grace will produce a hardness of heart, from which, except they speedily repent they will be unable to rally—and swift and sure destruction

will mark them for its own—for if God spared not the natural branches, but cut them off for unbelief, how much more need have they to take heed lest he spare not them. The words of angels are steadfast, God's fiat has gone forth and the "fulness of the Everlasting Gospel" has been restored to the earth, and *all* mankind must take issue pro or con, and work for the final consummation decreed. None can escape—all things are to be gathered together, both in heaven, and on the earth, thrones, principalities and powers must succumb and all the united forces of earth and hell cannot avert the impending doom or change the immutable decree—rocks and mountains cannot hide them from the presence of Him who has said, "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is Lord over all the earth." This people are the called and chosen and faithful and to them is given to know these things, that all things may work together for good and righteousness be established upon the earth, and that glorious reign of peace be ushered in which is to preceed the great winding up scene, of which the "Dispensation of the fulness of times" is the last and great preparatory event, and which holy men of God have prayed to behold, and which we are now permitted to be participants of, with all its gifts, blessings and endowments, and enabled by the same to realize more fully the predictions appertaining thereto. "And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of *thy people* and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there has been a nation even to that same time, *thy people shall be delivered*, every one that shall be found written in the book. And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt, and they that are *wise* shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever. But thou, O Daniel shut up the words, and *seal the book, even to the time of the end.* Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased. Many shall be purified and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly; and *none of the wicked shall understand*, but *the wise* shall understand." Daniel xii: 1, 4, 10.

*Robert S. Spence.*

The kindness of youth is angelic; the kindness of old age is divine.—*Queen of Roumania.*

## GEORGE A. SMITH.

VII.

PALESTINE TOUR.

THE political career of President Smith covered almost the whole period of his residence in Utah. He was an earnest worker in establishing the provisional government called the State of Deseret, and afterwards in organizing and enacting laws for the government of the Territory of Utah. He was elected a member of the first legislature and re-elected to every succeeding session but one, until 1870. The last six years he was President of the Council, and was distinguished for his punctuality in calling the Council to order and for impartiality in the discharge of his official duty. More than half of Bro. George A's life was occupied in traveling and preaching the Gospel. He had, before 1870, delivered three thousand eight hundred discourses, in various parts of the world, as a labor of love, and never failed to use every opportunity to advocate the principles of the Gospel, which his long and laborious missionary experience afforded him. In the internal affairs of the Territory, Bro. Smith was an active laborer. He was recognized as the father of the southern settlements, the chief of which, St. George, being named in his honor. He was president of several irrigating canal companies, and was foremost in public enterprises

leading to the occupation and development of the country, the establishment of home industries and of commercial relations among the people that would tend to make them free and independent of other communities, and at the same time utilize the natural resources with which the Territory abounds.

In October, 1872, a party was organized, of which President Smith was chief, to travel through Europe to Palestine and the East, the object being to gratify their long cherished desire to visit the Holy Land. The members of this tourist company, when starting from London, were: George A. Smith, Lorenzo Snow, Paul A. Schetler, Feramorz Little, George Dunford, Thos. W. Jennings, Eliza R. Snow and Clara S. Little, but from Genoa, George Dunford returned and Albert Carrington took his place and completed the tour.

The party made arrangements for tickets for the continental and eastern trip with Cook's Tourist Agency, London, and on the evening of November 30, 1872, started via Harwich and steamer on the North Sea to Rotterdam. They visited the principal cities of Holland, Belgium, France and Italy on the outward journey, and sailed, on the second of February, 1873, from the port of Brindisi over the calm waters of the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Cairo and the Red Sea, thence to Jaffa, where the Palestine tour began. It embraced a very extensive and thorough itinerary, in which a visit to all the ancient historical sites, towns, villages, streams, tombs, etc., was included. President Smith stood the horseback journey well, and enjoyed the tour as only one so well versed in scriptural subjects and ancient history could do. Writing from Jerusalem, he says:

"March 3d, 1873, I, with the rest of the party, visited the Mosque of Omar. They had no slippers large enough for me, so I tied two pocket handkerchiefs over my boots. We employed a very efficient guide, and I subjoin from my journal the chief items of his comments. The Mosque of Omar and the Mosque of Elaksa are within an enclosure of about fifteen hundred feet. The guide first showed us the north, or Paradise gate, then the east gate, in front of which he pointed out the site of the judgment seat of Solomon, under a small dome called the dome of chains; then through the east, or David's gate, into the mosque, where he pointed out a green marble slab in the floor, in which nineteen nails from the cross had been inserted, of which all but three and a half had disappeared, and when they disappear the world will come to an end; he then pointed out the saddle in which Mahomet rode before he went to heaven; a number of Korans; then a large rock in the centre of the mosque, on which tradition says Abraham offered up Isaac, and which is said to be the summit of Mount Moriah. On one side of this rock he pointed to a place from which Mahomet ascended to heaven, leaving the impression of his feet in the rock, and to the finger prints in the rock made by the angel Gabriel when he stayed the rock from following the prophet, the Mahommedans had kissed the footprint so much, that, to preserve it, they cut the piece out and locked it up with seven hairs of his beard, which are shown but once a year. He then took us into a cave under the rock, and pointed us to a tongue of rock, on the right hand side, which said to Mahomet: "Peace be with you, you prophet of God!" To which Mahomet replied: "Peace be with you, you rock of God;" he then pointed to an altar in the cave where Solomon prayed, to one where Elijah prayed, and to places where Abraham and David prayed; then to a cavity in the top caused by Mahomet's bumping his head against it when rising from prayer; then to a hole in the centre of the top through which they threw down the ashes of the sacrifices; then to a round slab, in the centre of the cave, over the mouth of a deep well, called the Well of Souls. We then went outside the mosque and were shown a pulpit in the open air; near by is a fountain, now dry, used for ablutions previous to praying. We then passed under another building, and were shown a portion of the old

wall and several columns of the horse gate; from that to the Mosque of El-aksa, in the same enclosure, and were shown a small black marble slab in the wall, brought from Mecca by Mahomet; those who can walk some fifteen feet, blindfolded, and touch the slab, are pure, the others not. We then went into the mosque, built about A. D. 607, and were shown the tomb of the two sons of Aaron, the footprints of Jesus in a rock, a marble altar where Moses offered prayer the pulpit of Omar, made of cedar and ivory, said to be from Solomon's Temple; then two sets of two pillars, each set near together—those who can pass through are pure, the rest not; then the studio of Omar, surrounded with columns; then a well down which is the Garden of Eden, then a marble cradle in which Jesus slept when twelve years old, at the time he was lost from his parents. From that mosque, still in the same enclosure, we went to the stables of Solomon, now under ground; then along the east wall, this wall being also the east wall of the city, to a point where a stone pillar projects horizontally some three feet beyond the outer face, and on which Mahomet is to sit in judgment on the world. From there we went to the site of the Golden Gate, and had a fine view from one of the towers of the wall. We then went outside the enclosure to a Jewish wailing place, the only spot where the foundations of the Temple of Solomon are visible, outside the enclosure.

Brother Schettler and I then called on the Rabbi of the Portuguese congregation, to whom I presented a letter of introduction from the Rabbi of San Francisco. He said the letter was a good one, and that he liked the looks of my face. I talked to Brother Schettler, he to a German Jew, and the Jew to the Rabbi, as the latter could only speak in Hebrew, Portuguese and Turkish. He offered me a cigar; I told him I did not smoke. He said he was glad I had called on him, and brought a glass of water and some preserves, also cups of coffee for each of us. He remarked that the Jerusalem Jews were very poor, but if they had control, they would make great improvements. He said the Mosque of Omar was on the site of Solomon's Temple, but not in the centre; also that no Jew goes inside the mosque inclosure. He believed the God of Hosts would some day redeem the land. He introduced me to two of his friends, who showed us some ground they had bought from the Turks, and were erecting upon it a hospital and some dwellings for the poor Jews, with funds from abroad. We then went to their synagogue, and found it a plain, well-furnished building; and from there passed through the grain market, and through a jumble of narrow lanes, arched over in places, and returned to our camp. The Rabbi, very courteously, said he would call upon me in camp."

While the party were visiting the ancient city, their tents were pitched upon the Mount of Olives, where prayers were offered up to the throne of Jehovah for the redemption of the land from its forbidding sterility, and it was dedicated for the speedy restoration of the Tribes of Israel to their ancient inheritance predicted to come to pass in the last days.

The party returned from Palestine, via Constantinople and Athens, to Trieste, the Austrian port of the Adriatic Sea, and completed the Continental tour by visiting the chief cities of Austria, Bavaria and Germany, reaching London on the way home, May 18. A week was spent in the great metropolis and the party sailed for America on the 28th, reaching home, where they were warmly welcomed by the authorities of the Church and the people generally, on the 18th of June, 1873.

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A young man, however high his birth, who is habitually disrespectful to his mother, deserves to be ranked among the ill-bred; while, on the other hand, there is scarcely any surer mark of good nature, good breeding, and good sense in a young man than his habitually behaving toward his mother with respectful and careful attention.—*Ezra Sampson.*

## MAN'S FREE AGENCY.

Before the depths of chaos felt
The touch of gods divine,
Or mortal man on earth had dwelt,
Or at Eloheim's throne had knelt
To worship at his shrine;

Ere planets in their courses ran,
Or moon gave forth her light,
Ere earth received the heat of sun,
Or vegetation had begun
To weave her mantle bright;

Ere corner stones of earth were laid,
Or stars together sang;
Ere trees, or herbs, or shrubs were made,
Or fountains of the deep were staid,
Or Nature's music rang;

Before a mountain, hill or vale,
Had in its order stood;
Or earth had been kissed by the gale,
Or courted by the nightingale,
In moonlights solitude;

A council of the gods was held,
Jehovah, President—
One third of whom were hence expelled,
For Satan had, with them, rebelled
Against Omnipotent.

And there the laws for man were framed,
Each had his own free will,—
For all the gods at freedom aimed,
And each desired all men reclaimed,
From wickedness and ill.

They saw the future—for the vail
Was rent before their gaze—
They saw dark sin with men assail,
They saw the darkened powers prevail,
All earth with crime ablaze.

Therefore, when Jove proposed the plan,
And put it 'fore the gods,
To give free agency to man,
A vote was called, and as it ran
It passed by mighty odds.

But Satan, with ambition filled,
Opposed the heaven-born law,
And held one third of heaven so drilled,
That 't mattered not what he had willed,
They did not dare withdraw.

Therefore they all rebelled 'gainst God—
They fought against the right,
The gates were ope'd, and with the rod,
They were smote down to earth's dark sod,
To dwell in endless night.

Their missson was to trouble men—
To help fulfil the law
They had opposed and fought at, when
They lost all hopes for aye to win
A glory as before.

True to that mission, they are now
Enticing men to deeds
That take away from manhood's brow
All honor destined to endow
A noble spirit's needs.

And, as at first, they still oppose
The agency of man,
And would—had they the power—impose
The tyrant's chains, and discompose
Our noble spirit's plan.

But God has given to every race
The freedom for to choose
A future, lasting dwelling place,
Either with glory or disgrace,—
A gift dare we abuse?

If we the path of glory tread,
All honor to our name;
But if by powers of darkness led,
Much better had we never sped
To earth to win deep shame.

And yet some men would dare make laws
To tell us what to do,
Would pinch us in their puny claws,—
To us not more than rotten straws,
Or filthy, watery glue.

They dare before the Priesthood's power
To chain us to their whims,
They dare its links upon us shower,
And weld them 'round us, as a tower,
To strengthen their own limbs.

But oh! look through the vista's gloom,
And see the victory!
Weep, weep, ye fiends! dark is your doom,
'Twill sink you in oppression's tomb,—
The grave dug out by thee!

But Saints immortal—gods—shall rise,
And scale the worlds on high;
They'll fill the earth, and rend the skies,
With sweet hosannah's, for their prize,
Shall every boon outvie.

Eternal ages shall roll 'round;
The night of time will pass;
And endless righteousness abound,
And shouts of glory shall resound
From 'mongst the heavenly mass.

*James H. Wallis.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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*Single Copy, Twenty Cents.*

SALT LAKE CITY, - MAY, 1883.


## AN INTERESTING VOLUME.

SOME time since we fortunately came into possession of a copy of the first edition of the Book of Mormon. It is in excellent preservation, the paper being good and but slightly discolored, and the library sheep binding not at all impaired. What makes the copy of particular value, is the fact that it is one of the very first which was distributed after being published. There were a number of copies bound as this one is, taken by some of the Elders, among whom were Hyrum Smith and Samuel H. Smith, brothers of the Prophet, to the villages in western New York for sale. They experienced great difficulty in disposing of them, as the opposition of the religious bigots, who labored so hard to prevent its publication, had led many of the inhabitants in and about Palmyra to engage in a solemn compact not to purchase or read the "Golden Bible," as they called it, or allow any members of their families to do so if it should be issued.

The Elders, therefore, in many instances, left the books to be examined by parties who consented to take them on trial, and called for them again in the course of their travels, perhaps a few weeks after. In this way the copy which converted the Young family was started upon its remarkable proselyting mission.

Elder Samuel H. Smith was sent to Livonia, Livingston County, New York, with a number of the first books that were bound. He was repulsed by the people, and found no sale for the books; but Mr. John P. Green, a Methodist preacher, consented for him to leave a copy at his house, and said, though he would not purchase it himself, he would take the names of any who might wish to subscribe for it. Samuel writes in his journal the result of this trip, as follows, which he learned on returning several weeks after:

"When I arrived at Mr. Green's, his wife informed me that her husband was absent from home, that there was no prospect of selling my books, and even the one which I had left with them, she expected I would have to take away, as Mr. Green had no disposition to purchase it, although she had read it herself, and was much pleased with it. I then talked with her a short time, and, binding my knapsack upon my shoulders, rose to depart; but, as I bade her farewell, it was impressed upon my mind to leave the book with her. I made her a present of it, and told her that the Spirit forbade my taking it away. She burst into tears, and requested me to pray with her. I did so, and afterwards explained to her the most profitable manner of reading the book which I had left with her; which was, to ask God, when she read it, for a testimony of the truth of what she had read, and she would receive the Spirit of God, which would enable her to discern the things of God. I then left her, and returned home."

The succeeding history of the volume is told by the mother of the Prophet:

"When Mr. Green returned home, his wife requested him to read it, informing him very particularly, with regard to what Samuel had said to her, relative to obtaining a testimony of the truth of it. This, he, for a while, refused to do, but finally yielded to her persuasions, and took the book, and commenced perusing the same, calling upon God for the testimony of His Spirit. The result of which was, that he and Mrs. Green were in a short time baptized. They gave the book to Phineas Young, Mrs. Green's brother, who read it, and commenced preaching it forthwith. It was next handed to Brigham Young, and from

him to Mrs. Murray, his sister, who is also the mother of Heber C. Kimball's wife. They all received the work without hesitancy, and rejoiced in the truth thereof. Joseph Young was at this time in Canada, preaching the Methodist doctrine; but, as soon as Brigham became convinced of the truth of the Gospel, as contained in the Book of Mormon, he went straightway to his brother Joseph, and persuaded him to cease preaching Methodism, and embrace the truth, as set forth in the Book of Mormon, which he carried with him. "Thus was this book the means of convincing this whole family, and bringing them into the Church, where they have continued faithful members. And, through their faithfulness and zeal, some of them have become as great and honorable men as ever stood upon the earth."

A short time before the death of Elder Phineas Young, he met President Joseph F. Smith, and told him that he had something he supposed the latter would be pleased to possess, and soon after presented him with the identical volume described above. It is now in President Smith's library, and is valued very highly by him.

The volume which we have received, through the courtesy of Sister Zina D. H. Young, is a companion volume in style and binding to this historic copy, and was doubtless left in the same manner for perusal, and afterwards purchased by Mr. Chauncy Dresson, of Watertown, New York, from whose family it was purchased by Sister Young.

The first edition of the Book of Mormon presents quite a different appearance to that of the last. Many improvements in the mechanical make-up and typographical features of the work have been made in the succeeding editions. Notably among these is the division of paragraphs into verses, by Apostle Orson Pratt, and the introduction of marginal references. However, whatever changes have been made in the size of type, weight of paper and style of make-up, it is manifest that they have been with an eye single to the employment of the book in the missionary field, for the size of the book has been diminished, and no English or American edition that has been published since is printed with as large, plain type, or upon as large a sheet as the first, which was issued under the immediate supervision of the Prophet. That the permanent location of so many of the Saints in homes which they expect to forever occupy and their children after them, would justify the publication of a large family edition, say a quarto volume, with copious references, we have no hesitation in predicting, and feel assured that the expression will be reiterated by hundreds throughout the Territory.

As many may not have the pleasure of seeing a copy of the first edition, we shall attempt to give a brief description of the features which distinguish it. The people are familiar with the customary account of its coming forth, as taken from the History of the Prophet Joseph, but from the time when the translation of the plates was finished, the progress of the publication is not so well known.

A few days after the translation was completed, and after the witnesses had received their evidence and testimony, which was at Waterloo, Seneca County, the Prophet and party went to Palmyra, and made arrangements with Egbert B. Grandin, of that town, to print an edition of five thousand copies, the compensation to be three thousand dollars, which was to be paid, one half by Martin Harris and the other half by Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Joseph procured the copyright, and the work of printing progressed with slight interruptions, and some quite malignant annoyances from certain enemies, until it was finally completed.

The first page of this edition contains the title, which, in the language of the Prophet: "Is a literal translation, taken from the very last leaf, on the left hand side of the collection, or book of plates, which contained the record which has been translated, the language of the whole running the same as all Hebrew writing in general; and said title page is not by any means a modern composi-

tion, either of mine or any other man's who has lived or does live in this generation."

The only words which are modern on this page were:

BY JOSEPH SMITH, JUNIOR,
AUTHOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PALMYRA:
PRINTED BY E. B. GRANDIN, FOR THE AUTHOR.
1830.

On the opposite side of the title page is a transcript of the copyright in full, signed by R. R. Lansing, clerk of the Northern District of New York.

The next two pages contain the following:

*PREFACE.*

TO THE READER—

As many false reports have been circulated respecting the following work, and also many unlawful measures taken by evil designing persons to destroy me, and also the work, I would inform you that I translated, by the gift and power of God, and caused to be written, one hundred and sixteen pages, the which I took from the Book of Lehi, which was an account abridged from the plates of Lehi, by the hand of Mormon; which said account, some person or persons have stolen and kept from me, notwithstanding my utmost exertions to recover it again—and being commanded of the Lord that I should not translate the same over again, for Satan had put it into their hearts to tempt the Lord their God by altering the words, that they did read contrary from that which I translated and caused to be written; and if I should bring forth the same words again, or, in other words, if I should translate the same over again, they would publish that which they had stolen, and Satan would stir up the hearts of this generation, that they might not receive this work; but behold, the Lord said unto me, I will not suffer that Satan shall accomplish his evil design in this thing: therefore thou shalt translate from the plates of Nephi, until ye come to that which ye have retained; and behold ye shall publish it as the record of Nephi; and thus I will confound those who have altered my words; I will not suffer that they shall destroy my work; yea, I will shew unto them that my wisdom is greater than the cunning of the Devil. Wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, I have, through his grace and mercy, accomplished that which he hath commanded me respecting this thing. I would also inform you that the plates of which hath been spoken, were found in the township of Manchester, Ontario county, New-York.

THE AUTHOR.

On the opposite page commences the First Book of Nephi. The body of the work contains five hundred and eighty-eight pages, and is followed by the Testimony of the Witnesses, printed on two additional pages with the same sized type. This is the last thing in the volume.

## THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

THE reader already knows that the great peninsula of Hindostan, in Southern Asia, with its two hundred millions of souls, and its vast sources of wealth, is ruled absolutely by the English crown. Hindostan has come into English hands as the result of a series of conquests, extending over the past two centuries.

Up to 1868, India (as Hindostan is usually called) was governed by a great commercial corporation, known as the East India Company. This company established itself there for purposes of trade, more than two hundred years ago. As it grew in wealth, the company began to make military conquests, and to govern the native races thus subjected to its sway, until finally the company found itself the absolute ruler over nearly the entire peninsula. In 1868, however, the government of India was

transferred from the East India Company to the British crown. A cabinet-office was created—that of Secretary of State for India; and this minister has ever since had charge of the affairs of the great dependency, representing it in the Cabinet and in Parliament. He is aided in governing India by a Council, part of which is named by the Crown, and part by the directors of the old East India Company.

The real autocrat of India, however, is the governor-general, or viceroy. He is now appointed by the Crown, usually holds office for five years, and receives a salary of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He resides in a palace at Calcutta, and lives in great state and splendor. He is always a British nobleman of high rank and marked executive ability. The present governor-general is the Marquis of Ripon. The governor-general is assisted in governing the Hindoo millions by a council of five members, to whom is added the commander-in-chief of the Indian army. This Council, like the governor-general, is appointed by the Crown. The sway of the governor-general over India is simply that of an absolute despot. Aside from the control of the Secretary of State in London, his power knows no limit. He makes the laws for the empire, and appoints all the judges, lieutenant-governors and other officials of the many provinces. The native Hindoo, therefore, has not the least share in the government of his country. He is just as much under the governor-general's power as are the Russian peasants under that of the Czar.

Several reforms, looking towards giving the natives some part in managing their affairs, have just been proposed by the present viceroy, the liberal and progressive Marquis of Ripon. He thinks the time has come to give the Hindoo a moderate taste of political liberty. He believes that England can only continue to hold India by admitting the natives to a part in the administration, and thus reconciling them to English rule. Only two of these reforms—the two most important—need be mentioned here. One is, that native judges should be appointed to preside over the courts, who should have jurisdiction not only over native, but also over English, offenders against the laws. The other is, that local boards of administration should be appointed in the various provinces, consisting both of Englishmen and of natives, to act upon the purely local affairs of their special districts.

It can only be guessed what will be the result of these reforms, should they be carried out under Lord Ripon's auspices. There is already a fierce opposition to them, both among the English residents in India and Tory statesmen in England; but the experiment will probably be tried.

The power of the governor-general would be much more limited if these measures were adopted. On the other hand, this might go far towards winning the restless natives, who are often in a condition bordering on revolt, to a loyalty to their English empress. It may at least be said, that the reforms proposed are entirely in accordance with the spirit of our age, which is in favor of enlarging the liberties of peoples everywhere, and that an enlightened and generous motive has undoubtedly prompted the proposal of them.

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ORIGIN OF "THANATOPSIS."—"Rhymes of boys are but songs of the mocking bird," says Mr. George W. Curtis, referring to the fact that poetry written by the young is usually imitative. Yet the imitative intellect of a boy of seventeen produced a poem whose genuine originality made an epoch in American literature. We refer to Bryant's "Thanatopsis," which the poet Stoddard calls "the greatest poem ever written by so young a man." The story of the origin of the poem, as told by Mr. Goodwin in his biography of the poet, shows the boy, already the author of many verses, walking in the woods one autumn day. He had been reading Blair's poem of "The Grave," and Kirke White's "Melodies of Death."

The gray sky, the brown earth heaped with sere and withered leaves, the

hollow-sounding ground, the loneliness of the forest, and the prostrate, mouldering trees suggested the thought that the vast solitudes were filled with the sad tokens of decay.

What, indeed, he asked himself, as the thought expanded in his mind, is the whole earth but a great sepulchre of once living things; and its skies and stars but the witnesses and decorations of a tomb?

He hurried home and endeavored to paint his thought to the eye, and render it in music to the ear. When he finished his task, he coined for it a name from the Greek, "Thanatopsis," or a view of death.

Usually he took his poems to his father for criticism, or read them aloud to his brothers. But he hid "Thanatopsis" away in a pigeon-hole of his father's desk, on which it had been written.

Some months later, the father, while his son was absent from home, discovered "Thanatopsis" and a few other poems. He was so much delighted with them that he carried them to Boston to subject them to the examination of his friend Phillips, then engaged in editing *The North American Review*.

As "Thanatopsis," in the first draft, was full of erasures and interlineations, Dr. Bryant, the poet's father, had transcribed it, but left the other pieces in their original state. Mr. Phillips was not at home when he called, and so he left the package with his name. Mr. Phillips was so much pleased with the poems that he hastened to Cambridge to read them to Richard H. Dana, who as a critic was an acknowledged authority in literature.

"Ah, Phillips," said Dana, with a quiet smile, at the close of the reading, "you have been imposed upon; no one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses."

"I know," answered Phillips, with some spirit, "the gentleman who wrote the best of them, at least, very well; he is an old acquaintance of mine—Dr. Bryant—at this moment sitting at the State House in Boston as Senator from Hampshire County."

"Then," responded Dana, "I must have a look at him," and, putting on his clogs and his cloak, he trudged over to Boston. "Arrived at the Senate," said Mr. Dana, in a conversation afterwards, "I caused the doctor to be pointed out to me. I looked at him with profound attention and interest; and while I saw a man of striking presence, the stamp of genius seemed to me to be wanting. 'It is a good head,' I said to myself, 'but I do not see 'Thanatopsis' in it,' and went back a little disappointed."

The poem was published in the *Review*, and immediately excited the praise of cultured readers. But it required Dr. Bryant's strongest affirmation to convince them that his son Cullen had written, when but seventeen years of age, the best poem that had then been published in the United States.

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When I was young, I was sure of everything. In a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as before. Now that I am an old man, I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to me.—*John Wesley.*

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

### SEMI-ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The semi-annual Conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. was held in the Assembly Hall, Monday morning, April 9th, 1883, commencing at 10 o'clock, General Superintendent Wilford Woodruff presiding. The singing exercises were provided by the Tabernacle choir and rendered very beautifully. The opening prayer was offered by President Joseph E. Taylor. Fourteen Stake Superintendents responded to the roll call and came to the stand. The minutes of the previous conference were read by the

secretary, Nephi W. Clayton, and approved.

Remarks were then made, which indicated that the spirit of the work of mutual improvement was fully alive in the hearts of the speakers, by the following officers: Milton H. Hardy, Utah; Morgan Richards, Parowan, and Joseph H. Felt, Salt Lake; and Sisters E. S. Taylor, Zina Y. Williams and Mary Freeze, of the Young Ladies' Association.

Conference adjourned until 2 o'clock. Prayer by Elder Hyrum S. Woolley.

The afternoon meeting commenced by the choir singing a hymn on page 163, "Jesus, mighty King in Zion." Prayer was offered. Singing by the choir. The general report of the Associations was read by the secretary and ordered printed in the CONTRIBUTOR.

The following questions having been propounded, were read by President Woodruff, with the answers given by the Superintendency:

When County or Association officers are called away on missions, should their places be filled temporarily or permanently?

Vacancies should be filled, whenever they occur, permanently.

Should regular quarterly conferences be held in each Stake?

Yes, and the dates supplied the General Secretary, so that appointments may be made by the General Superintendency of officers to attend them.

Should systematic Scriptural exercises be insisted upon?

It is desirable to encourage the study of the Scriptures, and to accomplish the most in that direction, system is necessary. To facilitate the adoption of a simple system that will not be too straight-laced, it is proposed that we publish a pamphlet containing suggestive programmes, Scriptural subjects properly arranged, etc. This will probably be done by the commencement of another season.

Should non-members of the Church be admitted as members of Associations?

As a rule they should not, but the officers must be governed according to circumstances.

Should ladies preside alternately or at any time at the conjoint sessions of the Associations or at the Quarterly Conferences?

Ladies should not preside where mixed meetings are held and men holding authority are present.

Should officers be set apart, and by whom?

Officers should not be set apart; no one is specially authorized to perform that labor.

Highly instructive addresses were then delivered by President Woodruff, Junius F. Wells and Matthias F. Cowley. The subjects spoken upon were the necessity of young men qualifying themselves to occupy the positions they would be called upon to fill; the value and necessity of protecting chastity and virtue among the young men and women of Zion.

Meeting adjourned until 7 o'clock. Singing by the choir. Prayer by L. R. Martineau.

Meeting met pursuant to adjournment. Prayer by Apostle George Teasdale.

The financial report of the general fund was read by Treasurer W. S. Burton and accepted, after which all the officers of the Association were unanimously sustained.

Apostle Moses Thatcher delivered a brief but highly instructive and interesting lecture on skepticism and infidelity, showing that no substantial improvement was ever made in the world by unbelief, but by men that believed in God. The lecturer also touched upon the science of life, and earnestly exhorted the young people of Zion to be governed by the eternal laws of God and nature in selecting life companions. The address was listened to with marked attention and enjoyed by all who heard it.

President Woodruff then addressed the Conference. He made some very interesting remarks on the calling of ministers of the Gospel in the world.

The congregation sang the doxology, and the Conference was dismissed by Apostle George Teasdale.

*Nephi W. Clayton,*
Secretary.

## STATISTICAL REPORT OF THE Y. M. M. I. A. FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31, 1883.

| STAKES. | No. of Associations. | No. of Members. | Increase. | Decrease. | Average Attendance. | No. of Quarterly Conferences. | No. of Regular Meetings. | No. of Conjoint Sessions. | No. of Extra Meetings. | Total Meetings. | No. of Visitors Sent. | No. of Visitors Received. | No. of Visitors Gen. and Co. Officers. | No. of Members on Missions. | No. of Libraries. | No. of Volumes. | No. Added. | No. of Manuscript Papers. | Bible—No. of Chapters Read. | Book of Mormon—No. of Chapters Read. | Doctrine and Covenants—No. of Chapters Read. | Other Church Works—No. of Chapters Read. | Miscellaneous Books—No. of Chapters Read. | Total. | Bible—No. of Lectures. | Book of Mormon—No. of Lectures. | Church History—No. of Lectures. | Miscellaneous—No. of Lectures. | Total. | No. of Testimonies Borne. | Questions Answered. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bear Lake | 16 | 556 | | | 86 | | 30 | | | | 10 | 12 | 16 | | | 104 | 34 | | 23 | 10 | 3 | 7 | 15 | 58 | | | | | | +3 | |
| Beaver | 5 | 134 | | | 467 | 2 | 279 | 29 | 4 | 35 | 328 | 123 | 67 | | 10 | 513 | 26 | 1 | 846 | 2432 | 265 | 3335 | 12927 | 29696 | 235 | 127 | 30 | 222 | 614 | 518 | 21 |
| Box Elder | 19 | 682 | 93 | | 753 | 8 | 257 | 58 | 18 | 334 | 156 | 151 | 27 | 28 | 10 | 472 | + | 11 | 792 | 3599 | 1530 | 3298 | 10336 | 26686 | 170 | 103 | 216 | 627 | 1116 | 625 | |
| Cache | 29 | 603 | 119 | | 753 | 8 | 257 | 58 | 11 | 334 | 156 | 151 | 27 | 16 | 9 | 300 | 17 | 1 | 2526 | 1133 | 1412 | 695 | 1689 | 7455 | 44 | 21 | 4 | 81 | 236 | 242 | 138 |
| Davis | 11 | 493 | | | 467 | 2 | 166 | 32 | 6 | 202 | 40 | 62 | 26 | 3 | 4 | 153 | 8 | | 631 | 384 | 166 | 218 | 387 | 1786 | 44 | 21 | 23 | 52 | 121 | 104 | |
| Emery | 4 | 185 | | | 108 | 1 | 76 | 12 | 1 | 89 | 63 | 62 | 16 | 5 | 4 | 40 | 11 | 1 | 3 | 18 | 259 | 2066 | 404 | 3187 | 42 | 36 | 15 | 115 | 208 | 494 | |
| Juab | 4 | 273 | 88 | | 157 | 1 | 77 | 27 | 3 | 107 | 24 | 16 | 34 | 3 | 1 | 80 | 30 | 11 | 2526 | 1133 | 1412 | 695 | 1689 | 7455 | 44 | 21 | 4 | 81 | 236 | 242 | 138 |
| Kanab | 5 | 229 | 44 | | 137 | 4 | 178 | 24 | 6 | 212 | 23 | 23 | 10 | 3 | 1 | 35 | 11 | 1 | 334 | 18 | 100 | 74 | 1112 | 22818 | 65 | 37 | 99 | 269 | 273 | 160 | |
| Millard | 7 | 250 | 30 | | 150 | 1 | 90 | 8 | 1 | 100 | 70 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Morgan | 8 | 182 | 22 | | 115 | 1 | 80 | 7 | | 89 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 52 | 16 | 28 | 40 | 136 | 180 | |
| Panguitch | 5 | 170 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Parowan | 7 | 203 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Salt Lake | 39 | 2830 | 278 | | 1723 | 4 | 149 | 30 | 2 | 176 | 669 | 2 | 543 | 124 | 45 | 14 | 642 | 210 | 101 | 11 | 41 | 46 | 7 | 259 | 2035 | 621 | 269 | 2962 | 629 | 404 | 6707 | 20034 | 237 | 12 | 176 | 681 | 1223 | 506 | 1112 |
| Sanpete | 12 | 583 | 105 | | 380 | 4 | 201 | 40 | 20 | 265 | 69 | 65 | 20 | 5 | 3 | 210 | 41 | 11 | 4911 | 3359 | 1100 | 2962 | 6297 | 18854 | 56 | 38 | 24 | 176 | 681 | 1223 | 506 | 1112 |
| St. George | 19 | 460 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Sevier | 16 | 449 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Summit | 13 | 329 | 75 | | 198 | 1 | 221 | 3 | | 227 | 69 | 69 | 13 | 10 | 8 | 301 | 43 | 1 | 2973 | 994 | 621 | 2962 | 6297 | 18854 | 56 | 38 | 24 | 176 | 681 | 1223 | 506 | 1112 |
| Tooele | 7 | 297 | 49 | | 201 | 4 | 102 | 21 | | 127 | 11 | 40 | 28 | 13 | 5 | 72 | 11 | | 3025 | 1439 | 1107 | 744 | 3733 | 10048 | 145 | 75 | 144 | 68 | 432 | 1107 | 139 | 2 |
| Utah | 17 | 864 | 128 | | 458 | 4 | 503 | 87 | 12 | 606 | 163 | 163 | 21 | 13 | 7 | 269 | 70 | 22 | 42 | 16 | 10 | 7 | 113 | 1123 | 19 | 9 | 17 | 43 | 88 | 107 | 15 | |
| Wasatch | 5 | 160 | | | 120 | | 18 | 10 | 2 | 30 | | | | | 4 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Weber | 21 | 731 | 118 | | 411 | 4 | 314 | 56 | 20 | 394 | 140 | 128 | 40 | 23 | 10 | 484 | 89 | 15 | 9131 | 1439 | 2170 | 1450 | 32088 | 806 | 18 | 6 | 2 | 8 | 34 | 46 | 10 | 2 |
| Sunset (branch) | 1 | 23 | | | 18 | | 8 | | | 8 | | | | | | | | | 171 | 16 | 243 | 1560 | 1575 | 150 | 10 | 6 | 2 | 7 | 104 | 232 | 231 | 180 |
| Glasgow (branch) | 1 | 18 | | | 12 | | 11 | | | 11 | | | | | | | | | 38 | 13 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 6 | 12 | 3 | 1 |
| London (branch) | 1 | 31 | | 4 | | | 37 | | | 37 | 8 | 47 | 10 | | 1 | 80 | 43 | 1 | 38 | 10 | 4 | 45 | 53 | 4 | 150 | 18 | 28 | 13 | 21 | 22 | 39 | 24 | 42 |
| TOTAL | 172 | 10675 | 1149 | 10 | 5894 | 44 | 3529 | 512 | 227 | 4311 | 1668 | 1484 | 496 | 182 | 99 | 4854 | 735 | 149 | 132 | 45 | 715 | 19994 | 13647 | 17709 | 6784 | 16524 | 1689 | 1062 | 1036 | 2139 | 5926 | 4752 | 2592 | |

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. IV. JUNE, 1883. NO. 9.

## JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

III.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY was incorporated on the 19th of January, 1851, and at the first election held under the charter on the first Monday of the next April, Brother Grant was elected mayor, which office he magnified in an eminent degree and held uninterruptedly, by the unanimous vote of the people, until his death. During the period of his administration, the first ordinances for the government, safety and general welfare of the people were enacted, forming the basis of the municipal regulations under which the city has grown and prospered to the present time.

On the organization of the Territory of Utah, certain officials appointed by the President of the United States found the situation in Utah, on their arrival here, not to their liking; and after a few months' sojourn, during which they did nothing for their own glory, for the government nor the people, they returned to the East and united in framing a report to the Administration at Washington, which grossly misrepresented the people of Utah, and contained many outrageous charges against them, calculated to influence public opinion and to prejudice the powers that be in their official intercourse with the Territory. For the purpose of counteracting whatever evil effect the "runaway judges," report might have and of setting fairly before the country the situation of our people in the vallies of the Rocky mountains—then so isolated and remote from the inhabited part of the continent—Mayor Grant was called to go to Philadelphia and New York, and do what he could to gain the public attention, while he exploded the falsehoods of the judges and set the matter right respecting the new Territorial ward which had been adopted. He addressed some letters to James Gordon Bennett, the elder, which were published in the New York *Herald*. They had an electrical effect. The "report" fell flat and the runaway officials never recovered from the wholesome exposure of their conduct.

These letters possess features which at once stamp their author as an original, forcible and clear-headed writer, whose use of the power of diction was a surprise to his friends and gave him a place in the front ranks of home *literateurs*. No finer satire could be employed than characterizes the three papers. The following brief extracts will serve to exhibit the writer's style and at the same time to remind the reader of an interesting episode in the early history of the Territory:

"Sir.—I will thank you to print, as soon as you can, the substance of this letter. Considered only as news, it ought to be worth your while. There is great curiosity everywhere to hear about the Mormons, and eagerness to know all the evil that can be spoken of them. Announce you that I am a Mormon Elder, just arrived from Utah—mayor, in fact, of Salt Lake City, where my wife and family are still living—a preacher, brigadier of horse, and president of the quorum of Seventies, and the like; and not one subscriber that waded over shoe-tops through the slime of details,

you gave of the play-actor's divorce trial lately, will not be greedy to read all I have to say about the filthier accusations that have been brought against me and my friends and brethren. This is what I have to count upon, thank falsehood. And if you will publish my letter entire, I will ask for no editorial help from you. I am no writer; but, with the help of the Power of Light, I am not afraid of what you can say against us. So long as I walk by the rule of my Master, you walk by the rude working of your fancies.

I must say I have had my doubts about writing out upon these matters; my doing so not being approved by our Delegate in Congress, Dr. Bernhisel. The Doctor is one of our gentlemen at home, a real gentleman, and would not say a rough word or do a rough thing to hurt the feelings or knock off the spectacles of any man for the world. But I am no gentleman, in his sense at least, and have had slights enough put upon me, personally, since I came eastward, to entitle me to any amount of stand up self-defence. Dr. Bernhisel's official course in this matter, I suppose I am bound to accept; for I have understood that he had the advice of experienced men, who said to him: "Take up the report of the three officers criminating your constituents, when it comes from the State Department into the House; ask for a special committee with power to send for persons and papers, and put the false witnesses on oath; but don't stoop to wrangle upon your religion, morals and political opinions with Mr. Webster or the Congressmen at large, whom the country considers to have enough to do to take care of their own."

This is all very well, and very high and mighty and dignified, certainly; but while the grass grows, the cow starves; while Congress is taking its months to do the work of a day, the verdict of the public goes against us, as the law-word is, by default, and we stand substantially convicted of any thing and everything that any and every kind of blackguard can make up a lie about. And now I hear that the charges are not to be pushed; two of the officers want to come back to us *as friends*—they are to be virtually abandoned after doing us all the harm they can. What Mr. Webster thinks, we care a little; what is the opinion of most members of Congress, you can hardly believe, in your part of the world, how very little, but Public Opinion, that power we respect as well as recognize; and, therefore, I am now determined, on my own responsibility, to write myself, and blurt out all the truth I can. I may not be discreet, but I will be honest.

I have written, to begin with, an examination into the causes that induced the three officers to leave Utah; but find it grown on my hands too long for publication. As I must confine myself, therefore, to plain and unargued narrative, I will best begin with the original and beginning of our troubles, found, to my mind, in the notion that, unlike other populous communities, we are not fit, or have not the right, to furnish our own rulers. I doubt if the contrary ever once occurred to Mr. Fillmore, who, I am persuaded, had quite a wish to deal justly with us. What was the consequence? At the very outset of our national career, we had to have strangers sent to govern us. Who of worth and standing at home would venture out to our distant and undescribed country? Accordingly, the offices went begging among all the small-fry politicians who could be suspected of being fit to fill them. And (as I have heard, after sundry nominations were refused,) the following were picked up:

No. 1.—A Mr. Brandebury, who brought his recommendation, saying he had studied law in the office of a Pennsylvania county court lawyer, renowned for successful high and lofty tumbling in the support of the United States Bank through a bloodless civil war, but who, in every other respect, exaggerated the recommendation of a Presidential candidate, of being perfectly and entirely unknown.

No. 2.—Zerubbabel Snow, of Ohio, a lawyer practicing in the interior of that State—qualifications rather ahead of the

others—willing to come out probably, having kinsfolk among us.

No. 3.—Mr. P. E. Brocchus, of Alabama, of whom I have again to speak—character unknown, I hope, to the President—in the lower purlieus of the District of Columbia, by no means entitled to that recommendation.

No. 4.—B. D. Harris, a smart youngster—from a Vermont printing office, I think—for secretary.

And for Indian agent, No. 5, a lazy little fellow named Day—with half the head of a Yankee, for he was all the time thinking of a "trade," and half the heart of a woman, for he would have run from a squaw.

"Fry stones with butter," says the proverb, "the broth will be good." I don't know what manner of appearance these men present, now that they have taken their titles at our expense, and drawn some of Uncle Sam's money for it; but, as they came among us, the bevy was just such as you will find keeping tavern together at a railway water station. Zerub, the active partner — Lemuel, rather slow; but his uncle, superintendent of the road, to secure the trains stopping there at breakfast and dinner times; with Harris, the bar-keeper, to fly round spry, and Day to black boots, pump tank and lift trunks. To our misfortune they were not kept in their proper spheres.

The first we knew of our becoming a Territory was the account of the passage, September, 1850, of the law organizing Utah, which reached us before the year was out. Nothing could exceed the clamorous joy of our citizens at learning that they were thus invited into the family party by their brethren of the Union. Our national flags went up, hailed by huzzas, all over the settlement, and when we hoisted our large one on the liberty pole at Temple Block, in Great Salt Lake City, the artillery saluted it with one hundred rounds, rammed home.

The first actual appearance among us, by personal representative, of the government majesty of the United States, was the arrival of No. 1, as above, which came as much as half a year after (the 7th of June, I think,) with a limited amount of personal luggage, including one remarkably large black umbrella, and put up at a boarding house on the outskirts of the town, resorted to by traders and carriers passing through the settlement. We welcomed this from our hearts. We did not fire the cannon at it, having saved this honor for our country's standard, or its enemies. Nor did we attend to appearances as well as the French, who made ready for their king by putting white kid gloves on the guide-posts' fingers, and a clean cambric ruffled shirt and silk stockings on the body of a criminal hanging in irons. Our means, after all, were limited; but we cordially did our best. As it was the chief justice, numbers of us paid him our respects; and, though our calls were not returned, proceeded to get up, after our custom, a ball in his honor. A paragraph or two, descriptive of this entertainment, will not be out of place here, if it gives you an idea of our humble but hearty fashions.

About two and a half miles from the site of our future Temple, out of the base of what we call Ensign Mountain, a big toe of the Wasatch range, gush up a number of hot springs, various in quality and temperature; of which one in particular has a constant head strong enough to work a fulling mill. This we have conducted in pine logs to a large house in the city suburbs, and provided there the tubs and other requirements for the most luxurious artificial bathing. Though at the charge of one dollar a month per family, it has become a place of frequent resort for our whole population; and as with Mormons, society and festivity go hand in hand, this concourse has led to the erection of additional buildings, including, beside a ball-room, two parlors for club and party suppers, etc., and a famous big double-kitchen to cook up the good things in.

To this bath house we invited Judge Brandebury. Our hours being early at Salt Lake, we sent the governor's carriage for him at three in the afternoon; but dressing or something else detained

him till five, shortly after which he arrived. The guests were then sometime assembled. Tickets had only been issued to our nicest people; and I will say it, a prettier company no honest man, not a fop, would have asked to meet. After an orchestral symphony, Brother Spencer, by his office, president of the Stake, opened with an appropriate prayer, and quadrilles commenced. Judge Brandebury took to the corner at first; but some of our ladies, making true woman's account of the Miss Nancyism of a drawed up old bachelor, that showed he had sat a good deal in the shade, took pains with him, and, though a little piqued at first, we soon got him up and made him excited. He danced with Mrs. —— and Mrs. ——, again with Mrs. —— and Mrs.——, and finally left them all, real old bachelor fashion, to pay his exclusive attentions to "that sweet young lady with the wreath of roses round her head"—thus describing little Miss Sarah Badlam, aged, perhaps, thirteen, be the same more or less. Supper was announced at seven. The ladies and gentlemen sat down together—Governor Young at the head of one of the tables, with Judge Brandebury opposite him. Our leading confectionery consisted of roast beef, roast mutton, chickens, roast and boiled veal, roast pig, wild fowl, bear meat and game pie, helped through with garden truck and sauce, pies, puddings, preserves, pumpkin butter, and other home dainties not so well known in these parts, and oysters and sardines in cans from the East. For drink, we had our own brew of porter and ale—which I could not recommend, as it tastes like one part of the lager article to three of water—and for Brandebury's special use, champagne wine from the grocery. From supper we went into the dancing again, and kept it up with spirit until near two o'clock in the morning, the handing round, at twelve, of refreshments (consisting of ice creams, cake, pie, nuts and beverages), being the only interruption till the benediction and final dismissal home."

The following manifests a spirit of patriotism and courage, which the life of the writer continually personified, and is worthy the emulation of every native-born son of the mountains in these vallies:

"I do not believe, either, that any American citizen, not of the lowest black-neb riff-raff and rabble of the cities thinks less of any man, or set of men, for a proper sense of self-respect and consciousness of merit. A just pride, not vanity, tells as much for communities as individuals. It is our praise that we are proud. I go again in the stocks for this. Yes! Earthly heaven of our stormy voyaging! Deseret! Fair blushing cloud that tells the morning of the splendors of the day star to rise! Rosy shadow of things hoped for, golden evidence of things not elsewhere seen! And thou, too, blest youthful city,

"The New Jerusalem that God has built
For those to dwell in that are chosen His;
His chosen people purged from sinful guilt,
With precious blood that cruelly was spilt.

"The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven's gladsome company,
And with great joy unto that city wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend."

Sweet home! Dear Utah! As I look out from my little fourth story window here, upon its landscape of dark back-yards and stinking alleys, does not my heart faint now to dwell among thy saints? Yes, sir, you whose pride it is to dissect every high affection to the skeleton, and sneer at every unworldly sentiment! Yes, sir, proud I am, and proud we all are of our Utah home, through all the shame that is cast upon it here. Not proud of its mountains, its rivers, lakes, woods and fields, for we think these are no more part of us than of any other of God's children. Nor proud of its wealth:

"Were this the charter of our State,
On pain of hell, be rich and great,
Damnation then would be our fate
Beyond remeed;
But thanks to heaven, that's no the gate
We learn our creed."

You are rich in New York town, you raise your yearly crops of merchant princes and millionaires, with pike-eat-pickerel overgrown fortunes, who build

their chateaus so high they can look clean over the Five Points. But what's all this for glory, when it has on and over it the runnings and rotmarks of sin that is shame? What, sir, I ask you, are whole dreadful columns of advertisements in your paper, but the image of a state of society so radically corrupt, diseased and wretched, that the charlatans of science are paid fortunes for pretending to palliate a fraction of its sufferings? In *our* country, we don't see what you look at every day. We don't see old men in the highway picking up manure with their fingers, or children in cotton factories dwarfing their backs before their milk teeth are shed. We don't wear pantaloons sewed at ten cents a pair, and French nose-rags brocaded at one hundred dollars apiece. We don't have churches laid out in Sunday opera-boxes for fashionable hiring. We don't see men hire other white men to wait on them at table, with bands round their hats and cockades and uniforms to set off and proclaim their miserable subjection. Our men don't see their own species put out their hands to them for alms in the streets; and, sir, my lord, they don't see what's worse, able-bodied young women, for money, asking the favor God has made man to beg of woman, and that even the dog asks of his female! What is quoted for our ancestors and forerunners of Plymouth is true of their descendants of Utah: "As Ireland will not brook venemous beasts, so will not that land vile livers." Heaven be praised! there is not yet a brothel or a beggar, or a dram-shop or a drunkard, or a thief or a tavern keeper, or a palace or a prostitute; no, thank God! not one of them yet in all our settlement.

And this is why we have a right to grow up proud. The boys hear stories that come up to them through the South Pass, about their brethren being of no account in the States; that they aren't any of them asked to dinner parties, or called out at public meetings, or invited to lecture on chastity and French china, or give their opinions for publication on the right of intervention, and whether saltpetre will explode; and, on the contrary, are nearly everywhere insulted by hideaway newspaper writers, preached over by parsons, pointed at even by politicians, and, generally, are treated about as shabbily as the first Christians were by the last Jews. But they—do *they* mind this any more than any other tales that are told? They whose lungs breathe a sky air darker blue than your Atlantic out of soundings, who point their deer-tracks hunting by mountain peaks that are never out of sight or naked of perpetual snow, who drink the ice-water of glacier cascades, and cut timber in passes and topple it down canyon chasms near three times as high as your Niagara Falls, or Trinity Church steeple? Ask *them* is it better to hear the lark sing or the mouse squeak!

"Where the eye sees the spirit speeds!" We have, if I am correct, the finest firmament for astronomical observations in the world. It puzzles all computations of distance. I have been told that newcome immigrants have been known, by paces measured, to shoot at deer a third of a mile off; and I am sure that if a man from the sea-board could alight from a balloon at my house in the afternoon, I could persuade him, after he had taken tea, to walk with me to West Mountain and back, though it is twenty-three miles off. I remember the day we first raised the American flag on our big liberty pole, we found it could be seen from every part of Salt Lake county without a glass; where it seemed small as your head, the red stripes glowed as bright as on a piece of mint stick in your hand. Think of it, how our boys' eyes fastened on it there, flaunting and flapping as if to dare the whole earth to spit at it, in our breezy southwest wind. That's the way in highland atmospheres men learn to look at the rights they have. I mean mountaineers, men that shoot with rifles, not shot guns, sir; be good enough to comprehend. And one thing once for all, I may as well have distinctly understood: We Mormons ask no favors of any man. We are no Helots here in our own republic. No taunting yet has made us reply to the accusations of our want of patriotism. They

say we are English; we are English this far, that we are no French Gumboes, to jabber on after the chip has been knocked off our hats. I know my own right, too, to stand upon this soil. My father's paternal grandfather, or *luckie daddie*, as he liked to call him, was from Scotland; but the rest of my ancestors were New Englanders of the oldest stocks. Two of them fought for independence in the revolution. My brothers and myself, six footers all, with our own arms and axes have cleared the wood off more acres than we this day own. I have worked hard for my living, now thirty odd years even on. I owe no man a cent. I have never dodged a tax collector. I have stood up for my country in more ways than one, that I don't condescend to mention. Also I have read the Constitution of the United States, Article IV, Section 2, clause 1st. And he that wants me to answer whether I am not as good an American as he is, shall step out like a man and insult me to my face."

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Verry menny seek knowledge, not so mutch for the truth az for the speculashun thar iz in it.—*Josh Billings.*

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.—*Franklin.*

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## THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE seven wonders of the world are considered to be the Pyramids of Egypt, The Hanging Gardens at Babylon, The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, The Statue of Jupiter at Athens, The Mausoleum, The Colossus, and the Pharos of Alexandria. To these wonders of ancient times may be added the eighth wonder, finished in our day—The Brooklyn or East River Bridge. This structure is certainly one of the mechanical wonders of the world, one of the greatest and most characteristic monuments of the nineteenth century; one that takes rank, as far as massiveness, durability, and refinement of mechanical skill are concerned, with the most gigantic productions of Rome or Greece. Though for various reasons, chief among which may be mentioned its disregard for art which makes it a work of bare utility, it can not be said to be one of the noblest monuments of architecture in the world, yet it must be admitted that it is one of the greatest and most honorable works of engineering.

As long as forty years ago, the question of a bridge over East River was considered by thoughtful citizens of Brooklyn. Various plans were suggested, but did not obtain general favor with the public until Mr. Julius W. Adams, an able and well-known civil engineer, exhibited his plan at the annual fair of the American Institute, in 1865. His plan differed somewhat from the plan adopted two years later, and upon which the bridge is now built. In 1866, through the efforts of Mr. W. C. Kingsley and the Hon. Henry C. Murphy, both citizens of Brooklyn, public attention was again called to the building of a bridge, and the Hon. J. S. T. Stranahau, who is also a citizen of Brooklyn, was enlisted in the cause. He has devoted his time and eminent abilities to this great work ever since. It was the Hon. H. C. Murphy that drew the bill authorizing the organization of a company, and he also who secured its adoption by the Legislature of New York, during the session of 1867. During this same year, mainly through the efforts of General Slocum, who was then a representative in Congress from Brooklyn, Congress gave permission to have a bridge erected over the navigable waters of East River. The charter incorporating the Bridge Company fixed

the capital at five millions with discretionary power to increase. The Common Council of New York subscribed one and a half million and that of Brooklyn three millions which were to be allowed the company, providing the remaining half million could be raised by private subscriptions. This was done, but Mr. Kingsley incurred a large liability in raising this amount. The company was organized soon after the act of incorporation, and Mr. John A. Roebling was appointed engineer and immediately entered upon the labor of preparing plans for erecting the bridge and for fixing its proper locality. Two years passed away, when in 1869 a board of engineers was appointed to report on the plans proposed. After this board had visited the principal suspension bridges—Niagara and Cincinnati—they reported unanimously in favor of the plan of Mr. Roebling which report was also agreed to by a delegation of engineers from the War Department of the Government. It is sad to relate that such an eminent and capable man as Mr. Roebling should die when the work in which he threw his whole energy was little more than begun. One day while engaged in fixing the line of the bridge and its location on the Brooklyn side he was so injured by the swaying of a ferry-rack against a timber upon which he stood, that he died in a few days thereafter. Upon his son devolved now the responsibility of the building of the bridge. From all accounts it can well be said that Col. Roebling inherited all the characteristic qualities of his father; and he has built the bridge to the satisfaction of the Trustees, notwithstanding he has been an invalid for upwards of ten years, as a consequence of his devotion to the work. Considering this, there is a feeling of deep sympathy awakened in the heart when we read in the late telegrams, concerning the opening of the Bridge: "Col. Roebling, the chief engineer, is feeling better, to-day, but is too weak to leave the house and share the ceremonies at the bridge." He was not forgotten, however, for we have it in the same telegram: "His house was decked with flowers and bunting;" and, "After the closing exercises on the bridge the Presidential party drove down to his house and paid their respects to the great, but enfeebled engineer. After the President's departure, a stream of prominent men pressed into the house, among whom were officers of the army and navy, clergy and distinguished visitors from abroad."

The labor of actual construction was commenced early in the year of 1870, and was continued in charge of the incorporated company until 1875. The bridge was then turned over to the public, or in other words to New York and Brooklyn. The progress of the work was satisfactory, and the engineers were successful notwithstanding the difficult problems they had to solve from time to time as the work progressed. Hon. Stranahau attributes their success, first and mainly, to their eminent ability; and, secondly, to the fact that no change of the engineering force was made from the commencement of the work down to the time of its completion. The names of the assistant engineers who have labored these many years under the direction of Mr. Roebling are Martin, Paine, Collingwood, McNulty, Pobasco and Hibdenbrand. The chief executive officer, both of the company and of the trustees, was the late Hon. Henry C. Murphy, who, as we have seen, took such great interest in the work at its first conception. He is now dead and Brooklyn should cherish with gratitude the memory of this distinguished citizen.

As years rolled by and the expenses of the bridge began to be seriously felt, a great deal of grumbling began to take place, among the people, and notably in the press. Who does not remember, even within the last three or four years, how the comic papers as well as the newspapers ridiculed the bridge and its management, and rued the millions that were spent in it. Possibly some of the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR remember the notable investigation of 1874, that the trustees were subjected to. Besides the thousands of editorial columns that

were written upon this subject, the testimony taken and the report of the committee, covered about one thousand pages of printed matter. Here we refer again to the words of Hon. Stranahau which he gave at the banquet, not long since, of the New York Chamber of Commerce: "It is pleasant to remember that no investigation ever showed that a dollar of funds had been misapplied. * * I doubt whether any public work was ever conducted with greater economy or a more sacred regard to the general good. There never was a dollar of jobbery in it from beginning to end." This is something very remarkable considering the methods upon which most public affairs are conducted in this country at the present time.

The total length of the bridge is five thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine feet of which the central span, between the towers, is one thousand five hundred and ninety-five feet six inches, the "land spans" from towers to the anchorages each nine hundred and thirty feet, the approach on the New York side one thousand five hundred and sixty-two feet six inches, and on the steeper Brooklyn side nine hundred and seventy-one feet. Thus it is not only a suspension bridge across a wide and deep river, but by means of enormous masonry arches it is continued high over the house tops until, at one end, it reaches the level of the City Hall Park in the centre of commercial New York and at the other end the heart of Brooklyn. The entrance to the bridge is near the City Hall in New York. About two thousand five hundred feet brings us to the tower on the New York side. Here the massive cables swing over the top of the tower to carry the weight of the bridge on one side and to find a resting place on the other under about sixty thousand tons of masonry. The approach is gradual, but here we are above everything in the city, men and women in the street below have dwindled to pigmies and a desert of roofs, with steam and smoke, spreads out in all directions. The floor of the bridge hangs one hundred and thirty-five feet above high water mark enabling ships with tall masts to sail under it with ease. The towers on either side rise two hundred and seventy-seven feet above the level of the shore, or as high as the dome of the Capitol at Washington. Their foundations are buried in the ground seventy-eight feet below the surface, and the towers bid fair to outlast every structure of which they command a view. Centuries or ages to come, may lay waste the two great sister cities which now represent the wealth and splendor of this continent, may rust into nothingness the twenty thousand slender filaments which compose the four webs of woven steel that hang the structure upon the towers, yet firm and unshaken as the Pyramids will these plain, but massive towers stand as monuments of the builders of our day. Will the people of that day ask who built them? Will they judge the architects of our civilization by them as we judge the builders of the Pyramids by their work, or the builders of Pompeii by the ruins of their city? If so, they will think we were much behind them in design, for as stated before it was built as a bridge by practical Americans, not as a monument to speak, like the modeled masses of the tower of Amiens, of Strasburg or of Notre Dame.

But to continue the description. The bridge is as wide as Broadway—eighty-five feet from side to side. It is not merely a pathway for pedestrians. It has five avenues—a wide one in the centre for pedestrians, a railway track on each side of this, and a carriage track on each side of the railway tracks. The railway cars are run by means of an endless chain operated by a stationary engine in Brooklyn. The actual cost of the bridge is about fifteen thousand dollars, this includes the land that is taken. On the 24th day of May, 1883, which, by the by is the birthday of Queen Victoria, the bridge was dedicated to the public, amid the booming of cannon, shouting, whistling of thousands of steamers and the plaudits of great masses of citizens. People surrendered business for a day of sight-seeing and celebration. The streets and avenues, clear out into the suburbs were

decked with flowers and bunting and flags for the bridal feast of the two cities. The public buildings, private houses, streetcars, wagons and trucks hoisted colors of all nations in honor of the event. Even the iron-hearted speculator of Wall Street closed his doors upon his gilded wealth and found half a day to gaze upon the proceedings of the opening.

The President of the United States and officers of his Cabinet, the Governor of New York, senators and representatives from all parts of the country, and the mayors of both cities, were approving witnesses of the formal presentation which was done at about three o'clock by the president of the Board of Trustees. Hon. Stranahau presided on the occasion. After prayers, several speeches were delivered, music and salutes followed. At night, a grand electric illumination took place; a fine exhibition of fireworks was also given. The day following its opening as many as fifty thousand people crossed over the bridge.

Its seems a fitting close to this article to give a verse from a poem written for the occasion by Will Carleton, the celebrated "Farm Ballad" poet, and which he entitles: "The Wedding of the Towns."

"Let all the bells ring clear—
Let all of the flags be seen!
The King of the Western Hemisphere
Has married the Island Queen!
For many a day he waited
By the lordly river's side,
And deemed that the maid was fated
To be his own true bride;
For many a night he wooed her
Upon her lofty throne,
For many a year pursued her,
To win her for his own.

* * * * * *

In heart they well were mated;
And patiently and long
They for each other waited—
These lovers true and strong.
Let never a flag be hidden!
Let never a bell be dumb!
The guests have all been bidden—
The wedding-day has come!

Through many a golden year
Shall shine this silvery tie;
The wondering world will gather here,
And gaze, with gleaming eye.
Philosophers will ponder
How, blessed by the hand of Heaven,
The world has another wonder
To add to her ancient seven.
Philanthropists will linger
To view the giant span,
And point, with grateful finger,
To man's great work for man;
And all will bless the year
When, in the May-month green,
The King of the Western Hemisphere
Was wed to the Island Queen."

*E. H. Anderson.*

TALENT AND TACT.—Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent in the proportion of ten to one.

## MURDER WILL OUT.

WHEN I was nine years old, I was terrified to go to bed alone, I had heard so many tales of ghosts, and witches, that I was afraid even at that advanced age of boyhood to sleep alone. My mother was a strong minded woman on every subject but one, and that was in the fear of spirits after death, and of their appearance to people who survived their decease. In consequence, this subject was often brought up by neighbors who came to visit her, and I became a retentive auditor and stored my mind with these spiritual relations, that to this day cause me to keep a sharp lookout, in out-of-the-way places, for something supernatural.

Among the innumerable stories thus

told in my childhood, there was one I could never forget, which was related by a soldier's wife, and which I believe was quite authentic. Her husband was a private in the Lanarkshire militia, and she was with the regiment as a laundress, in the seaport town of Dundalk, Ireland, in the year 1792, when this circumstance transpired.

In the above town there were two men who kept a store in partnership, doing an extensive business an all maritime articles, and they were thought by the public to have accumulated a great amount of wealth. Suddenly one of them left, and no reason could be imagined for his disappearance. Sometime had transpired, and there being no prospects of his return, his wife demanded that a settlement be made of their affairs in stock and trade. This was not done before in consequence of a report being circulated, that her husband had taken with him a large amount of money belonging to the firm, which the remaining partner had kept secret for the sake of his family. However, he complied with the lady's desire, and an inventory was taken, that she might know her portion of the stock. This was done so rapidly and the value of the proceeds was so small, that her friends who had been interested in the division of the property, thought something was wrong, not only in the smallness of the amount of goods, and the largeness of the firm's indebtedness; but the hurried way in which every thing was done by the partner, who had the property and stock in his possession, looked very suspicious. The lady whose grief was already extreme was still more grieved to know that her husband who was esteemed, not only to be wealthy but honest, having held a respectable position in society, should without any apparent cause so suddenly leave, his worth reduced to an insignificant amount, compared with what it should be in view of his economical way of living, and the vast amount of business done as a ship storing merchant.

A short time after the settlement, the heart sick, and desolate lady lay in her sleepless bed thinking over her bereavement, and the strange turn of her lost husband's affairs, when there he stood before her, seemingly bathed in blood! So real was the apparition that for a moment she thought he had returned to his home. Stretching out her hand she accosted him by name, and was in the act of rising from her couch, when he waved his hand to her, and said he was no more of this world, and that he had been permitted to appear, and reveal to her the mystery of his disappearance. He informed her, that he and his partner had gone out on a pleasure sailboat, and that the latter struck him down with a hatchet, tied a sack with a large stone in it to his body, and threw him into the sea. Her husband commanded her that she should go directly and inform the magistrates of this crime, and have the murderer apprehended, not only for his murder, but for swindling her out of his property. At this point of the spectres relation, the lady fainted, and when she had come to her senses the spirit was gone. The day following she went as the spirit had told her to the magistrate. When he heard the relation, looking upon it as a delusion, he said he could do nothing in the matter, as there were no witnesses to prove what she had told him. Sorrowful, and disappointed she returned to her home, and when night again invited her to a weary sleepless couch, through vexation, and the nameless trepidation of a spiritual visitation, she lay down wide awake, when, lo! as she expected, her husband again appeared, and spoke to her in soothing encouraging language bidding her not to be afraid and telling her, as if he knew what the magistrate had said, in respect to having no witnesses to verify the truth that he had been murdered, that he would appear himself in person, at twelve o'clock on the morrow at the levee of the new dock—telling her to describe his wounds, which he showed her, and his appearance as she saw him on both nights.

As directed, the lady again called on the magistrate, and told him the request of the spectre. Still unbelieving, the offi-

cial ordered a warrant for the apprehension of the accused partner. Early in the day the town of Dundalk was well informed of this wonderful affair, namely, that a dead man would appear as a witness against the murderer of himself! Thousands of people turned out on the levee, some laughing at the credulity of the story as a spirit hoax, others less infidel, and others firmly believing in the truthfulness of the revelation waited in patience, expecting to see a personage of the other world. To the surprise of the multitude, just as the sun was at the meridian, there the dead body of the lost man floated into the new harbor, his skull cloven, as before told. The authorities present thought the fact most damning, as no person could have brought the body to land precisely at the appointed hour, as it was seen borne by the waves when far out on the water, before the time specified it would arrive.

The person taken on suspicion that morning, when he heard of this wonderful appearance and discovery, seen by thousands, so corroborative of his guilt, confessed his crime, and also to robbing his partner's widow, upon which confession he was brought before the lords of the justiciary, condemned and afterwards executed at the new dock. The place to this day is called the hangman's harbor.

The person who told me this story was a spectator on the quay and saw the body float into the harbor.

*John Lyon.*

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If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it. —*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

DOUBLE WASTE.—Diogenes being presented at a feast with a large goblet of wine, threw it on the ground. When blamed for wasting so much good liquor, he answered: "Had I drank it there would have been double waste; I as well as the wine would have been lost."

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## BENEFICENCE AND GRATITUDE.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

'Twas long before this rolling world its cycles had of change.
Its grand dimensions gaseous then, its orb of startling range,
It swept afar in depths of space amid the silent stars,
Where planets mark their giant course, and naught their order jars.

'Mid azure depths the prescient eye, met orbs in every stage,
The roar and crash of fiercest flame on element did rage;
The granite ran, and gold was fused, then hid and formed a base,
In cycles cooling 'mid the mists, then verdures wondrous grace.

'Twas thus foundations deep were laid, and coal fields grew apace,
Through every change was stern intent, providing for our race;
As each creative act was closed, and progress told its tale,
'Twas but a record—present, past, or future's grander scale.

Another globe hath passed its birth, and in fruition swings,
And one declines as age creeps on, and death its signal rings;
Again, through fire another tells, baptism hath purged its stain,
And resurrection gives that change, decreed before its pain.

This speeds away, celestial law, its orbit makes and gives,
Obedient to its central sun, where God the Father lives;
He fills this with His faithful ones, His nobles once of earth,
He gives them heaven, He makes them Gods, a new and higher birth.

But not of earth's the theme to-day, or of their kindred stars,
Or of "the music of the spheres," their notes or mighty bars,
Their tones may thrill a loftier bard, whose wing hath wider reach,
One from the schools eternal, where the ancient masters teach.

A legend of the northern lands inspires the willing muse,
From whence it came, or how it spread, old earth hath not the news;
But secrets come to minds attuned, and point a moral strong,
And doubtless all the worlds of space can sense a present wrong.

Man's sad experience echoes now, upon this fallen world,
That where intelligence is felt, and truth's flag is unfurled,
There all degrees, and passing phase, devotion doth imply;
In some the virtues blend in one, or at a tangent fly.

Thus to the legend we return, no sacrilege is meant,
No sacred thing or name is used, with thoughtless, wild intent;
Perchance a truth is here portrayed, a lesson men may learn,
And to it in each field of life the swelling thoughts may turn.

'Tis said the banquet hall was filled with all the courtly guests,
Who in the light of heaven, are found to fill its high behests;
The Lord had summoned all His train, His high and noted ones,
Archangel, seraphim, and hosts of angels and of sons.

Among the invited, welcomed, were the virtues great and small,
Each clad in raiment as 'twas fit, the stateliest of them all;
"How beautiful," was said at once, and loud the echoes sped,
Along the corridors of gold and pillared arch o'erhead.

The moments passed with bliss intense (if heaven by moments count),
Before the tables set with food and wine from crystal fount;
The minor virtues most admired, for beaming from each eye,
Were all the softer graces which above will never die.

Yet suddenly, as if surprised, the giver of the feast,
Who not alone His highest marks, but bends toward the least;
Had noted two, who strangers seemed, to each appeared unknown,
Though surely they forever dwelt close by the Ruler's throne.

With condescension, see, their Lord advancing with his train,
To introduce the stranger guests and cordial make the twain,
"Beneficence," He said, "Allow me here to make acquaint
Your soulful self, with 'Gratitude,' she should be found a saint."

'Tis said the virtues coldly stared, then bowed with frigid grace,
They strangers were, and so remained, to form as well as face,
This was the first time they had met, it was the last, 'tis said,
And e'er remains Beneficence by Gratitude unfed.

Within this northern legend find, a dire, a mortal sin,
Do good to man, and far too oft, the enemy comes in;
And then resolve declares, "No more will I the needy seek,"
An unappreciative soul dwells there, a mortal weak!"

But in those halls divine, 'tis thought, with better, purer light,
Each soul will find at last a love, for love, and truth, and right,
And if the banquet was not marred, if Father kept his guest,
Down on this fallen earth of ours, 'tis wisest as 'tis best,

For all the good that's freely done, a rich reward will bring,
If not from those that blessed were, 'twill come from heaven's great King.
No cup of water, word of cheer, no dollar, dime, or cent,
But to the treasury above, on interest is lent.

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

# COURAGE AND ENTHUSIASM.

THE true and literal meaning of the word courage—like that of religion—is often mistaken and perverted. We have, unfortunately, so many instances of the latter's perversion, that it is quite unnecessary for me to name them; but while we mourn and lament for the havock and evils caused by one, we cannot, for similar reasons, repress a sigh for the other. History furnishes us with many examples of men, who are credited with great courage and valor, but whose actions, on examination, can frequently be traced to be the results of a perverted enthusiasm or an insane ambition.

This was the case of Alexander the Great, who, after he had conquered the world, not satisfied with being one of the greatest robbers and murderers that ever lived, wept because there was not another to conquer. Napoleon has been referred to as a great and courageous man, yet we are informed he waded in blood to the throne of France. Julius Cæsar's excessive ambition, uncontrollable vanity, which has been mistaken for courage, finally caused his assassination; and many examples might be cited, if necessary, to show the deplorable consequences of perverted ambition. Excesses and extremes in courage—as in all other things—should be avoided. "There is a 'mean' in all things," says the proverb. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits, which, not being strictly observed, it ceases to be a virtue, and he who allows his impulses to usurp his reason, and whose courage urges an insane enthusiasm or reckless bravery, needs be denounced with as much vengeance as the meanest coward.

Physical courage is not my theme, but moral courage is essential to every noble and virtuous pursuit, in which men are engaged, and when guided by reason, and influenced by judgment, it is of incalculable service in all the avocations of life. Every noble and beautiful life will be found to have in it the power of a brave courage. So numerous are the seductive vices and temptations to an inglorious ease on one hand, and so bitter the jealousies of a begrudging envy on the other, that every path of earnest life, in pursuit of duty, will be found a difficult one, and in such a course, fear will faint and lose; courage will fight and win, it will battle heroically against the native love of ease, and overcome every obstacle which stands in the way of progress and advancement.

Moral courage consists in serving the right, and never succumbing to mere might; it consists in unflinching resistance to the temptations of the popular and the profitable, the easy or the expedient, if principle is to be sacrificed, or the shrine of truth to be desecrated. Moral courage is, for the most part, no sudden attainment; it needs to be wisely cultivated and exercised, and should be practiced with steadfastness and firmness, and it may then become the habit of our lives, and like all other habits, good or bad, become a second nature. The continuous conflict with those temptations which beset us from time to time, not only brings experience, but nerves the heart, and renders victory easier in time to come. The feeling that we have not moral courage sufficient to deny our own dominant desires, or to face our opponents ridicule, will—even if not made public—rankle in our own hearts, and we shall, even if we do not lose the respect of others, cease to respect ourselves. If a man knows a thing is wrong, and yet does it, one-half his days are spent in vain regrets for the wrong he does and the mistakes he makes in the other half, and yet his evil deeds are no sooner repented than repeated, and his errors committed again and again in the face of many bitter experiences, with a spirit of self-sufficiency or wantonness. A very great portion of the evil and mischief done in society and in the world, is committed under the consoling sense of irresponsibility. It is indeed melancholy to reflect how even

intelligent men and women endeavor to cheat their own consciences, and quiet the "still small voice" of wisdom in their hearts, with confessions of failure, for which they hold themselves hardly accountable, and plead inability to resist some impulse to an evil deed, or the neglect of duty.

True, moral courage is not confined to any class, or any age; it shines with equal splendor in a beggar and in a king. The meekest and lowliest of us have opportunities to manifest and exercise our courage to advantage. We want brave men, courageous men in every department of duty, and all the success worth the endeavor to attain and likely to produce any permanent satisfaction when attained, must be sought and won under the inspiration of a lofty moral courage. When a man is lead by his feelings, he is always prone to go wrong. When he fails in anything he attempts, of his own inner motive, in his own conscientiousness he must be the victim of moral weakness. Failure to carry out a behest of the will, means that the power of self-control is deficient, and when he does wrong, the will of his carnal appetite, or purely animal propensity, is triumphant, for any attraction or influence outside the individual, must be dependent upon something inside his nature, for its power to exercise a constraining influence. Except there be appetite, the sight of food creates loathing rather than desire. It is in most instances but idle talk to say we are seduced by temptation. The pretense is the refuge of weak minds, the essence of moral cowards. Courage is scarcely demanded when at the end of life a man is about to lay down and die; if wanted, nature will provide it. What we want true courage for, is to live, and it is for the want of true courage that we attribute half the vices of the age and half the misfortunes of life. It is the social as well as the natural swamps of this world of which a great writer of the day speaks, when he says: "God has given thee, thou sayest, an abiding place in the midst of pestilential swamps. If thou hast courage to banish by persevering toil, the putrid waters, the swamps will change into fertile and beautiful fields, the deadly fever will depart, and thou wilt rejoice as a strong man, in thy health."

There is the courage of saying no to any wrong or foolish proposal, and there is the courage of doing what is right. An English writer says: "We have got used to evil and folly, and owing to its frequent repetition we think it is nice perhaps, but we hesitated a little and did not like it at first." If young men had the courage to be true to themselves, Oh, what a different world this would be! If girls had the courage not to do what they really do not like, and what they are over persuaded to do, ten million miseries would never happen. How vain and cowardly, and yet how often young people will pretend to have heard operas they have never heard, to be intimate with the "Dear Duchess" they have never seen, to give dinners which they cannot afford, to dress in a style for which they cannot pay, to assume manners they really do not like and which give them no satisfaction, and to make a pretense at religion, in striving to serve the world, and secure heaven at the same time, and those who do, generally make a miserable compromise, for they are not courageous enough to be good, simple, plain and true, and are not bold enough to be absolutely wicked. These are persons with narrow conservative ideas and minds, who are very courageous if there is no danger. They conform to the ways, and walk in the paths of the multitude, and dare not assert their own candid convictions much less to practice them, if they chance to be outside the groove which popular custom has marked out for them to follow. The heroes of moral courage are not far to find, neither are they few; and we should both brace the nerves of our own character, and also inspire imitation as well as admiration in others, if we contemplated the career and character of those noble men and women who fill the role of departed heroes and heroines.

Nothing is hard to the brave, or "The

courageous have no difficulty," was the motto of Lord Beaconsfield, a man who has given us one of the brightest examples of the power of courage that history has ever recorded, nothwithstanding his birth and position, and the endless difficulties he had to encounter, in spite of all, and in spite of every obstacle that was hurled in his path by his enemies, he plodded steadily on, and won his way through them all, and by dint of his untiring energies, and his marvelous courage, he waded through a sea of trouble, and climbed from the stool of an attorney's clerk to the very foot of the throne, and ruled the destinies of a great and mighty nation. It has been justly and truly said of him, that his laudable ambition was never thwarted under the most trying circumstances; but from one of the most humble and lowly positions, by the aid of his unparalleled courage, he has made the wealthiest and the proudest aristocracy, that the world ever knew, to walk behind his back. His death put a nation in mourning, for he was honored and respected by all, and he has left footprints in the sands that time can never efface.

Few persons are entirely destitute of courage, though some possess it to a far greater extent than others; but it is not so much a consideration how much a person may have, as the purpose for which—and the direction in which—it is used, that decides its value and its worth. It is capable of being as mischievous and destructive, when used in a wrong channel, as it is of being beneficial when used in a right one. Hence, we require great caution and discretion. There is a work; there is a duty for every young man and every young woman to perform, who has one spark of courage within their nature; it is a debt we owe to our Creator. If we discharge it, we shall receive the reward, if we neglect it, we shall as surely receive the punishment, whether we like it or dislike it. For the time will come, whether it be near or afar, when we shall have to give an account of the use we have made of the talents entrusted to our charge, and he who is craven enough to fear criticism, or to dread distraction, need not expect to reach the goal of his ambition, for there is nothing worth having which a faint heart ever won.

Some pass half their time in making resolutions, and the other half in breaking them. The fact is, a really strong will seldom resolves, it scarcely ever forms plans for amendment; it simply acts or restrains action as the case may require. This is what we want, we should strive to be thorough in thought and in action. Touching many things and grasping nothing firmly, is one of the most damaging mistakes young persons of what are called "good parts" seem prone to make. We should think of something and then do it, make up our minds, as an American writer very wisely remarked, "a farmer can never plough his field by turning it over in his mind." We must set to work and manifest our courage by reducing our theory to practice. That "impulsive courage" which rises and falls like a barometer, is of very little use to its possessor. While his excited nerves—which he mistakes for courage—are the rulers of his actions, he then takes the first step to perpetuate some great deed, or achieve some noble object, but the first obstacle he encounters, cools his enthusiasm, and the second or third extinguishes the artificial fire completely.

There is also another courage equally useless as the impulsive, viz: Imaginary courage, which consists chiefly in building castles without material and without foundation. This kind of courage is the most ridiculous and absurd of any. They are not content with what they are, and, lacking the patience to dig and to wait, the perseverance and diligence to acquire what they want, they immediately fly off on the wings of their imagination, range through all desirable conditions, select one, and at once sit down in an empire of greatness, such as has never yet been achieved. Nature and fortune combined could not create such an asylum for fallen man as they at once create for themselves. Fancy soon obtains victory

over the soul, for it is vastly easier to sit down in an arm chair and dream themselves into statesmen and orators, rulers and movers of the world, than to put forth the exertions necessary to render them even tolerable in life.

Courage will, in the future, as it has in the past, always be conspicuous in the successful hero who enters the expansive fields of labor for the purpose of dethroning error, or establishing truth, whether it be scientific or religious. Let us summon our moral courage in a noble pursuit, work at it with both hands, untiring energy and an earnest will, and then go

"Onward, while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right,
While oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by its might,
While an error clouds the reason
Or a sorrow gnaws the heart,
Or a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part."

It is not an easy task to tame the propensities and passions which are inherent in us, and yet this is about our first duty, and in the use we make of those instrumentalities which a kind providence has placed within our reach, there is ample scope for the arduous exercise of moral courage. Perhaps no more difficult work could be assigned us than the introspective care which is necessary in the sphere of our own inner life; for in any failure in governing oneself, our courage becomes crippled, and our perseverance is shorn of its sweetest joy. Self conquest is a stern duty to all who would be victors, and the conquest or triumph of the reasoning faculties and the judgment, over the impulses, emotions and appetites, is a conquest of the noblest kind, but self government and self control cannot be accomplished without courage, and although this is one of the first, yet it is also one of the most important lessons we have to learn. There are indeed so many kinds of courage, that it would be impossible to put them all down in one essay; they all depend, however, upon wisdom and faith, strength of mind and strength of heart, trust in oneself, rightly based upon trust in God.

*N. Y. Schofield.*

A kind word never dies.

## PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

One of the three or four great minds that have exerted a paramount influence in the affairs of Europe for thirty years or more, belonged to Alexander Michaelowitch Gortschakoff, late Chancellor of Russia, who died on the 11th of March, at Baden. What Bismark is to Germany, Prince Gortschakoff was for many years to Russia, and hence that vastly spread-out empire owes her position before the world to-day, more to him than to any other man.

He was born July 16, 1798, and received his education at the Lyceum of Zarskoe-Setlo, founded by Catherine II. There his course was very brilliant, and after leaving the place he continued to study. Certain contributions of his to current literature attracted the attention of the then Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who forthwith took him into the foreign office. Then he was only twenty-five years of age, and was sent as attaché to important legations, appearing at the congresses of Laybach and Vienna as a member of the suite of M. de Nesselrode, the famous diplomatist. In 1824 he was secretary of the Russian Legation in London, and afterward filled the positions, consecutively, of Russian Chargé d' Affaires at Florence, member of the Russian Legation at Vienna, and Ambassador Extraordinary at Stuttgart. He was made a Privy Councillor and was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General by the Emperor Nicholas.

He was chief in authority in behalf of Russia at the negotiations which took place at Vienna immediately preceding the outbreak of the Crimean war. Then

he was one of the two Russian plenipotentiaries at the conference at Vienna in March, 1855, after the Emperor Nicholas' death, and where he displayed great tact and ability in maintaining the rights of Russia, but was ultimately obliged, though most reluctantly, to acquiesce in a restriction of Russia's naval power and military operations on the Black Sea. After the terms of peace were definitely adjusted and the Treaty of Paris was signed in April, 1856, Gortschakoff was appointed Minister of Foreign affairs in place of Count Nesselrode, who had retired.

In 1860, in consequence of events occurring at Naples, Gortschakoff addressed his celebrated circular to the powers of Europe, urging upon France and England their own principle of the independence of nations, and protesting against the interference of western powers with the internal policy of the Two Sicilies. In 1863, the Emperor, who had made him Vice-Chancellor in 1862, promoted him to the office of Chancellor of the Empire. In 1866, he succeeded in bringing about the separation of the Roman Catholic clergy of Poland from the Holy See.

It was by the efforts of Gortschakoff that a change was brought about in the policy of the Russian government, the substitution of mild and judicial measures of control for the old military despotism. He busied himself chiefly with internal reforms, one of which, the emancipation of the serfs, he carried out in so prudent a manner that it produced no turbulence of a serious nature. In 1871 he succeeded in obtaining from the great Western States a revision of the Treaty of Paris, to certain conditions of which, regarding the Black Sea, he had given such reluctant consent. The demand for this revision created great excitement in Europe, but, with great tact and ability, Gortschakoff ultimately carried his point.

The Russo-Turkish war, consequent upon the insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Bulgarian massacres, and the Turco-Servian war, again brought Russia and Gortschakoff prominently before the world a few years ago. A general European war was expected to result from the complications of the time, and it was greatly due to Gortschakoff that this calamity was averted. He accompanied the Emperor to the front, and there closely watched the interests, sympathies and tendencies of all parties, and acted accordingly. On peace being concluded, he gave ample evidence in his reply to the circular of Great Britain on the San Stephano Treaty that he had through age lost none of his great ability as a diplomatist. On his retirement last year, the Emperor testified, by a special rescript to the character of his services, in which he acknowledged "the glorious and splendid services which had gained for him the respect and gratitude of his countrymen, and had graven his name indelibly on the pages of Russian history." Unlike certain other great leaders of state in Europe, Prince Gortschakoff warmly favored the Union cause during the late war, and witnessed to his sentiment in a circular, by these words: "The North American Republic not only presents itself to us as an indispensable element of the international balance of power, but, besides that, it is a nation toward which our most august Emperor and the whole of Russia have always had a most friendly disposition, because both countries are in the ascendant period of their development, and seem called to a natural unity of interests and sympathies, proofs of which have already been given on both sides."—*Selected.*

FARM LIFE—1786 VS. 1868.—At a meeting of the New York Farmers' Club, in 1868, one of the members read the following, the first lines having been written by Dr. Franklin:

1786.

Farmer at the plow,
Wife milking cow,
Daughter spinning yarn,
Son threshing in the barn,
All happy to a charm.

1868.

Farmer gone to see the show,
Daughter at the piano,
Madam gaily dressed in satin,
All the boys learning Latin,
With a mortgage on the farm.

# THE CARPENTER'S TRADE.

A GREAT change has come over the carpenter's business during the last fifty years. Formerly carpenters made almost everything of which the material was common wood, from a clothes-peg to a kitchen-table, from a cow-shed to a church; and whatever they made they also mended. I can myself remember taking my sled, *Antelope*, to a village carpenter for repairs, and discovered him in his shop making a coffin. It was something of a shock, and I was quite abashed at the idea of interrupting him for so trifling a job. At present coffins, like much other wooden merchandise, are not made; they are turned out by machinery.

In the same way doors of all kinds and sizes are manufactured, from cellar doors of pine to parlor doors of rosewood and mahogany; sash also, blinds, stairs, mouldings and many other things. There are large villages which are chiefly supported by some special manufacture of wood. There is one in Maine where they make boys' sleds in incredible numbers and of excellent quality. A boy now gets a better sled for a dollar than could be had forty years ago for three dollars. A carpenter told me, a few days ago, that he occasionally buys the doors of a house for less money than he could buy the rough boards of which they are made. Well-made doors, too, and thoroughly seasoned! I have myself, at Winchendon, Mass., a wonderful town for wooden manufactures, seen clothes-pegs made at a cost of thirteen pegs for one cent, and a pretty good pail for eleven cents.

At present, then, the business of a carpenter is to combine into some desired form or object a number of articles which he buys ready made to his hand. In a new sense of the word, he is a "joiner." Nevertheless the foundation of success in carpentry is skill in the use of the old-fashioned tools. A builder must be *able* to make a door or a sash, and make it well, even if he never has to make one. Boys may rely upon it that with all the help carpenters get from machinery, it requires more skill and judgment to be a good carpenter than it did when he had to do everything with his own hands. If he only has to stand and direct the operation of a machine, he cannot be himself a machine, and the constant observation of a complicated piece of mechanism tends to elevate and educate him.

I saw the other day a machine which planed both sides of a board, grooved one edge and *matched* the other, all in one operation, in twenty seconds. By a little extra pressure, two men could pass through that machine two thousand boards in ten hours. In other words, two men and the machine are doing the work of four hundred skilled mechanics, and they appeared to be merely pushing a board along and pulling it out at the other side, without care or thought. If you watch them do this for half an hour, you will discover that they have charge of an exquisite and sensitive piece of machinery, which has to be continually watched and frequently readjusted. They must be men of judgment and intelligence. "Snug, the joiner," of Shakspeare's comedy, with his comic and gross stupidity, could not work such a machine ten minutes without bringing himself or it to disaster. Indeed, boys, the reign of stupidity in every sphere of human activity is drawing to a close, and the lad who means to be anything or do anything effective in life must prepare to use his head as well as his hands. He must live and work up to the noble machinery which he will be expected to handle and direct.

I asked an excellent carpenter, a few days ago, what was the chief quality a boy must possess in order to become a good workman. He answered without an instant's hesitation,—"aptitude." "But," said I, "how can you or the boy himself tell whether he has aptitude or not?" "Well," said he, after duly scratching his wig, "one of the first things a boy

wants to do, who has in him the making of a good carpenter, is to hammer, whittle, saw and chop. He likes to watch men who are at work with tools, and he has a good deal of curiosity about the tools themselves. By the time he is twelve years of age, unless all his native sense and ingenuity have been schooled out of him, he will make a very good dog-house, bird-cage and rabbit-trap; put up a very respectable shelf for his mother in the storeroom, and knock together a pretty good shed or summer-house for his sisters in the garden. He has a sort of *relish* for work and tools."

Such is the boy for a carpenter. The advantages of carpentry are so obvious, and some slight degree of skill in it is so easily acquired, that it continually attracts the wrong boys as well as the right ones. In these days of sharp competition, the man thrives best who can do things which few can do, or can do common things in a superior way. If, therefore, you do not perceive in yourself any signs of "aptitude" for the carpenter's trade; if you have no "relish" for good work and ingenious tools; if you have not something of the mechanic's peculiar patience, or power of keeping on without fret or worry, it is better to avoid the bench and try something which does not require these qualities.

Let us suppose, however, that, after proper consideration, you have made up your mind to be a carpenter. How are you to get into the trade? A boy now, in a country place, on coming out of school at sixteen years of age, gets into carpentering in a very simple way. He stops at a carpenter's shop and says, perhaps to the master,—"I have worked with carpenter's tools a little. My cousin is a carpenter, and I have been round his shop a good deal. Can you give me a job?" If it is a busy time, and the master wants hands, he will try him for a day; "feel of him," as a carpenter expressed it, "to find out what he is made of." He will set the lad to helping a man to make a picket-fence, one operation of which is digging post holes. Often, the first hole the boy digs decides his fate. If he has "gumption," the hole will have two qualities that wins respect. First, it will be straight; secondly, the minimum of earth will be displaced in digging it. An unhandy boy will throw out four times the amount of dirt necessary; he will scatter the dirt all around, and, after all, the post will not stand upright in the hole.

The boy that digs his first post hole in that way is very likely to be told at the close of the day, that he is not wanted the next day. He may be set to nailing on pickets, a very simple matter; only they must be put on straight, just so far apart, and just so high. A careful boy, after nailing on six pickets under the eye of an experienced man, will make no more mistakes. He will soon learn to do easy work with certainty and rapidity. His merits will at once attract attention, because steadiness and patience are among the rarest qualities shown by boys of sixteen or seventeen; and what an employer most wants is men who can be trusted to carry on a piece of work without superintendence. I heard a carpenter say recently,—"If a young fellow asks me for a job, I look him over first of all, and if I like his looks, I mark two or three boards, give him a saw, and tell him to saw them off. If he saws straight I begin to think there's something in him, and so I do even if I only see that he tries hard to saw straight, though he may not hit it. Everything in our trade is done by trying. When I see a boy can *try*, I feel to give him a chance."

If a young man proves capable of doing the easy work of a carpenter, such as nailing the rough boards on the side of a house, he can earn at once one dollar and twenty-five cents a day, which he can increase to one dollar and fifty cents by the time he has been at work six months. I am speaking now of average country places, not of large cities like New York and Boston. In the course of two or three years, a wide-awake young man, handy with tools, and always trying his best, can earn the highest wages ordinarily paid to a journeyman carpenter, two dollars and

fifty cents a day. When he is competent to be a foreman, and take entire charge of an important piece of work requiring several hands, he may receive from three to four dollars a day, though the latter rate is not common except in cities.

You will often hear carpenters say that the old system of long apprenticeships produce better workmen than the one which I have just briefly described. Facts do not bear out their assertion. The carpenters sent over by the British Government to examine and describe the carpentry exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867, reported that the French carpenters, who serve long apprenticeships, are among the worst in Europe, and that American carpentry ranks with the very best in the world. They mentioned with particular praise the construction of a model cottage sent over from America, and the wooden work on the locomotive engines exhibited by Americans. I have often myself on a long journey inspected with lively admiration the beautiful work of a sleeping-car, and the wise construction of the light wooden bridges. We may be very sure that the men who plan such work spent their precious fifteenth and sixteenth years at school, not in a shop, bullied by their elders and wasting their time in servile employments.

What does carpentry lead to? This is a very interesting question to ambitious youth, who naturally and properly look forward to a fair advancement in life, and wish to spend the evening of their days in peace and dignity. In country towns the most natural issue of carpentry is building and architecture. I know myself a boy who was deliberately placed in a carpenter's shop by his parents as a step towards the profession of architecture, and after working three or four years at plain carpentry (with lessons in drawing) he established himself as an architect in a south-western city. He there formed a partnership with a builder, and they soon had their hands full of business. Many carpenters have invented new tools, new methods, new devices, and thus made their way to a large business. Others invest their savings (eking them out with some credit) in a set of machinery for making blinds, sash, doors, sleds, stair-rails or mouldings, and send the product of the same all over the country.

In New York, Boston and Philadelphia, there are men who began life at the workman's bench, and now have shops in which all such articles are manufactured on the greatest scale and with wonderful economy both of material and power. There is such a shop in Boston, in which one hundred men, aided by a steam-engine of sixty-horse power, manufacture as much carpenter-work as five thousand men could accomplish by the labor of their hands alone. It is a museum of wonders. On walking over it I was reminded of a remark made by John Quincy Adams upon returning from a manufactory in Russia. "I ought," said he, "to visit a manufactory once a week in order to learn my own ignorance."

It really takes your breath away to see the rapidity and certainty with which such operations as sawing, mortising, dove-tailing, grooving and polishing are done by the machines in this establishment, which I suppose Carlyle would call an explosion of all the carpentries. If a carpenter in Salem or Concord has a contract to build a house, he sends to a shop like this for all his doors, sashes, blinds, rails, kitchen and bath-room fittings, which come to him, nicely packed, as freight, all thoroughly seasoned, both by natural and artificial processes. There are not many men in the world who can create, or even conduct, an establishment like this, because it requires a combination of faculties and talent such as are seldom found in the same individual. But in many a quiet country place there are carpenters who take pleasure and pride in their work; who have built for themselves nice little houses, filled them with beautifully made furniture, and established a limited but sufficient business. These are among the most fortunate of mechanics and men. They do not reckon their income in thousands, but their wants are few

and moderate; they take a holiday when they need one; they bring up their children to be good citizens, and they have an inexhaustible satisfaction in doing their work in the best manner.

*Youth's Companion.*

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True humility, the basis of the Christian system, is the low, but deep and firm foundation of all real virtue.—*Burke.*

"WHERE WERE THE POLICE?"—The following anecdote is a good illustration of the pathetic power of certain time-honored stories, and also of the tendency to put the ideas of the nineteenth century back into the fifteenth: A little bright-eyed boy, upon hearing his father read the story of Joan of Arc, was greatly moved by her sad trials; but when the part was reached where she was about to be burned to death at the stake, the poor little fellow could not contain himself any longer, but sobbingly clutched his parent's arm, and with big tears running down his plump little cheeks, cried: "But, pa–papa, wh–e–re were the police?"

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## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

### ELECTION AND REPROBATION.

Do you believe in election and reprobation? To prevent the necessity of repeating a thousand times what may be said at once, we purpose to answer this oft-asked question in writing, so that the Saints may learn doctrine, and all who will may understand that such election and reprobation as is taught in the Old and New Testaments, and other revelations from God, we fully believe, in connection with every other principle of righteousness; and we ask this favor of all into whose hands our answer may come, that they will not condemn until they have read it through, in the spirit of meekness and prayer.

The Lord (Jehovah) hath spoken through Isaiah (xlii, 1) saying, "Behold my servant whom I uphold—mine elect in whom my soul delighteth;" evidently referring to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, chosen, or elected by the Father. (1 Peter, i, 20) "Who verily was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, who by him do believe in God to serve him in the redemption of the world, to be a covenant of the people (Isaiah xlii, 6) for a light to the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel, having ordained him to be the judge of the quick and the dead (Acts x, 42) that through him forgiveness of sins might be preached (Acts xiii, 38) unto all who would be obedient unto his Gospel." (Mark xvi, 16, 17.)

Every High Priest must be ordained (Heb. v, 1), and if Christ had not received ordination, he would not have had power to ordain others, as he did when he ordained the Twelve (Mark iii, 14) to take part in the ministry which he had received of his father: also, (John xv, 16) "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, (Heb. v, 4), for no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron (v, 5). So also Christ *glorified not himself* to be made an *high priest*, but he that said unto him, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." No being can give that which he does not possess; consequently, no man can confer the Priesthood on another, if he has not himself first received it; and the Priesthood is of such a nature that it is impossible to investigate the principles of election, reprobation, etc., without touching upon the Priesthood also; and although some may say that Christ, as God, needed no ordination, having possessed it eternally; yet Christ says, (Matt. xxviii, 18) "All *power* is *given* unto me in heaven and on earth;" which could not have been if he was in eternal possession, and in the previously quoted verse we discover that He that said unto him [*i.e.* his

Father] glorified him *to be made* an High Priest, or ordained him to the work of creating the world and all things upon it, (Col. i, 16) "For by him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in the earth," etc., and of redeeming the same from the fall, and to the judging of the quick and the dead, for the right of judging rests in the Priesthood, and it is through this medium that the Father hath committed all judgment unto the son (John v, 22), referring to his administration on earth. It was necessary that Christ should receive the Priesthood to qualify him to minister before his Father, unto the children of men, so as to redeem and save them. Does it seem reasonable that any man should take it upon him to do a part of the same work, or to assist in the same Priesthood, who has not been called by the spirit of prophecy or revelation as was Aaron, and ordained accordingly? And can it be expected that a man will be called by revelation who does not believe in revelation? Or will any man submit to ordination for the fulfilment of a revelation or call, in which he hath no faith? We think not.

That we may learn still further that God calls or elects particular men to perform particular works, or on whom to confer special blessings, we read, (Isaiah xlv, 4) "For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have called thee (Cyrus) by thy name, to be a deliverer to my people Israel, and to help to plant them on my holy mountain, (Isaiah lxv, 9, see context) for mine elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there, even on the mountains of Palestine, the land of Canaan which God had before promised to Abraham and his seed;" (Gen. xvii, 8) and the particular reason why Abraham was chosen or elected to be the father of this blessed nation, is clearly told by the Lord, (Gen. xviii, 19) "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him;" and this includes the general principle of election, *i.e.* that God chose, elected, or ordained Jesus Christ, His Son, to be the creator, governor, savior, and judge of the world; and Abraham to be the father of the faithful, on account of his foreknowledge of their obedience to his will and commandments, which agrees with the sayings in 2 Tim. ii, 21, "If a man purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

Thus it appears that God has chosen or elected certain individuals to certain blessings, or to the performance of certain works; and that we may more fully understand the movements of the Supreme Governor of the universe, in the order of election, we proceed to quote the sacred writings, (Rom. viii, 29, 30) "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren; moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called, and whom he called, them he also justified, and whom he justified, them he also glorified." And whom did He foreknow? Those that loved Him, as we find in the 28th verse of the same chapter—"For we know that all things shall work together for good to them that *love God*, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Those whom He foreknew, for He foreknew that those who loved Him would do His will and work righteousness; and it is vain for men to say they love God, if they do not keep His commandments. Cain found it so when he presented an unrighteous offering, for God said unto him, (Gen. iv, 7) "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?" And yet he was not accepted. "But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected; and hereby know we that we are in him" (1 John ii, 5), or, that we "are called according to his purpose."

But did not God foreknow all things and all men? Surely; "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world" (Acts xv, 18). But does that prove that all men would love

Him and keep His commandments, so that He would predestinate them unto eternal life? Certainly not, for that would make God to foreknow things which were not to be, and to predestinate men to that unto which they could never attain. (Matt. vii, 13) "For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

The principles of God's kingdom are perfect and harmonious, and the Scriptures of truth must also agree in all their parts, so that one sentiment thereof shall not destroy another, and when we read that, "whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate;" and that "known unto God are all his works;" so that it might appear from an abstract view thereof, that God foreknew all, and consequently predestinated all "to be conformed to the image of his Son;" we ought also to read, (Mark xvi, 16) "He that believeth not shall be damned," and (John viii, 24), "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins;" also (Matt. xxv, 41), "Depart from me ye cursed, for I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat," etc.

Paul referring to the Saints, (Roman i, 7), calls them beloved of God, *called* to be Saints; and says, (Rom. viii, 1) "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit," and goes on to show in his epistle to the Romans, that the law (the law of carnal commandments given to the children of Israel, the covenant people,) could not make the comers thereunto perfect (see also Heb. x, 1), but was given for a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ (Gal. iii, 24); so that when he had come and offered himself without spot unto God (Heb. ix, 14), the sacrifice of the law should be done away in him, that the honest in heart all might come unto the perfect law of liberty (James i, 25); or the Gospel of Christ, walking no longer after the flesh but after the spirit, and be of that number that love God and keep His commandments, that they might be called according to His purpose (Rom. viii 28); and these were the individuals referred to, whom God foreknew; such as Abel, Seth, Enoch, Noah, Melchisedec, Abraham, Lot, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Caleb, Joshua, the harlot Rahab, who wrought righteousness by hiding the servants of God, when their lives were sought by their enemies, Gideon, Barak, Sampson, Jeptha, David, Samuel, and the Prophets; (Heb. xi.) "Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." These all died in faith, having kept the commandments of the Most High, having obtained the promise of a glorious inheritance, and are waiting the fulfilment of the promise which they obtained; (Heb. xi, 40) "God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."

The Prophet Alma bears similar testimony to the other Prophets concerning election, in his 9th chapter, [Book of Mormon] saying, "This is the manner after which they were ordained, being called and prepared from the foundation of the world, according to the foreknowledge of God, on account of their exceeding faith and good works, in the first place being left to choose good or evil; therefore they having chosen good, and exercising exceeding great faith, are called with a holy calling; yea, with that holy calling, which was prepared with, and according to a preparatory redemption for such; and thus they have been called to this holy calling on account of their faith, while others would reject the Spirit of God on account of the hardness of their hearts and bluntness of their minds, while, if it had not been for this, they might have had as great privilege as their brethren; or in fine, in the first place, they were on the same standing with their brethren. Thus, this holy calling being prepared from the foundation of the world for such as would not harden their hearts, being in and through the atonement of the only

begotten Son, who was prepared, and thus being called by this holy calling, and ordained unto the high priesthood of the holy order of God, to teach His commandments unto the children of men, that they might also enter into His rest, this high priesthood being after the order of His Son, which order was from the foundation of the world, or, in other words, being without beginning of days or end of years, being prepared from eternity to all eternity, according to His foreknowledge of all things." (Rom. ix, 11, 12) "For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth; it was said unto her, the elder shall serve the younger." As we have before shown why God chose Abraham to be the father of the faithful, viz.: because He knew he would command his children and his household after him; so now we see, by this, why the purposes of God, according to election, should stand, and that for His oath's sake. (Gen. xxii, 16, 17, 18) "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies, and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice." Here the Lord Jesus, coming through the seed of Abraham, is again referred to, through whose sufferings and death, or in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, or made alive, as they had died in Adam (1 Cor. xv, 22). In this, election is made manifest, for God elected or chose the children of Israel to be His peculiar people, and to them belong the covenants and promises, and the blessings received by the Gentiles come through the covenants to Abraham and his seed; for through the unbelief of the Jews (Rom. xi, 17) they were broken off, and the Gentiles were grafted in; but they stand by *faith* (Rom. xi, 20), and not by the *oath of election;* therefore it becometh them to fear lest they cease quickly to bear fruit and be broken off (verse 21) that the Jews may be grafted in again; for they shall be grafted in again (verse 23), if they abide not in unbelief.

The Gentiles became partakers of the blessings of election and promises, through faith and obedience, as Peter says, writing to the strangers scattered abroad (1 Peter, 1st chapter), who were the Gentiles, the "elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the spirit *unto obedience;*" (1 Peter xi, 9) for "ye are a chosen *generation,* a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light (verse 10) which in *time past* were not a people, but now are the people of God, which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy."

Why were they a peculiar people? Because God had chosen that generation of Gentiles, and conferred on them the blessings which descended through the Priesthood, and the covenants unto the house of Israel, or grafted them into the good olive tree (Rom. xi, 17); and thus the house of Israel became the ministers of salvation to the Gentiles; and this is what the house of Israel was elected unto, not only their own salvation, but through them salvation unto all others; (John iv, 22) "For salvation is of the Jews," (Rom. xi, 11) and "through their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles."

Among the promised seed we find Jesus Christ neither last nor least, but the great High Priest and head of all, who was chosen to lay down his life for the redemption of the world, for without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sins (Heb. ix, 22). (Deut. vii, 6, 7, 8, 9) Moses bears a similar testimony with Peter and Paul to the principles of election—"For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God; the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth.

The Lord did not set his love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people, for ye were the fewest of all people; but because the Lord loved you, and because he would keep the oath which he had sworn unto your fathers, hath the Lord brought you out with a mighty hand, and redeemed you out of the house of bondmen, from the hand of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. Know therefore, that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments to a thousand generations," which proves the long continuance of the blessings of this highly favored people.

And the Lord said unto her, Rebecca, (Gen. xxv, 23) "The elder shall serve the younger." And why? Because that Isaac, the father of Esau and Jacob, the husband of Rebecca, and the son of promise to Abraham, was the heir; and as Esau was the elder son of his father Isaac, he had a legal claim to the heirship; but through unbelief, hardness of heart, and hunger, he sold his birthright to his younger brother Jacob (Gen. xxv, 33); and God knowing beforehand that he would do this of his own free will and choice, or acting upon that agency which God has delegated to all men, said to his mother, "The elder shall serve the younger;" for as the elder son Esau, had sold his birthright, and by that means lost all claim to the blessings promised to Abraham, those blessings and promises must have failed, if they had not descended with the purchased birthright, unto the younger son, Jacob, for there was no other heir in Israel's family; and if those blessings had failed, the purposes of God according to election must have failed in relation to the posterity of Israel, and the oath of Jehovah would have been broken, which could not be though heaven and earth were to pass away. (Rom. ix, 13) "As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." Where is it written? Mal. i, 1, 2. When was it written? About three hundred and ninety-seven years before Christ, and Esau and Jacob were born about one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three years before Christ, (according to the computation of time in Scripture margin,) so Esau and Jacob lived about one thousand three hundred and seventy-six years before the Lord spoke by Malachi, saying, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated," as quoted by Paul. This text is often brought forward to prove that God loved Jacob and hated Esau before they were born, or before they had done good or evil; but if God did love one and hate the other before they had done good or evil, He has not seen fit to tell us of it, neither in the Old or New Testament, or any other revelation; but this only we learn that one thousand three hundred and seventy-six years after Esau and Jacob were born, God said by Malachi—"Jacob have I loved and Esau have I hated;" and surely that was time sufficient to prove their works, and ascertain whether they were worthy to be loved or hated.

And why did He love the one and hate the other? For the same reason that He accepted the offering of Abel and rejected Cain's offering, because Jacob's works had been righteous, and Esau's wicked, and where is there a righteous father who would not do the same thing? Who would not love an affectionate and obedient son more than one who was disobedient, and sought to injure him and overthrow the order of his house? Objection: But God seeth not as man seeth, and He is no respecter of persons. (Acts x, 34.) True, but what saith the next verse, "He that *feareth God* and *worketh righteousness* is *accepted* of him," but it does not say that he that worketh wickedness is accepted, and this is a proof that God has respect to the *actions* of persons; and if He did not, why should He command obedience to His law? For if He had no respect to the actions of men, He would be just as well pleased with a wicked man for breaking His law as a righteous man for keeping it; and if Cain had done well, he would have been accepted as well as Abel (Gen. iv, 7), and Esau as well as Jacob, which proves God does not respect per-

sons, only in *relation to their acts*, (See Matt. xxv, 34 to the end) "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat," etc.; and because that God blessed Abel and Jacob, this would not have hindered His blessing Cain and Esau, if their works had been righteous like unto their brethren; so God's choosing one nation to blessing does not doom another to cursing or make them reprobate, according to the reprobation of God, as some suppose; "But by resisting the truth" (2 Tim. iii, 8); and are "abominable, and disobedient, and unto every *good work* reprobate" (Titus i, 16); consequently, are not fit subjects for the blessings of election.

Rom. ix, 15, "For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." (See Exod. xxxiii, 13 to 19) "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest, for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name, and I will make all my goodness to pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee, and I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy." (Rom. ix, 16) "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy;" having His eye at the same time directed towards his covenant people in Egyptian bondage. For the Scripture saith unto Pharaoh (Exodus ix, 16, 17), "And in very deed for this cause have I raised thee up, for to shew in thee my power, and that my name may be declared throughout all the earth. As yet exaltest thou thyself against my people, that thou wilt not let them go?"

God had promised to bring the house of Israel up out of the land of Egypt at His own appointed time; and with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, and great terribleness (Deut. xxvi, 8). He chose to do this thing that His power might be known, and His name declared throughout all the earth, so that all nations might have the God of heaven in remembrance, and reverence His holy name; and to accomplish this it was needful that He should meet with opposition to give Him an opportunity to manifest His power; therefore He raised up a man, even Pharaoh, who, He foreknew, would harden his heart against God, of his own free will and choice, and would withstand the Almighty in His attempt to deliver His chosen people, and that to the utmost of his ability; and he proved himself worthy of the choice, for he left no means unimproved which his wicked heart could devise to vex the sons of Abraham, and defeat the purposes of the Most High, which gave the God of Abraham an opportunity to magnify His name in the ears of the nations, and in sight of this wicked king, by many mighty signs and wonders, sometimes even to the convincing the wicked king of his wickedness, and of the power of God, (Exod. viii, 28, etc.) and yet he would continue to rebel and hold the Israelites in bondage; and this is what is meant by God hardening Pharaoh's heart. He manifested Himself in so many glorious and mighty ways, that Pharaoh could not resist the truth without becoming harder; so that, at the last, in his madness, to stay the people of God, he rushed into the Red Sea, with all his host, and was covered with the floods.

Had not the power of God been exerted in a remarkable manner, it would seem as though the house of Israel must have become extinct, for Pharaoh commanded the midwives to destroy the sons of the Israelitish women as soon as they were born (Exod. i, 15, 16), and called them to account for saving the men children alive, (verse 18) and charged all his people saying, "Every son that is born, ye shall cast into the river," (verse 22) and yet God would have mercy on whom He would have mercy (Rom. ix, 18); for He would have mercy on the goodly child, Moses, when he was hid and laid in the flags (Exod. xi, 3) by his mother, to save him from Pharaoh's cruel order, and caused that he should be preserved as a Prophet and deliverer to lead his people up to

their own country; and whom He would He hardened, for He hardened Pharaoh by passing before him in mighty power and withdrawing His spirit, and leaving him to his own wicked inclination, for he had set taskmasters over the Israelites to afflict them with their burdens, and caused them to build treasure cities for Pharaoh, and made them to serve with rigour; and made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and brick, and all manner of service in the field (Exod. first chapter); besides destroying the men children; thus proving to the God of heaven and all men that he had hardened his own hard heart, until he became a vessel of wrath fitted for destruction (Rom. ix, 22); all this long before God said unto Moses, "I will harden his (Pharaoh's) heart. (Exodus iv, 21).

Are men, then, to be saved by works? Nay, verily! "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God" (Eph. ii, 8); "Not of works, lest any man should boast" (verse 9); "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus iii, 5), and yet faith without works is dead; being alone (James ii, 17). Was not Abraham our father justified by works? (verse 21), Shall we then be saved by faith? Nay, neither by faith nor works but by works is faith made perfect (verse 22); but "by grace are ye saved" (Eph. ii, 8); "And if by grace, then it is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace; and if it be of works, then it is no more grace, otherwise works is no more works" (Rom. xi, 6); "Ye see then how that a man is justified by works, and not by faith only" (James ii, 24).

Rom. x, 3, 4. "For they (Israel) being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God; for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Thus the righteousness of God is made manifest in the plan of salvation by His crucified Son; "For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" but by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth (Acts iv, 10, 12); but of this the Jews were ignorant, although they themselves crucified him; and they have been going about, wandering among all the nations of the earth ever since, for the space of one thousand eight hundred years, trying to establish their own righteousness, which is of the law of Moses, which law can never make the comers thereunto perfect (Heb. x, 1); yet notwithstanding their darkness and long dispersion, there is a remnant, according to the election of grace (Rom. xi. 5); whom God will gather from among all people whither they are scattered, and will be sanctified in them in the sight of the heathen; then shall they dwell in their land which God gave to His servant Jacob, and they shall dwell safely therein, and shall build houses and plant vineyards; "Yea they shall dwell with confidence when I have executed judgments on all those that despise them round about; and they shall know that I am the Lord their God" (Ezek. xxviii, 25, 26; Is. xi, 11 to 16); and when this gathering shall be completed, "It shall no more be said, the Lord liveth that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, but the Lord liveth that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all lands whither he had driven them, and I will bring them again unto this land which I gave unto their fathers," (Jer. xvi, 14 to the end).

Rom. xi, 7. "What then? Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh for, but the election hath obtained it." And why have they not obtained it? Because they sought it not by faith, but it was by the works of the law, for they stumbled at that stumbling stone; as it is written, "Behold I lay in Zion a stumbling stone and rock of offence" (Rom. ix, 32, 33); "to both the houses of Israel, and for a gin and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and many of them shall stumble" (Isaiah viii, 14, 15); but "have they stumbled that they

should fall? God forbid; but rather through their fall, salvation is come unto the Gentiles" (Rom. xi, 11). "And Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled" (Luke xxi, 24); and when the house of Israel shall be restored to their possessions in Canaan, it may truly be said, the election hath obtained it; for the fulfilment of God's oath of election to Abraham, as the father of the faithful, and the promises to his children, will obtain that for Israel, which he has sought for in vain by the law of Moses.

This is the election that we believe in, viz., such as we find in Prophets and Apostles, and the word of the Lord Himself, and as we have not room to give all the quotations in full, relating to election, in this epistle, we would invite the Saints to examine the Scriptures, in connection with these quoted; and whenever they find election, or any other principle or blessing, given or applied to the house of Israel, let those principles continue with the house of Israel, and not apply that to Esau which belongs to Jacob, or to the churches of modern times which belongs to the ancient covenant people; and always *ascertain* how the *Lord*, the *Apostles* and *Prophets* have applied their *words*, and *ever continue the same application*, and wisdom and knowledge will be added unto you; and in the words of the beloved Peter and Paul, we would exhort you to "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure" (Phil. ii, 12, 13); "Giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure" (2 Peter i, 10); for this is that sealing power spoken of in Ephesians i, 13, 14—"In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth; the gospel of your salvation, in whom also, *after that ye believed ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise*, which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the *redemption* of the *purchased possession*, until the praise of his glory;" (2 Peter i, 11) "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." Amen.

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## SUMMER VACATION.

We are drawing near the summer vacation. The schools, academies and universities of learning are about closing, or have already finished the last semester and have held their graduating exercises. The teachers have distributed their prizes for essays, readings and speeches, and normal students received their certificates, the valedictory has been read by some talented young lady in white, with soft creamy lace and a flutter of ribbons, and the usual exclamation from the young men "how pretty," and so forth, and the farewells have been gone through, some tears shed and a great many kisses exchanged (among the girls, of course), with fervent promises to write often. Possibly some of these students need a vacation and a rest—but there are many others, too, who need it as much, and it may be more,—people who need to recruit after long and steady application to business. Does any one need change and rest more than the mother, the wife, the one to whom all the household look for every comfort in the home? And yet how often it happens that she, self-denying and self-forgetful, is left to pick up and put away, to repair and re-arrange, while other members of the family go pleasuring "over the hills and far away." Well, so it is, and so it will be until women think of their own health and the necessity of economizing strength, nerve force, and brain power, that they may prolong their own lives, which is quite as noble as to sacrifice them to the selfishness of others.

But leaving this vexed question of the

rights of mothers for future discussion, we will go back to the topic—summer vacation. People of leisure go to the seaside, or into the mountains, to escape the heat and dust, to rest weary mind and over-wrought brain; to loiter on the beach and catch the soft, invigorating sea breeze, occasionally "gathering shells" or writing in the sand, humming rhymes and ballads that have immortalized the seashore as well as the poet who wrote them, perchance far away from the seashore itself; or, wander among the hills, resting in shady nooks and dells, soothed by the songs of birds and often startled by the glare of some handsome serpent, and here methinks one might moralize, for there are a sort of serpents whose charms are not only poisonous but fatal, who frequent summer resorts, but we will let that pass now, and only speak of tired people and their places of resting, while they breathe in with summer idleness intoxicating draughts of heavy fragrance sweet with all the sweets of woods and shrubs and flowery perfumes. These seekers of pleasure, try to forget the toils and bustle of the cumbrous, noisy machinery of active business life, and often care not even for the daily papers, but amuse themselves in various idle ways, as though life had no higher aim than to banish care. It may be that to linger thus in some secluded spot, amid the beautiful, near nature's heart, passive if not forgetful, exhilarates and strengthens the mind as well as the body for the harder, fiercer conflicts with which all must sometime contend unless life be like a smooth, summer sea without scarce a ripple; but our lines here are not usually so serene and placid, we wot not what the future may be, but we are happier in believing that we shall not be weary there in the "great beyond," that all tears will be wiped away, that the flowers will bloom forever and summer will be eternal, and pleasures never pall,

"Here summer hath its heavy cloud,
The rose leaf must fall,
But in that home joy wears no shroud,
Never doth it pall."

But while we remain in this probation we are very susceptible to annoyances and excitement, some perhaps more than others, but all more or less, and there are many ups and downs, hard knocks and hurtful wounds, that need careful and tender treatment, and consequently we need help, self-help that comes from forces well developed and thoughts well defined; and we need to have self control, and to have this concentrated power, there must be an equilibrium, a self poise that can only be attained when all the vast machinery of the human system works harmoniously; no organ, no function must be out of tune or discord will be the inevitable result.

Following this course of reasoning, it must be true that those who take proper rest and recreation are best fortified for every emergency and can endure greater strain of mental and physical power, and still maintain a dignity of balance, a placidity or solidity that those overtaxed and over-worked are not equal to. These summer vacations may leave or create a reserve force for future consumption that is not supplied those who keep up an incessant and continuous labor year after year, wearing away the vitality that if frugally used might prolong life and usefulness. However, circumstances control these summer vacations with a large class of people. Some event transpires that gives time and opportunity for the relief nature requires, and thus without planning and exertion the needed relief or pastime comes. We call this chance, and yet we cannot but feel that in the great struggle for mastery right sometimes conquers might in unseen ways, and the rest so essential to the ardent worker comes unsought as though some good angel had his welfare at heart and made the necessary arrangements. Sometimes wealth inclines its fortunate possessor to seclude himself from the "dear five hundred friends" that throng around and fawn and smile upon him, and with a favored few he resorts to some locality where he is unknown, that he may be for a short time at least at his ease, and act himself

without the restraints of "polite society," in the sense that Madame Grundy applies the term.

Then another class still must strain every nerve in order to afford the time to take a run out of town, to clamber over the hills, or sit by the side of the winding stream to fish a little, musing meanwhile, and only starting into remembrance of the occupation when there is a bite; working harder for weeks and days beforehand to get ahead with business, and after returning, to make up for what is termed "lost time." To such the pleasure scarce compensates for the toil, and yet it is, after all, a change from the constant monotony of everyday work. Happy are they who have means and opportunities to spend a few weeks of the dry summer months in some pleasant manner, that will awaken latent powers, refresh memory, and develop greater activity and freshness of body and mind, thus prolonging life and increasing usefulness. Why should we not make the most of our life here upon the earth? It is in this wise, if we live nobly, that we will fit ourselves for the greatest and highest advancement hereafter. We are told by students of health hygiene, and philosophy, that we must take plenty of rest and out door air as well as exercise, to store our minds with knowledge and intelligence, for we all know how incapable of accomplishing any great good is a person deprived of healthy activity, with a positive lack of nerve force and the innate power to overcome difficulties, and to rise superior to misfortunes or unhappy circumstances.

Country air is healing, generally speaking, and the great contrast to city life is so widely apparent that one soon feels the difference. The habits of country people, their "sweet simplicity" and homely ways are so genuine and natural, that one feels much benefit from the contact, and an experience in studying character that develops another phase of human life, and adds to the stock of information on a subject which is always interesting.

It is said everywhere, and it seems to me by everybody, that this is a fast age, things move rapidly and the people seem more in a hurry. It is the age of new and strange inventions, all of them tending to rapidity, and approaching a greater degree of excellence in attainment to whatever they represent. Yet though much of the hard labor once done without machinery of any kind, can now be accomplished by some of these new inventions, and thus much human strength saved; yet there seems to be plenty of work for all the workers, and people seem quite as weary nowadays as formerly. It makes one wonder what it all means. I suppose there must be just as much time as there ever was, that is, days are twenty-four hours long, and every hour contains sixty minutes, and each minute sixty seconds, but one can scarcely believe it when this spirit of hurrying gets possession of him. There are to be seen a good many idlers, not those who need rest, but who live idle lives all the year round, and perhaps this is one of the reasons why the diligent laborers have so much more to do, and can seldom get even a summer vacation of a week or two. Idleness is a vice but not considered a crime, that is, before the law (and law is gospel in these days, so some people think), although it often leads to it, but some people live a long life of idleness at the expense of faithful industry on the part of relatives or friends. Referring to the country and summer, inevitably carries me backward to the merry days when I was a little country girl, wandered among the hills and gathered wild-wood flowers, and sang as I rambled,

> "Flowers, wild-wood flowers, in a sheltered dell they grew,
> I hurried along and I chanced to spy
> This small staff flower with a silvery eye,
> Then the blue daisy peeped up its head
> Sweetly the purple orchis spread,"

And so on, and on. I roamed in the deep forests like a very wood nymph and thought like the poet,

> "That Nature hides her very loveliest things
> Deep in the heart of woods."

And by the ponds I gathered often, I

have since thought at the risk of my life, the water lilies, pond lilies, we children called them, the same poet quoted above, says:

"Yes! e'en those lilies, simple as they are,
And beautiful as well—are quite beyond
The reach of careless fingers. Would one grasp
Their od'rous beauty one must wade far out,
Regardless of the flags and tall rough sedge
And ferns, and rushes harsh, that fringe the edge."

But I am much afraid my taste for country pleasures prolongs this article beyond the patience of the reader, but if he or she be tired, and over-worked, let him or her take a summer's vacation and camp out in the canyons, it will whet the appetite and do more for the nerves than all the doctors' medicine. The languor of these beautiful summer days really makes one desire to rest a little, and to industrious, indefatigable workers, such rest as one may find among brooks and birds and mossy rocks and shady dells would be a stimulus more potent and exhilarating than aught the city can offer in the way of luxury or recreation. *Amethyst.*

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Art may err, but Nature cannot miss. —*Dryden.*

Foppery is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind, which, like those of the body, are never rectified; once a coxcomb and always a coxcomb.—*Johnson.*

"Nothing that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalations of the land and sea.
Men build their houses from the masonry
Of ruined tombs; the passion and the pain
Of hearts, that long have cease to beat, remain,
To throb in hearts that are or are to be."

---

## DEATH THE PORTAL OF LIFE.

Our sister, who was snatched away in budding womanhood, was beautiful in life, and lovely in the repose of death. The influence of the Gospel was breathed in her every sentiment. Hallowed affection shone in her every action, investing life with a halo of graces which charmed all around her. Visions of gladness enrapt her, at the prospect of entering upon married life, when suddenly she departed, bidding adieu to husband, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, whose fond anticipations seemed for a moment blasted. Parental fondness stretched out the hand to save her yet a little longer, but in vain. Vainly the eager wish to spare the life of the dear one alternately ebbed and flowed, as life gave indications of promise, or affliction of dissolution. She died. What died? The earthly casket merely. The ephemeral shroud that encased the immortal spirit, touched by the grim-monster death, yielded. The angelic spirit died not. It rose superior to the elements of change and death. Did reason die? Did loveliness yield to the cold touch of death? Did affection depart? Reason answers, no. The attributes of immortality answer, no. Bereaved affection and undying love answer, no.

Some die in the maturity of every faculty, ripened with age and experience, ready and waiting for death's call. How many battles against temptation have these fought! How many hard lessons in the famed old school of experience have they been compelled to take! What blunders they made before skill in moral and spiritual warfare had given success to effort, and they had learned how to act well and wisely! Some essay to believe that all human knowledge dies with the mortal tenement, that faculties trained by years of laborious study, in other words, that the soul, the grandest work in the universe, of infinitely more value than worlds, ends at death's touch, and is annihilated. Imagine, dear reader, every faculty of the soul falling into utter disuse, all the treasures of the mind instantly lost—this most intricate and

wonderfully constructed apparatus cast away forever. What an awful thought, should the dead so die! Methinks no greater creative failure could be planned. It would be the very climax of irrationality—ignorance supreme. Reflect upon thousands of millions of human beings passing away, in a few short years, from relatives and friends, who mourn their departure, without the possibility of their ever meeting them again. Can any one show a single act of beneficent design in the creation of men or worlds under such a destiny? We challenge reply to this question. Successful reply is impossible. Let but such an idea prevail and the cries of a horror-stricken world would rend the air. Every heart would be chilled with dismay. Men would die frantic at the thought. How vastly more reasonable, elevating and soul-inspiring the belief (to say nothing of the knowledge) that we shall live again—that nothing "not even a hair or mote," as the Lord says, shall be lost—that law, inexorable law, preserves all things, and will restore all things. The indestructibility of matter is a law as changeless as that of its own existence. It is immutable as God himself, as self evident as truth. Organization and disorganization affect it not.

The atmosphere, although continuously changing, is held by law so that not an atom is lost. Amazing preservation! So with the organisms of worlds, although infinite in variety and constantly changing yet shall law restore them to the enjoyment of their original forms, immortalized and perfected. Banish, then despair. Let the shadows of death yield to bright assurance, so shall the reunion of the departed be hailed with rapturous delight in the realms where sorrow cannot enter, nor disappointment mar the joy. Glorious change! Powers that pertain to celestial spheres now vivify and resuscitate what in death, was loathsome to the touch and revolting to the smell. We shall meet again, the dear ones departed when the alloy of corruptibility shall have vanished and the affections exalted by celestial love above all that is sordid, earthly and groveling shall experience gushing pleasure and righteous exercise in worlds redeemed from sin and pain.

No fading flower shall drop from off its stem,
But blooming life be self-perpetual then.

*Charles D. Evans.*

General Wolseley, of the British Army, is a thorough temperance man, and in the Red River expedition, contrary to the advice of the physicians, he decided that no spirituous liquors should be taken for the troops. No troops ever did harder work. In South Africa his body-guard were all teetotalers, and there too the doctors predicted all sorts of ills from the lack of grog; but the result was, they had little or nothing to do. Gen. Wolseley has long held that drink is the great source of crime, disobedience, and other evils in the army, as well as elsewhere. He ought to know from experience.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

## UTAH STATISTICS—CENSUS OF 1880.

II.

In the year of the last census Utah published as many daily papers as Vermont, Delaware, District of Columbia, or Mississippi; and more than Florida, Montana, New Mexico, South Carolina, Washington, West Virginia, Wyoming or Idaho. The total number of papers published in the following Territories was—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Utah, | 22 | Arizona. | 17 |
| Montana, | 18 | Wyoming. | 11 |
| New Mexico. | 18 | Idaho, | 10 |

There were in 1880 in—

| | *Schools.* | *School Buildings.* | *Value.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Utah, | 383 | 334 | $372,273 |
| Nevada. | 185 | 93 | 282,870 |
| New Mexico, | 162 | 46 | 13,500 |
| Arizona, | 101 | 84 | 113,074. |

| | Schools. | School Buildings. | Value. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Idaho, | 128 | 116 | $31,000 |
| Wyoming, | 55 | 29 | 40,500 |

In Utah the number of teachers was 434, and of scholars 25,792.

The percentage of increase in population has been—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1850 to 1860, | 253.8 |
| 1860 " 1870, | 115.4 |
| 1870 " 1880, | 65.8 |

In Utah there were 1995 persons between 70 and 80 years of age, and 377 above 80. This is a large percentage for a new frontier country, but not equal to the long settled regions on the Atlantic seaboard. The population above 80 years old equals the following number to every 10,000 souls; in—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Utah, | 26 | Massachusetts, | 75 |
| South Carolina, | 49 | Arizona, | 9 |
| New Hampshire, | 135 | Florida, | 33 |
| Colorado, | 8 | Vermont, | 122 |
| Alabama, | 40 | Texas, | 20 |
| Pennsylvania, | 48 | The United States, | 44 |

We will next turn to Utah's manufactures, and compare the number of establishments, persons employed, etc., in the years 1870 and 1880:

| *Utah,* | *1880.* | *1870.* |
|---|---|---|
| Establishments, | 640 | 533 |
| Capital invested, | $2,656,657 | $1,391,898 |
| Hands employed: | | |
| Males above 16 years, | 2042 | 1465 |
| Females " 15 " | 221 | 43 |
| Children, | 232 | 26 |
| Wages paid during year, | $858,863 | $395,365 |
| Value of materials, | $2,561,737 | $1,238,252 |
| Value of products, | $4,324,992 | $2,343,019 |

There were 85 flouring and grist mills, 107 lumber mills, and 11 woollen mills, in 1880.

The proportionate amounts of steam and water power used in our Utah manufactures were—

| | *1880.* | *1870.* |
|---|---|---|
| Water power, | 35.39 | 86.76 |
| Steam power, | 24.61 | 13.24 |

The proportion in the whole of the United States was—

| | *1880.* | *1870.* |
|---|---|---|
| Water, | 35.93 | 48.18 |
| Steam, | 64.07 | 51.82 |

The power used in Utah manufactures (1880) was equal to 4,689 horse power, of which water supplied 3,535, and steam 1,154.

In 1870 there were 21,517 persons employed in all gainful occupations, and 40,055 in 1880, showing an increase of 86 per cent., whilst the increase of population was but 66 per cent. The average increase in the whole country was: of persons engaged in occupations 39, and of population, 30 per cent.

There were in Utah in 1880—

| | |
|---|---|
| Males over 10 years of age, | 50,580 |
| Females, do., | 46,614 |
| Total, | 97,194 |

Of these there were employed in—

| | *Males.* | *Females.* |
|---|---|---|
| Agriculture, | 14,470 | 80 |
| Professional and personal services, | 9,271 | 1,873 |
| Trade and transportation, | 4,026 | 123 |
| Manufactures, mechanical and mining industries, | 9,401 | 811 |
| Totals, | 37,168 | 2,887 |

The principal occupations carried on by the workers of Utah, with the number engaged in each, are stated to have been—

| | |
|---|---|
| Agricultural laborers, | 4,137 |
| Farmers, | 9,130 |
| Stock raisers, herders, | 1,228 |
| Domestic servants, | 1,701 |
| Laborers, | 6,912 |
| Clerks, salesmen, etc., | 895 |
| Traders, dealers, etc., | 830 |
| Railroad employees, | 897 |
| Blacksmiths, | 582 |
| Boot and shoe makers, | 561 |
| Brick and stone masons, | 553 |
| Carpenters, | 1,253 |
| Miners, | 2,592 |
| Tailors, milliners and dressmakers, | 819 |
| Employees in mills and mines, | 526 |
| Teamsters, draymen, | 707 |
| Teachers (including music teachers), | 505 |
| Officers and soldiers (U. S. Army), | 417 |
| Physicians and surgeons, | 139 |

There were also—

| | |
|---|---|
| Lawyers, | 119 |
| Civil employees of the Government and officials (local and general), | 265 |
| Saloon keepers and bar tenders, | 152 |

*Geo. Reynolds.*

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## BELLE HARRIS.

THE fidelity of woman has won in all ages the admiration and respect of mankind. Notable instances of her devotion to principle, to her family or friends have been sung by poets and chimed about the hearthstone for generations, but we may trace the history of these over the world and hardly find one possessing the strong characteristics of pure and simple fidelity to principle, in the degree that they appear in the case of Belle Harris, imprisoned for contempt of court in the Utah penitentiary.

The case brought against her by the over-zealous desire to convict under the anti-polygamy law, possesses features which afford much food for reflection. The main question at issue is, shall the intense zeal of the prosecuting attorneys supply the place of law, and compel a supposed plural wife to testify against her supposed husband? If this point can be gained in the practice of the courts here, perhaps it will not be necessary to trouble Congress another year to pass the law, which so hard but ineffectual a struggle was made to have enacted last session. That the courts are ready to sustain a law applicable in this Territory to compel wives to testify against their husbands is manifest from the petition the judges sent to Congress to this effect and from the unanimity of their ruling in sustaining the impudent attorney in his proceedings in the Belle Harris case. Conviction of and punishment for the statutory crime of polygamy are the two things above all others to be attained, and prosecuting attorneys and judges are united in their determination to accomplish it, law or no law. In the present instance, being balked in their effort to convict, they have not failed to inflict punishment without conviction or even trial; which shows that their regard for the liberties and peace of the people, is far removed from the controlling sentiments which govern them. In no other kind of case does the opportunity occur to strike a hard and cruel blow at an innocent victim, with so little danger to the cowardly official, as in these contempt of court cases; and we may look in vain, for several years past, to discover a Federal judge in Utah, who has had the manhood to waive his prejudice and control his spleen to let justice, saying nothing of mercy, rule, where there was a chance to punish a Mormon. They appear to regard such cases as peculiarly relating to their personal attitude on the Mormon question, and they never fail to let all the world know how they stand on that subject.

The rights of the prosecuting attorney and his assistants in the grand jury room, and the duties of that officer in relation to the labors of the grand jury are peculiarly construed in Utah Territory. Who ever heard of a prosecuting attorney assuming so much control of a grand jury any where else, as to oblige a member of that body to ask his permission to propound a question to a witness? This is the rule here when the august officiousness of Attorney Van Zile is present to overawe the jurymen; yet in a neighboring Territory, where the law governing this subject is precisely the same as here, indictments have been quashed because the prosecuting attorney was an intruder in the grand jury room, at a time when he had no business there. If the grand jury examining Belle Harris had appreciated the rights of that body they could, with the highest degree of propriety, have given the assistant prosecuting attorney the grand bounce; and have modified the questions he so arbitrarily and per-

sistently urged, so as to satisfy themselves of the matters of fact before them without doing violence to the modesty, or denying the privilege of the witness to preserve herself from imputation of wrong doing. The extreme interest of seekers after crime in Mormon households — prosecuting attorneys though they be—often deserves the attention of the grand juries on its own account; it may not infrequently result in developing a state of immorality worth investigation if not of actual violation of law deserving punishment.

In this case the jury, probably without fully considering the result, allowed the attorney to assume almost dictatorial powers; he propounded the questions which dumbfounded the witness and confounded the jurymen when they found out that their acquiesence in his highty-tighty maneuvering was going to send Belle Harris and her little baby to the penitentiary for an indefinite period. How simple it would have been for Zera Snow to have waived those questions and shown himself a humane and honorable feeling man, instead of burdening himself with the odium of an assumptive, impudent inquisitor, largely responsible for the suffering of an upright, innocent young woman and her child—a reputation that it will not be easy for him either to get rid of or employ to his advantage in any career his ambition may lead him to desire. We regret that he has added this act to unwise ones which have preceded it, for several reasons. We could have forgiven his stumping for Maxwell a few years ago, because he was a boy when he did it, and it was his first opportunity to make stump speeches out of school, and time would have obliterated other mistakes he has made; but it will take a very long time to blot out from the memory the heroic and noble act of Belle Harris in defending her virtue and standing up for her privileges, and as long as it is remembered, the inquisition which sent her to jail will also be remembered, and the dignity of the assistant prosecuting attorney will not shield the chief of the inquisitors from the shame which attaches to so inglorious and unnecessary severity, wreaked upon the defenceless and weak.

The judges who could send Belle Harris to prison for such offense as hers, deserve the pain and sorrow domestic infidelity brings to the hearthstone of the honorable. Can it be necessary for public morals or for the good of society, to drag a helpless woman with her infant at her breast, a hundred miles from home, to swear against a man supposed to have at some time been her husband, while she is contented with her lot in life and has no complaint to make? What standard of morality is it that men, who strive to break up Mormon homes wish to establish? To those who know the instigators of this hostility and are acquainted with the circumstances of the people in this Territory, the plea of improving the public morality is the veriest cant and their zeal to sustain the majesty of the law, sinks to the level of low bred and impertinent curiosity to pry into family affairs to see if they can breed mischief there.

Let such have their day; it will be short and there is no glory in it! On the other hand, to the noble hearted men and women who honor God, love their homes and maintain their fidelity to the principles of virtue and honor, which preserve the domestic relationship that God has ordained them there is not only a day of light and life here, but eternally. Among these Belle Harris has won for herself a noble distinction. She has suffered, not only the ordinary trials of life, but has proved that she can unselfishly endure unjust punishment, for the sake of principle. She might not do so for any man, but for God and the right, imprisonment is nothing to her. Let the young men and women of Zion take to heart the lesson her action teaches; it will stimulate them to faithfulness, and cause them to value the fidelity they owe to their own natures and to the law of God more than the good will of men or the threatening of those who hate them.

# SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

## VI.

### THE BOOK OF JOSEPH.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven."—*Psalm lxxxv.*

"Great tribulations shall be among the children of men, but my people will I preserve; and righteousness will I send down out of heaven; and truth will I send forth out of the earth, to bear testimony of mine Only Begotten."—*Pearl of Great Price, p. 21.*

"Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth."—*Judges xvii: 17.*

MUCH evidence has been brought forth to establish, beyond a doubt, the "Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon." We deem it, therefore, out of place to produce any addenda, were we capable of doing so, or to repeat more than is absolutely necessary to show the connection of this article with the subject under consideration. That the coming forth of this record is an unmistakable sign of the near approach of the "Son of Man," we expect to fully prove, and request a patient perusal of the evidence adduced.

David saw the time when "righteousness and peace should kiss each other," and "truth should spring out of the ground, and righteousness look down from heaven." This cannot mean the resurrection of our Savior, as Bible annotators and sectarian divines would have us believe, for the context needs but to be read understandingly to see the falsity of that construction. The Psalmist states that when this event shall take place, "The Lord shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase." The mournful history of the "House of Judah," and the utter desolation that has signally marked that land of her inheritance since it drank in the "blood of the Just One," is a melancholy picture in striking contrast with the great day of reconciliation which the Psalmist so clearly portrays; and we are compelled to turn to a solution other than the one advanced and more congenial to our feelings in our search after truth. "Thy word is truth"—a clearer, more perspicuous definition could not be applied. God's word is truth. Jesus said so; why look further? Then God's word, whether contained in the Book of Judah, or in the Book of Joseph, is truth. "Thus saith the Lord to my servants the prophets," is the watchword to Israel, and when that is uttered, and implicit obedience rendered to its requirements, "Righteousness shall set us in the way of His steps."

When the Prophet Ezra re-wrote the Pentateuch, and gave to Judah inspired records, the word of God was to them truth, and the various additions made subsequently constituted God's word to Judah, which should lead them and guide them to the Savior, that prophet that "God should raise up unto them of their brethren like unto Moses;" but this by no means was to constitute the whole "word of God," but only that part of it that pertained to them as a people, and who were more immediately concerned. Jesus said he had other sheep than those of Judah, and he must visit them and bring them into the fold, that there might be one fold and one shepherd. He did not mean the Gentiles, as many believe, for they did not "hear His voice" as directed to them; but after His resurrection He did visit those other sheep, and as their shepherd enjoined upon them obedience to His laws, and brought them into the fold which He had created by His atonement. Those "other sheep" were of the house of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt, and were living by the word of God given to them by the mouths of holy men whom God had raised up to be prophets, seers and revelators to His people, and so long as they kept His laws and walked in His paths, they were a blest people, and God greatly prospered them, and they were made recipients of marked esteem and favor; but when they suffered themselves to be overcome, and fostered iniquity, God withdrew himself from them, and darkness excluded the light

of His Holy Spirit, and their minds became so gross and sensual, that He suffered them to be overcome by their enemies, and finally destroyed as a people, and the records they had so long and faithfully kept were necessarily hid up in the earth until God should deem it wisdom in Him to bring them forth. These records constitute what is termed the "Book of Mormon;" and we will now proceed to render impregnable our, at present, seemingly weak position by evidence unimpeachable, and testimony that cannot be gainsaid. The testimony of Ezekiel, as contained in the thirty-seventh chapter of his prophecies, is as follows: "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I will take the stick of Joseph, which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel his fellows, and will put them with him, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in mine hand."

From the above quotation it is evident that the record, or writing, or stick of Joseph, is to be restored from its place, wherever that may be, and is to be placed with the record of Judah. Now in our search after these records, we are well content to rest, when we have found the Bible, and are satisfied to receive that as the "stick of Judah," of which Ezekiel speaks. But where shall we find the "stick of Joseph?" and what record have they not incorporated in that of Judah? The writer heard a sectarian divine of some notoriety expounding the above prophecy, and he said the "stick of Judah was the Old, and the "stick of Joseph" the New Testament, and that when the compilers had placed them together in calf, or half roan or library sheep, they became one in the Lord's hand, and thus the prophecy was fulfilled. Any comments upon this absurd way of dealing with God's word are unnecessary.

Joseph and his seed were promised blessings in excess of his brethren, even to his inheritance extending to "the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills." And "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall." This is figurative language, which signifies that Joseph's posterity should become very numerous, and finally a branch of his seed should pass over the boundaries of their first inheritance into another land, which boundary evidently is the sea, as witnesseth the testimony of Isaiah, xvi: 8: "The fields of Heshbon languish, and the vine of Sibmah: the lords of the heathen have broken down the principal plants thereof; they are come even unto Jazer, they wandered through the wilderness: her branches are stretched out (or, marginal readings, plucked up), they are gone over the sea." This Heshbon and Sibmah (or Shibmah) were cities built and inhabited by the ten tribes or nation of Israel. (See Numbers xxxii: 37, 38.) Now the tribe of Joseph was the first, and chief tribe of this nation, the birthright of Reuben the firstborn, was given to Joseph. (Chron. v: 1, 2.) Isaiah says: "The lords of the heathen had broken down the principal plants of the nation that inhabited Heshbon and Shibmah," which was done at the time the Assyrians broke down the ten tribes in the days of Hosea, king of Israel; notwithstanding this, her branches wander through the wilderness, being "stretched out, or plucked up, they go over the sea." The testimony of Jeremiah (xlviii: 32), on this same subject, is: "O vine of Shibmah, I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer: thy plants are gone over the sea."

From the foregoing and very many more scriptures which we might quote, we learn that some of the plants of the "House of Israel" did go over the sea; this, taken in connection with the previous quotation concerning "Joseph's branches running over the wall," and the promise that his possessions should extend "to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills" (Gen. xxxix: 26), we have good reason to believe that these branches or plants were of the tribe of Joseph; and left their inheritance on the Eastern continent, to take possession of the land promised upon the "crown of the head of Joseph," which extended "to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills." If we start from Egypt, where

Jacob then stood, and travel on the thirtieth parallel "to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills," we will land in North America. This, then, is the land conferred upon Jacob as a "blessing above that of his progenitors," and as Jacob conferred this blessing upon "the crown of the head of Joseph," (Gen. xlix: 26), we may safely infer that as no stick or record of Joseph has ever been kept on the eastern continent, that we have cognizance of, it is more than likely our search will not be in vain if we turn our attention to this land of America. But when or how the descendants of Joseph came to this land, we will attempt to ascertain by inductive reasoning. We will quote from "American Antiquities," by Josiah Priest, pp. 200 and 202: "The Indian tradition says that the tongues were distributed by a bird, and were infinitely various, and those receiving them were dispersed over the earth in different directions. But it so happened that fifteen heads of families were permitted to speak the same language These embodied themselves, and traveled till they came to a country which they called Astelon, or the Lake Country, supposed to be in the region of the now United States, according to Humboldt."

From this tradition we learn that this continent was peopled as early as the confusion of tongues at Babel; and corroborated by the discoveries of many, and extensive ruins of ancient structures and cities, of whose inhabitants the world have but a conjecture. The inference, therefore, to be drawn is that a people came here from Babel, who "dwelt alone" deep in the recesses of the "Lake Country," "without gates or bars," and to whom the inhabitants of Hazor were to go, and whom the Lord "would spoil." (Jer. xlix: 30.)

Mr. Boudinot says, "The language of the natives of America, in its roots, idioms and particular construction, appears to have the whole genius of the Hebrew, and what is very remarkable, and well worthy of serious attention, has most of the peculiarities of the language, especially those in which it differs from most other languages. There is a tradition related by an Indian of the Stockbridge Tribe that their fathers were once in possession of a sacred book which was handed down from generation to generation, and at last hid in the earth, since which time, they had been under the feet of their enemies. But those oracles were to be restored to them again, and then they would triumph over their enemies, and regain their ancient country, together with their rights and privileges." From the above, and many more evidences we could produce, we can ascertain the fact that America was inhabited by a people of vast superiority to the present aborigines, who had a record or stick of their generations, and which was to be brought forth from its hiding place in the earth, or in the words of our text, "truth is to spring from the earth," and according to Ezekiel, "the stick of Joseph is to be brought forth, and placed with the stick of Judah and become one in the Lord's hand." We will now examine the testimony of the great latter-day Prophet, Joseph Smith (for want of space we will cite the reader to "Remarkable Visions," by Orson Pratt), who has given to the world the Book of Mormon; an ancient record of the inhabitants of this continent, which was hid in the earth for many generations and which purports to be a record of the descendants of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt—the veritable stick of which Ezekiel speaks. This remarkable book has been translated into the principal modern tongues, and is now, in junction with the "stick of Judah—Bible—one in the Lord's hand, and gone forth to accomplish His glorious purposes in "gathering the children of Israel from among the heathen whither they be gone, and bringing them to their own land; that He may make them one nation upon the mountains of Israel." Had not the restoration of this record taken place, the seed of Joseph could not have been gathered, nor would the prescient writings of "Holy Men of God" have been of aught avail, as, "in the dispensation of the fulness of times God

might gather together all things;" all things that are hidden must of necessity be revealed, and God's servants be made aware of His secrets, that He has promised to reveal to them, that they may have their lamps trimmed and burning, and prepared for the great supper of the Lamb.

We have briefly—perhaps too briefly—examined this prophecy and adduced testimony in its support, and as lucidly as space would permit, shown the great importance of the "bringing forth" of this book, or stick, as a sign of Christ's coming, for without this sign, the purposes of Jehovah could not be consummated, for upon it hinges all the "law and the prophets," and the gathering and restoration of "scattered Israel is to be brought about by its agency;" in "the Lord's hand," its potency is being felt, and the time is fast approaching when its internal evidence will be received and its counsels heeded by tens of thousands who, to-day, are blind to its merits and led captive at will by that power who has "blinded men's eyes, and stopped their ears, and hardened their hearts," lest Christ should heal them and they be made aware of the fact, that "in the dispensation of the fulness of times, the generation when this record comes forth, all things predicted by God's servants shall be fulfilled, and Christ shall come and wield the sceptre of righteousness among His people, and every knee shall bow and confess His most holy name."

*Robt. S. Spence.*

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He that walketh with the wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.—*Bible.*

If wise and virtuous men were to govern a State for a hundred years, they would put an end to tyranny and punishment.—*Confucius.*

We must accept blame from any one, but we should know something of him from whom we would have praise.—*Marie Eschenbach.*

"He is no common benefactor who shrewdly gathers from the world's manifold literature its words of finest wit and maturest wisdom, for our entertainment, instruction, and inspiration."

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## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—BOX ELDER.

There was a good attendance at the quarterly Conference of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. Associations of the Box Elder Stake of Zion, on Sunday, April 22, 1883, in the New Tabernacle, Brigham City. The congregation was addressed, in the morning, by President Chas. Kelly (who also read a condensed report from the various associations of the Stake), and by Elders B. M. Young, J. B. McMaster, A. H. Snow, of Brigham City, and J. E. Carlisle, of Logan. The last two have recently returned from missions to the Southern States.

The afternoon was occupied by President Chas. Kelly, who spoke favorably of the report submitted in the morning, also upon a few important questions and answers that were brought up at the last general Conference of the young men, at Salt Lake City. He was followed by Secretary E. H. Peirce, President Minnie J. Snow, in behalf of the young ladies, Elder M. F. Cowley, of Salt Lake City, from whom we were pleased to receive a visit, and by Apostle Lorenzo Snow, who expressed himself as being well pleased with the excellent spirit that prevailed throughout the conference.

Counselor B. M. Young having been called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, Elder A. H. Snow was chosen to fill the vacancy of first counselor to President Kelly.

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QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—WEBER.

THE Quarterly Conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Weber Stake was held in the Tabernacle, Ogden, Sunday, April

29, 1883. The house was literally packed with people, the most of whom were young.

A programme was arranged for the morning which was carried out in a very creditable manner. There were present on the stand the authorities of the stake and presidents of associations. Superintendent E. H. Anderson called the meeting to order and made a few introductory remarks, after singing and prayer. Elder Barker of Mound Fort addressed the congregation on the "Second Coming of Christ." This lecture was followed by the report of eight missionaries who had been called to visit the associations during the quarter. The reports were favorable and the missionaries had enjoyed themselves greatly while laboring among their young brethren.

Members of the North Ogden Association rendered a glee; "Arise with the Lark," in a creditable manner, under the direction of Brother Fred. W. Ellis.

With a view of getting an expression of opinion from the associations regarding the adjournment during the summer months, and how to spend the vacation, the Central Board had offered a prize for the best essay on the subject. Twelve papers had been sent in, and with the exception of one, all the writers had advocated the continuation of the meetings in the summer months. The essay written by Geo. H. Fowers of the Hooper Association was declared the best and to that association the prize was awarded. The essay was read to the meeting. The financial report of the Central Board was read by Elder W. S. Harris.

In the afternoon the house was again filled. Elder A. W. Millgate gave a discourse on "Etiquette," after which the remaining time was occupied by Elder W. S. Harris.

The financial and statistical reports were read and the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. were presented by Elder Angus T. Wright, and unanmously sustained.

Superintendent Anderson made a few closing remarks. The choir sang an anthem and the conference adjourned for three months. Prayer by President L. W. Shurtliff.

Four conferences will be held in various parts of the county during this quarter, at which all the associations will be represented, the county having been divided into four circuits. The time will be occupied with exercises from members of the various societies. Some of the associations are in session and will continue during the summer, while the majority have adjourned.

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QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

Will the Jews receive the Gospel in their scattered condition, or not until they are gathered to the land of Palestine? *M. C.*

Does the Scriptures prove that the Garden of Eden was located on the American continent? Please quote the passages. *T. P. O.*

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. This magazine comes regularly, laden with a superior variety of good literature. It being the only standard monthly published in the west it is of peculiar interest to western people and should find a place in many homes in Utah as well as in the other Pacific States and Territories. Price per year four dollars.

THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE. This latest issue from the *Juvenile Instructor* press is a remarkable home production from the gifted pen of J. H. Ward. It is a work of two hundred and fifteen pages, handsomely illustrated with numerous cuts, and is well printed. Its contents are of that character to enlist the interest, and lead the reader to the contemplation of familiar historic incidents of many ages in the light of Divine dispensations, which, but for the ingenious and discerning treatment of the author, might have escaped him. The volume is sure to become popular, and well repays the purchaser. Price sixty cents.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.—*Shakspeare.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. IV. JULY, 1883. NO. 10.

## JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

IV.

THE *New York Herald* letters, after creating a considerable sensation in the great cities and doing most effectual work in Washington, were printed in pamphlet form and widely circulated in the East. A highly characteristic feature of this pamphlet was the introduction of pungent proverbs as head and foot lines on each page, in black type, which were selected with singular discernment for their appropriate relation to the text as well as for their fine humor and superior sense.

The following are extracted from the great variety which adorn the fifty pages, two on a page:

"As vinegar to the teeth and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him."

"Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? Their eyes did fail, because there was no grass."

"Go out for wool, come home shorn."

"Fools reflect, but always after their folly?"

"And the faulty scent is picked up by the hound

And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground.

And the sow that is aught by the ear is caught,

And the sin to the sinful door is brought."

"He loved mutton well that licked where the ewe lay."

"He should sit close that has riven breeks."

"Rush bellowing and breathing fire and smoke,

At crippled papistry to butt and poke,

Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull

Hunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak."

"No solemn, sanctimonious face I pull,

Nor think I'm pious, when I'm only bilious."

"First the work gives credit to the workman,

Then the workman gives credit to the work."

"Laws catch flies, and let hornets go free."

The career of Brocchus and the influence he exercised over his compeers in office, his ambition to become Delegate to Congress and what came of it, and the review of his speech at Conference, are told so aptly in the letters, that we are induced to make the following extract:

"This day, arrived out from the States, Mr. P. E. Brocchus, and in one short six weeks after that this man stayed among us, he was the means of stirring up all the evil report that we have had since to encounter.

"Brocchus, as far as I have been able to find anything about him, I make out to be one of those characters that it would be difficult to examine or educate anywhere out of the District of Columbia. Their description is that of the Washington maid-of-all-work—that is, dirty work. Having the Directory of the cellars and garrets by heart—being the very men to show new 'M. C's' the fashions, after dark—quick-smell feasts, long-suffering chamberers—knowing all

the 'convenient' people;—lobbying as only those men can who have nothing else to do—always ready to hold big men's horses, and willing to blow their noses all day in the waiting room for the chance—they live on the broken victuals of big and little kitchen cabinets, till they come at last by their chance of boning the mutton joint, which they devour in the face of the poor they have defrauded of it.

"Of such came out to us from Alabama, *via* Washington, nearly one year after we were made a Territory by law, our second Associate Judge. To our people at Kanesville, where he stopped for other purposes than outfitting, he proclaimed his intention of running as Delegate to Congress. He provided intoxicating liquors gratuitously to those in his company who would listen to his discourse on this subject. He said it was his only purpose in going out to Utah; and that, his election secured, he should return at once. He alluded darkly to dangers impending over us at Washington, that only he could avert, and declared that he had come out to enable him to be our savior. Thus he spoke and electioneered with the people of the train till he met a return company, who conveyed the intelligence to the States of the election of Dr. John M. Bernhisel. His tone then changed. As soon as he arrived, he announced his intention of returning to the States. He said he was sick, and supported the character in the eyes of his fellow-lodgers by eating enormously,without taking any out-door exercise. He was hale and busy enough, to our cost. He must have obtained his influence over the others almost immediately after his arrival. They soon removed to the boarding-house in which he was quartered, and there, evidently, as we think we can see now, concerted their schemes and courses of molestation and mischief. We heard now distinctly more of discontent and dissatisfaction, and more of the insufficient compensation and the rest. We could do nothing ourselves; but a petition to Congress having been drawn up, asking an increase of their salaries, the Governor headed it, and sent it off by Dr. Bernhisel, on the 1st of September. Of much avail, was it! Within the week after, there followed the proceedings I am now going to describe. They had not their connected appearance at the time, but we have been at no loss to understand their bearing since.

"One day Brocchus reminded the Governor that he was going away very soon, and asked him to do him the favor of procuring him as large an audience of the people as possible, as he was very anxious to set before them, in style, the claims of the Washington monument fund. I do not know how he made out his case, but as he was always specious and smiling, the Governor, willing to show him a pleasure, said, 'I will invite you, sir, to speak at our approaching Conference. It is a religious meeting, I suppose you are aware; but I wish well to your cause.' One of the first buildings we ever raised at Salt Lake was our Bowery, or gallery of rough timber and wattles, for public assemblies. Around it then was all naked ground, though it now stands in the heart of the business part of the city. Our semi-annual conferences have always met in it; our Fall one assembling here by stated appointment, September the 6th. At its opening day, a handsome representation of the people from all quarters being in attendance, Governor Young took the first opportunity of fulfilling his promise. 'I was respectfully and honorably introduced,' says the published statement of Judge Brocchus.

"This individual, I take it, is one of those who, by reason of a certain fluency and custom of easy rambling from subject to subject, spreading themselves out over all they have ever had a thought upon, are able to acquit themselves quite creditably in a conversation or brief friendly letter; while they break down miserably if called on for a speech or essay upon a continuous subject, which exposes in them the defects of their early education, their habitually loose texture of thought, and their want of connected views and consistent principles of any kind. Such creatures fre-

quently pass through the world without being voted ignoramus or lack-wit, and so with some yet may this unsteady creature Brocchus.

"I make this remark, because I am certain no one of his acquaintance at Salt Lake City was prepared for such a speech as he made on this occasion. In its way it beat Brandebury's shirt. I would give a hundred dollars for the sake of our cause, to have had a phonographer to take down the stupendous effort. I can only now profess to remember a few points of it, recalled to my memory by the use that has been made of them since. He began by stating that he had read our history with deep interest, particularly that part relating to our sufferings in Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River, during the severe winter of '47. 'I intended to have visited Winter Quarters,' he said, 'but, alas, was not able. A friend of mine brought me these flowers; here they are: it is all I can present you of that sainted place!' At this sympathetic display he forced a tear, and, the careless observer would have said, wiped it from his cheek, but Deseret eyes saw the handkerchief pass to the right and left, while the tear remained on the cheek by an overcast of the head. His reception was next referred to. 'I was a stranger and you took me in; sick and you visited me,' etc. 'Even a kind lady brushed the flies from my forehead; her kindness I can never forget.' Another tear was forthcoming, and wiped as before. Twenty minutes of this sort of thing quite naturally introduced the consideration of his personal merits. In the course of an able and flattering autobiography, he displayed all his advantages of experience and public service in important imaginary capacities. His appointment by his Excellency the President of the United States was enough to show what kind of a man he was. The President being a virtuous man could appoint none but a virtuous man like himself; he (Brocchus) being virtuous, therefore like the President, received his appointment. By this argument he refuted any vile calumnies from the States that he said might have pursued his private character. After this, in a style half school-book, half fourth of July, came up Anthony (!) Putnam, the Revolutionary War, and General Washington, who was declared a greater man than Napoleon and all his generals, and only to be compared to President Taylor. Putnam he got at Bunker Hill, but Washington at Burgoyne's, probably Braddock's, defeat. 'Behold him!' he cried, on his white horse at the battle of Yorktown, proudly careering on his white charger over the prostrate bodies of his country's enemies. This sort of thing took up an hour more, by which the patience of the company was pretty nearly worn out, though they remained quiet. 'For more than two hours,' he writes, 'I was favored with the unwavering attention of my audience.' But a changed tone then came on him, with a change of subject. He began a studied assault upon his introducer, Governor Young, and an argument to the people against allowing the man so much influence as he possessed, the sum of it being that so long as this continued we could have no party divisions, and without party divisions we could not be a worthy object of the notice or favor of politicians. Soon, however, he found he could do nothing on this head. 'Oh, ladies, sweet ladies,' he cried, 'why do you 'go in' for such a man? Your smiles should be turned on the contemplation of men who can handle the sword—George Washington, and Zachary Taylor, the second Washington. Oh, Governor Young can't handle the sword!' Even such soft appeals as this were thrown away. From bad to worse, disapprobation rose till the orator was groaned. He tried a few insinuations more, and was groaned again, groaned with a will. At this, instead of taking his seat, he changed his ground, and made a direct and undisguised attack upon the audience itself, men and women, without distinction, accusing them of want of patriotism and attachment to the laws, and reproaching and insulting them to their face. General D. H. Wells, of Illinois, an impulsive and hot spoken man, but I

am bound to say one of our most liberal and public-spirited citizens, had delivered an oration on the 24th of July, severely condemning the course of the federal government towards us. Producing an imperfect report of this speech and commenting on it, Brocchus proceeded to attribute its sentiments to the people, and make them answerable for it, thereupon threatening them with destruction by the whole army and navy of the United States. In the same way he brought up remarks of Governor Young upon General Taylor, threatening the people with destruction for them also, and declaring that his (Brocchus's) influence should break him from office the instant he arrived in Washington. Finally, the women hissing him here, he mentioned Washington, for the first time, in connection with the monument, and as if merely incidentally. 'It reminds me, by the way,' he said, 'that I have a commission from the Washington Monument Association, to ask of you (the ladies) a block of marble, as the test of your citizenship and loyalty to the government of the United States. But in order for you to do it acceptably, you must become virtuous, and teach your daughters to become virtuous, or your offering had better remain in the bosom of your native mountains.'

"At this climax of insult, the meeting rose as one man, and their cries and uproar compelled the speaker to take his seat. The tumult continuing, we looked to the other officers of the United States, who had been invited to the stand, to reply; but, as they failed to do so, the Governor, being loudly called for, rose and spoke in substance (for I cannot imitate or remember successfully his peculiar style), as follows: 'But for this man's personalities, I would be ashamed not to leave him to be answered by some of our small spouters—sticks of his own timber. Such an orator, I should suppose, might be made by down-east patent, with Comstock's phonetics and elocution primers; but, I ask you all, have we ever before listened to such trash and nonsense from this stand? Are you a judge,' he said, turning to him, 'and can't even talk like a lawyer, or a politician, and havn't read an American school history? Be ashamed, you illiterate ranter,' said he, 'not to know your Washington better than to praise him for being a mere brutal warrior. George Washington was called first in war; but he was first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. He had a big head and a great heart. Of course he could fight. But, Lord! what man can't? What man here will dare to say, with women standing by, that he is a bit more a coward than Washington was? Handle the sword! I can handle a sword as well as George Washington. I'd be ashamed to say I couldn't. But you, standing there, white and shaking now, at the hornet's nest you have stirred up yourself—you are a coward, and that is why you have cause to praise men that are not, and why you praise Zachary Taylor. President Taylor you can't praise—you find nothing in him. Old General Taylor! what was he? A mere soldier, with regular army buttons on; no better to go at the head of brave troops than a dozen I could pick up between Leavenworth and Laramie. And, for one, I'll not have Washington insulted by having him compared to Taylor, for a single breath of speech. No, nor what is more, President and General Andrew Jackson crowed down and forgotten, while I am with this people—even if I did not know that one is in one place (of punishment), and the other in another (of reward).' Brigham Young spoke this out of his knowledge by the priesthood." * * *

"After defining very fully his views after this wise, the Governor concluded, I remember, about as follows: 'What you have not been afraid to intimate about our morals, I will not stoop to notice, except to make my particular personal request of every brother and husband present, not to give your back what such impudence deserves. You talk of things 'you have on hearsay,' since your coming among us. I'll talk of hearsay, then—the hearsay that you are discontented and will go home, because we cannot make it worth your while to stay.

What it would satisfy you to get out of us I think it would be hard to tell; but I am sure it is more than you'll get. If you or anyone else is such a baby-calf, we must sugar your soap to coax you to wash yourself of Saturday nights: go home to mammy, straightway, and the sooner the better!"

THE HUMAN HEART.—The human body is so full of structural wonders that the science of physiology is one of the most delightful of studies. Take, for instance, the heart. With each stroke it projects about six ounces of blood into the conduits of the system, and as it does so some seventy times every minute and four thousand times in an hour, this implies that it does the same thing one hundred thousand eight hundred times in twenty-four hours, thirty million times in a year, and more than two billion five hundred million times in a lifetime of seventy years.

The force it exerts is sufficient to lift one hundred and twenty tons one foot high every twenty-four hours. Yet the piece of living mechanism that is called upon to do this, and do it without a pause for three score years and ten, without being itself worn out by the effort, is a small bundle of flesh that rarely weighs more than eleven ounces.

It is in the nature of the case, also, it must be remembered, that this little vital machine cannot be at any time stopped for repair. If it gets out of order, it must be set right as it runs. To stop the beating of the heart for more than the briefest interval, would be to change life into death.

## TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT.

IV.

To form a proper conception of the importance which Territories have assumed and also nations, it is first necessary to understand the elements of their growth or how their institutions became sound and healthy. It is common in speaking of man to refer to the periods of his life which are frequently designated as youth, manhood, maturity and old age. As these periods exist in the individual, so may we expect to find them in man, taken collectively or more definitely the nation. The growth of the people or Territory is here taken up; first, because it is desired that the reader understand the policy of the founders of the Territory and leaders of the people; and second, to show that many of the charges brought against the people of Utah are not only false, but bear the stamp of ignorance respecting the laws of national growth. Our government will as surely be the outgrowth of our social systems as those of all nations; and where it is urged that our social systems must conform with those of the States and Territories, it means first, that we must surrrender our religion; and second, that our government must change in spirit, if not in the letter: *i. e.*, political turmoil must seize and corrupt the populace and personal interest sway the masses just as it always has in all republics. The theory of our government, or at least a very good one, is that of local self-government, the only one which protects the systems of men that must vary with nationality, religion and other conditions which a nation so complex in its population as our own is subject to.

Three nations of antiquity became famous for worldly powers and notorious for having ruled the world—Persia, Greece and Rome. Any one of these may serve as an example of national growth. In Greece, the physical and moral preceded the intellectual, and Grecian character, to be understood, must be studied in its earliest processes of development. The historian points you to the Spartan boy, his training and capacity for endurance, to the Athenian, whose intellectual attainments far sur-

passed those of his Lacedæmonian neighbor, and whose physical training was not less cared for. The Grecians, for a time, controlled the moral sentiments and actions of the people with Draconic severity. I point to the circumstances of history to show that the people of Utah have so had their lives and affairs controlled as to make them a nation foremost among the governments of the earth. We must first develop physically and morally, and our high sense of honor and virtue must be the goal of the future that awaits the development of our political institutions.

That education should be our first consideration, that the wisdom of the world, with all its fallacies, should be sought as the highest attainment and surest way to prosperity, I deny. It is not unfrequently that the people of Utah are charged with gross ignorance, that our leaders are charged with indifference towards the education of the youth, when the fact is they comprehend the manner and methods by which the progress of our institutions may be made permanent. While they urge the acquisition of mental attainments, they persistently guard the vital and fundamental sources of national growth—the purity and morals of the people. Take from our present system of education its train of physical and moral attendants, and you make it selfish in its aim and its possessor unscrupulous in the use of it. The golden age of learning in Rome was its rotten age in politics; and why? Because the virtues that had attended Roman character, in its rise and development, were no longer the companions of learning; and education meant individual aggrandizement, a principle no less extant to-day, and a principle just as damning to the political circles of our own great nation.

Governments, despotic or liberal, correspond more with the moral than the intellectual conditions of the people; and where nations have passed a higher form of government than their virtues could maintain, they have fallen into a condition more debasing from the heights of a republic than from the table land of a monarchy. Well might Judge Black exclaim before the House Judiciary Committee: "If you are not satisfied with a free constitution, honestly obeyed, give us a despotism, but save us from a rotten republic if you can." Men are wont to cry, Give us learning! give us books! when they are sloth to cry, Give us morals and increase our virtues! Why, the circumstances of our persecution, the hardships of hunger and endurance have been patent factors in the growth of this people and have protected them from the gluttonous lives of thousands!

The hardy and well-developed men and women that yearly receive the Gospel and unite in the propagation of this people, are the founders of a race unparalleled in the world, a fact important to the future of this Territory. Just so long and so far as we disassociate the principles that have made us what we are with our systems of education, to that extent will we fall from the grace of God's goodness exemplified in every national virtue.

The accomplishments which our inveterate foes deride us for not possessing do not belong to the infancy of a people, neither does history so indicate. How ridiculous it would appear to hear it urged that a people colonizing a new country should manifest their enterprise by starting silk factories, iron foundries and machine shops. It will occur to every reasonable man that there is a regular and natural order of advancement, and that these enterprises belong to an older and more densely populated community. We would feel assured that if the colonists should open their silk factory, that they would not be able to sustain it, and consequently be forced to desist and redirect their labors according to the natural order of things. Now I wish to show by this that if the people of the United States have adopted a government in advance of the principles referred to, as belonging to the genuine growth of a nation, they must go back and recommence their work on the principles ordained of God for the welfare and endurance of nations, or hand it

over to a people qualified by adherence to the laws of integrity and virtue. A nation can no more indulge national weaknesses and avoid calamity, than the individual man can indulge his passions and escape sin.

To defend my position against those who are prone to argue that the future of our Territory and territorial government depend upon the education of the people for its strength and advancement, I take the liberty here to quote from an interview between Herbert Spencer and a reporter of the American press:

"Reporter.—But will not education and the diffusion of political knowledge fit men for free institutions?"

"Mr. Spencer.—No. It is essentially a question of character, and only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge. But for the universal delusion about education as a panacea for political evils, this would have been sufficiently clear by the evidence daily disclosed in your papers. Are not the men who officer and control your Federal, State and municipal organizations—who manipulate your caucuses and conventions, and run your partisan campaigns—all educated men, and has their education prevented them from engaging in, or permitting, or condoning the briberies, lobbyings and other corrupt methods which vitiate the actions of administrations? Perhaps party newspapers exaggerate these things; but what am I to make of your civil service reformers—men of all parties? If I understand the matter aright, they are attacking, as vicious and dangerous, a system which has grown up under the natural spontaneous working up of your free institutions—are exposing vices which education is powerless to prevent. * * * The benefits of political purity are so general and remote, and the profit to each individual so inconspicuous, that the common citizen, educate him as you like, will habitually occupy himself with his personal affairs, and hold it not worth his while to fight against each abuse as soon as it appears. Not lack of information, but lack of certain moral sentiments is the root of the evil."

Historical evidence will also strengthen the assertion made by Mr. Spencer: To every student of history no national characteristic is more clearly defined than English character in matters of government. Through her history political institutions are traced in nearly every form, and change from an absolute to a limited monarchy, the best in the world. Whatever other characteristics distinguish other countries, the comparatively successful development of political institutions belongs to England; but no one will insist that England has made any great progress in education, or that until recently it was any part of a national system. Of eighty-three thousand children in Birmingham, in 1840, only twenty-six thousand attended school. Of ninety thousand in Liverpool, but thirty thousand had school advantages. The lack of education, colleges and universities did not produce a corresponding lack in the advance of politics. On the other hand, Germany, whose government evinces no such progress and importance as that of England, became at a very early date pre-eminent for its educational institutions. From 1348 to 1648, thirty-five universities were founded in Germany. During the sixteenth century, eminent critics and grammarians arose, and to-day the school system of Germany is one of the very best in the world.

If the systems of the people of the Territory are conducive to good morals, and if the systems are preserved with great vigilance, a solid foundation is laid. Our systems have made us, and our systems will preserve us. No nation or people ever fell from greatness until they had abandoned the elements of their growth. *J. M. Tanner.*

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Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners.—*Don Quixote.*

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.—*Emerson.*

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation. They do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—*Sir R. Steele.*

# "HAIL COLUMBIA."

THERE is a story or two about "Hail Columbia" which some readers may not have heard. Neither the words nor the music of the song can be highly praised, but we all know that when the patriotic feeling of an assembly is roused, if a person will only come forward and say, "Behold the Flag of our Union!" the audience will burst into cheers. I have been present when Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, by a happy allusion to his seeing the flag of the United States in a foreign land, excited a large assembly to a degree that was almost painful. Young men injured their hands by clapping, and tears glistened in many eyes.

"Hail Columbia" was written in the summer of 1798, at a moment when the United States seemed about to be drawn into a war with France, their old ally and friend. The American envoys sent out by President Adams, with no other object than to restore a good understanding, were thought to have been grossly insulted by France. An army and navy were in preparation. Gen. Washington had accepted the chief command, with Alexander Hamilton as his second, and nothing was thought of but impending war.

A vocalist by the name of Fox was about to have a benefit in Philadelphia, and owing to the excitement that prevailed, the prospect of a good attendance was not encouraging. His benefit was announced for a Monday evening, and it was only on the Saturday previous that he had an idea for "drawing a house." One of his school-fellows, Joseph Hopkinson, son of a distinguished father, had become himself a man of note in the intellectual circles of Philadelphia society. He was Vice-President of the American Philosophical Society, founded by Dr. Franklin, and presided over by Thomas Jefferson. He was President of the Academy of Fine Arts, and was somewhat noted for his poetical effusions.

The vocalist, in his extremity, went to his old school friend and told him that he had little chance of a paying audience unless he could announce something new and striking in the way of a patriotic song, a piece that could be sung by the whole company to an easy or familiar tune, like the "President's March." He added that the poets of the company had been trying to produce the required song, but had been unable to accomplish it. "I will try what I can do for you," said Hopkinson.

The vocalist called the next afternoon, when the words were ready for him, and he took them at once to a musician of the theatre, who selected and adapted to them an old and easy air. On Monday morning the song was announced in the newspapers and diligently rehearsed upon the stage. A crowded house rewarded the efforts of the singer and the poet, and the song was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The words and music were at once published, and the piece was sung at every patriotic gathering during that period of excitement.

A particular circumstance added to its popularity, and was, perhaps, the true cause of its remaining for forty years not merely the favorite national song, but the only composition that could be fairly called by that name. During the first years of the revolutionary movement in France—from 1789 to the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in 1793—its progress was watched in America with an enthusiastic approval of which we can now scarcely form an idea. But the cruel and needless execution of the King and Queen checked the enthusiasm and soon divided the country into two parties on the subject, one defending, the other execrating, the conduct of the Revolutionary leaders.

At the height of the first excitement, while even the placid Washington was still in sympathy with the people of France, a manager in Philadelphia revived Addison's famous old tragedy of Cato. Before the play began, the curtain rose, and the whole company of actors, arranged in a semi-circle upon the

stage, sang the national hymn of France, "La Marseillaise," a new composition then. The audience sprang to their feet and joined in the chorus. The house presented a scene of excitement, without previous parallel in the staid city of Penn and Franklin. At the end of the first act of the tragedy, the audience called for a repetition of the inspiring song. It was given as before, the people joining wildly in the chorus. At the end of every act the "Marseillaise" was demanded and repeated. It seemed as if the people could not get enough of it. Even upon us, who have been familiar with it from childhood, this wonderful song has an effect unlike that of any other. The next evening, and every evening, as soon as the musicians came into the orchestra, the cry arose all over the house for La Marseillaise. It was of no use to resist, for the people would listen to no other music. Generally the audience, or some part of it, would catch the spirit of the piece, and thunder out the chorus. It grew into a custom, and for three or four years the piece was sung every night.

But, as the guillotine in Paris quickened its activity, the enthusiasm of audiences abated. One night, during the patriotic fervor of 1798, soon after the arrival of ill news from France, one man, upon hearing the usual faint demand for the "Marseillaise," ventured to dissent by hissing. At once, the whole audience joined in one decisive and overwhelming hiss. The "Marseillaise" was not played, and was never played again.

It was at this time that the new song of "Hail Columbia" made its great hit at the benefit of a favorite vocalist. Never was a composition better timed; It immediately took the place of the banished "Marseillaise," and continued to be sung, as a rule, in all the places of amusement of the United States, until about the year 1840. I can well remember myself when the introductory music was usually presented in the following order: An overture, followed by "Hail Columbia," played several times, and then "Yankee Doodle."

Joseph Hopkinson died at Philadelphia in 1842, aged seventy-two years. A few months before his death, he placed on record the facts given above, and added: "The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of, and above, the interest, passion and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most in fault in the treatment of us; of course, the song found favor with both parties, for both were American; at least, neither could disown the sentiments and feelings it indicated."

The following are the words of the song, as originally written in Philadelphia in 1798:

HAIL COLUMBIA.

I.

Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail ye heroes! Heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

II.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend our rights, defend our shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well earned prize;
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice may prevail
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united—let us be, etc.

III.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with joyful ear;

With equal skill and godlike power
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united—let us be, etc.

IV.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.

When hope was sinking in dismay,
And gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united—let us be, etc.

After reading the song, the reader will not be disposed to regret that "Hail Columbia" can no longer claim the distinction of being a national song of the United States.—*James Parton, in Youth's Companion.*

## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

EPISTLE FROM LIBERTY JAIL.—I.

At the request of a number of readers we have consented to publish under this heading the letters of President Joseph Smith and his fellow prisoners, which were addressed to Bishop Partridge and the Church generally from the jail in which they were imprisoned at the time.

Liberty Jail, Clay County, Missouri,
March 20, 1839.

*To the Church of Latter-day Saints at Quincy, Illinois, and scattered abroad, and to Bishop Partridge in particular:*

Your humble servant, Joseph Smith, junior, prisoner for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the Saints taken and held by the power of mobocracy, under the exterminating reign of His Excellency, the Governor, Lilburn W. Boggs, in company with his fellow prisoners and beloved brethren, Caleb Baldwin, Lyman Wight, Hyrum Smith, and Alexander McRae, send unto you all greeting: May the grace of God the Father, and of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, rest upon you all, and abide with you forever. May knowledge be multiplied unto you by the mercy of God. And may faith, and virtue, and knowledge, and temperance, and patience, and godliness, and brotherly kindness, and charity, be in you and abound, that you may not be barren in anything, nor unfruitful.

Forasmuch as we know that the most of you are well acquainted with the wrongs and the high-toned justice and cruelty that is practiced upon us; whereas we have been taken prisoners, charged falsely with every kind of evil, and thrown into prison, inclosed with strong walls, surrounded with a strong guard, who continually watch day and night as indefatigable as the devil is in tempting and laying snares for the people of God:

Therefore, dearly beloved brethren, we are the more ready and willing to lay claim to your fellowship and love. For our circumstances are calculated to awaken our spirits to a sacred remembrance of everything, and we think that yours are also, and that nothing therefore can separate us from the love of God and fellowship one with another; and that the very species of wickedness and cruelty practiced upon us will only tend to bind our hearts together and seal them together in love. We have no need to say to you, that we are held in bonds without cause, neither is it needful that you say unto us, we are driven from our homes and smitten without cause. We mutually understand that if the inhabitants of the state of Missouri had let the Saints alone, and had been as desirable of peace as they were, there would have been nothing but peace and quietude in this state unto this day; we should not have been in this hell, surrounded with demons (if not those who are damned, they are those who shall be damned), and where we are compelled to hear nothing but blas-

phemous oaths, and witness a scene of blasphemy, and drunkenness, and hypocrisy, and debaucheries of every description.

Again the cries of orphans and widows would not have ascended up to God against them. It would not have stained the soil of Missouri. But O, the unrelenting hand, the inhumanity and murderous disposition of this people! It shocks all nature; it beggars and defies all description; it is a tale of woe; a lementable tale; yea a sorrowful tale; too much to tell; too much for contemplation; too much to think of for a moment; too much for human beings; it cannot be found among the heathen; it cannot be found among the nations where kings and tyrants are enthroned; it cannot be found among the savages of the wilderness; yea, and I think it cannot be found among the wild and ferocious beasts of the forest —that a man should be mangled for sport; women be robbed of all that they have—their last morsel for subsistence, and then be violated to gratify the hellish desires of the mob, and finally left to perish, with their helpless offspring clinging around their necks. But this is not all. After a man is dead, he must be dug up from his grave, and mangled to pieces, for no other purpose than to gratify their spleen against the religion of God.

They practice these things upon the Saints, who have done them no wrong, who are innocent and virtuous; who loved the Lord their God, and were willing to forsake all things for Christ's sake. These things are awful to relate, but they are verily true. It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto them by whom they come.

O God! where art thou? And where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding place? How long shall thy hand be stayed, and thine eye, yea thy pure eye, behold from the eternal heavens, the wrongs of thy people, and of thy servants, and thine ear be penetrated with their cries? Yea, O Lord, how long shall they suffer these wrongs and unlawful oppressions, before thine heart shall be softened towards them, and thy bowels be moved with compassion towards them? O Lord God Almighty, Maker of Heaven, Earth, and Seas, and of all things that in them is, and who controlleth and subjecteth the devil, and the dark and benighted dominion of Shayole! Stretch forth thy hand; let thine eye pierce; let thy pavilion be taken up; let thy hiding place no longer be covered; let thine ear be inclined; let thine heart be softened, and thy bowels moved with compassion towards us; let thine anger be kindled against our enemies; and in the fury of thine heart, with thy sword avenge us of our wrongs; remember thy suffering Saints, O our God! and thy servants will rejoice in thy name forever.

Dearly and beloved brethren, we see that perilous times have come, as was testified of. We may look, then, with most perfect assurance, for the rolling in of all those things that have been written, and with more confidence than ever before, lift up our eyes to the luminary of day, and say in our hearts, Soon thou wilt vail thy blushing face. He that said, "Let there be light," and there was light; hath spoken this word. And again, Thou moon, thou dimmer light; thou luminary of night, shalt turn to blood.

We see that everything is fulfilling; and the time shall soon come, when the Son of Man shall descend in the clouds of heaven. Our hearts do not skrink, neither are our spirits altogether broken, at the grievous yoke which is put upon us. We know that God will have our oppressors in derision; that he may laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh.

O that we could be with you, brethren, and unbosom our feelings to you. We would tell, that we should have been liberated at the time Elder Rigdon was, on the writ of habeas corpus, had not our own lawyers interpreted the law, contrary to what it reads, against us; which prevented us from introducing our evidence before the mock court. They have done us much harm

from the beginning. They have of late acknowledged that the law was misconstrued, and tantalized our feelings with it, and have entirely forsaken us, and have forfeited their oaths, and their bonds; and we have to come back on them, for they are co-workers with the mob.

As near as we can learn, the public mind has been for a long time turning in our favor, and the majority is now friendly; and the lawyers can no longer browbeat us by saying that this or that is a matter of public opinion, for public opinion is not willing to brook it; for it is beginning to look with feelings of indignation against our oppressors, and to say that the "Mormons" were not in the fault in the least. We think that Truth, Honor, Virtue, and Innocence will eventually come out triumphant. We should have taken a habeas corpus before the High Judge and escaped the mob in a summary way; but unfortunately for us, the timber of the wall being very hard, our auger handles gave out, and hindered us longer than we expected; we applied to a friend, and a very slight incautious act gave rise to some suspicions, and before we could fully succeed, our plan was discovered; we had every thing in readiness, but the last stone, and we could have made our escape in one minute, and should have succeeded admirably, had it not been for a little imprudence or over anxiety on the part of our friend.

The sheriff and jailer did not blame us for our attempt; it was a fine breach, and cost the county a round sum; but public opinion says, that we ought to have been permitted to have made our escape; that then the disgrace would have come on us, but now it must be on the State; that there cannot be any charge sustained against us; and that the conduct of the mob, the murders committed at Haun's Mills, and the exterminating order of the Governor, and the one-sided, rascally proceedings of the Legislature, has damned the state of Missouri to all eternity. I would just name also that General Atchison has proved himself as contemptible as any of them.

We have tried for a long time to get our lawyers to draw us some petitions to the Supreme Judges of this state, but they utterly refused. We have examined the law, and drawn the petitions ourselves, and have obtained abundance of proof to counteract all the testimony that was against us, so that if the Supreme Judge does not grant us our liberty, he has got to act without cause, contrary to honor, evidence, law or justice, sheerly to please the devil, but we hope better things, and trust, before many days, God will so order our case, that we shall be set at liberty and take up our habitation with the Saints.

We received some letters last evening—one from Emma, one from Don C. Smith, and one from Bishop Partridge—all breathing a kind and consoling spirit. We were much gratified with their contents. We had been a long time without information; and when we read those letters, they were to our souls as the gentle air is refreshing; but our joy was mingled with grief, because of the sufferings of the poor and much injured Saints. And we need not say to you that the flood-gates of our hearts were hoisted, and our eyes were a fountain of tears, but those who have not been inclosed in the walls of prison, without cause or provocation, can have but little idea how sweet the voice of a friend is; one token of friendship from any source whatever awakens and calls into action every sympathetic feeling; it brings up in an instant everything that is passed, it seizes the present with the avidity of lightning; it grasps after the future with the fierceness of a tiger; it retrogrades from one thing to another until finally all enmity, malice, and hatred, and past differences, misunderstandings, and mismanagements are slain victorious at the feet of Hope, and when the heart is sufficiently contrite, then the voice of inspiration steals along, and whispers, My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment;

and then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high; thou shalt triumph over all thy foes; thy friends do stand by thee, and they shall hail thee again, with warm hearts and friendly hands; thou art not yet as Job; thy friends do not contend against thee, neither charge thee with transgression, as they did Job; and they who do charge thee with transgression, their hope shall be blasted, and their prospects shall melt away as the hoar frost melteth before the burning rays of the rising sun; and also that God hath set to His hand and seal, to change the times and seasons, and to blind their minds,, that they may not understand His marvelous workings, that He may prove them also, and take them in their own craftiness; also because their hearts are corrupted, and the things which they are willing to bring upon others, and love to have others suffer, may come upon themselves, to the very uttermost; that they may be disappointed also, and their hopes may be cut off; and not many years hence, that they and their posterity shall be swept from under heaven, saith God, that not one of them is left to stand by the wall: Cursed are all those that shall lift up the heel against mine anointed, saith the Lord, and cry they have sinned when they have not sinned before me, saith the Lord, but have done that which was meet in mine eyes, and which I commanded them; but those who cry transgression, do it; because they are the servants of sin, and are the children of disobedience themselves; and those who swear falsely against my servants, that they might bring them into bondage, and death: Woe unto them; because they have offended my little ones, they shall be severed from the ordinances of mine house; their basket shall not be full, their houses and their barns shall perish, and they themselves shall be despised by those that flattered them; they shall not have right to the Priesthood, nor their posterity after them, from generation to generation; it had been better for them that a millstone had been hanged about their necks, and they drowned in the depth of the sea.

Woe unto those that discomfort my people, and drive, and murder, and testify against them, saith the Lord of Hosts; a generation of vipers shall not escape the damnation of hell. Behold, mine eyes seeth and knoweth all their works, and I have in reserve a swift judgment in the season thereof, for them all; for there is a time appointed for every man, according as his works shall be.

And now, beloved brethren, we say unto you, that inasmuch as God hath said that He would have a tried people, that He would purge them as gold, now we think that this time He has chosen His own crucible, wherein we have been tried; and we think if we get through with any degree of safety, and shall have kept the faith, that it will be a sign to this generation, altogether sufficient to bear them without excuse; and we think also, it will be a trial of our faith equal to that of Abraham, and that the ancients will not have whereof to boast over us in the day of judgment, as being called to pass through heavier afflictions; that we may hold even weight in the balances with them: but now, after having suffered so great sacrifice, and having passed through so great a season of sorrow, we trust that a ram may be caught in the thicket speedily, to relieve the sons and daughters of Abraham from their great anxiety, and to light up the lamp of salvation upon their countenances, that they may hold on now, after having gone so far unto everlasting life.

Now, brethren, concerning the places for the location of the Saints, we cannot counsel you as we would if we were present with you; and as to the things that were written heretofore, we did not consider them anything very binding, therefore we must say once for all, that we think it most proper, that the general affairs of the Church, which are necessary to be considered, while your humble servant remains in bondage, should be transacted by a general Conference of the most faithful and the most

respectable of the authorities of the Church, and a minute of those transactions may be kept, and forwarded from time to time, to your humble servant; and if there should be any corrections by the word of the Lord, they shall be freely transmitted, and your humble servant will approve all things whatsoever is acceptable unto God. If anything should have been suggested by us, or any name mentioned, except by commandment, or thus saith the Lord, we do not consider it binding: therefore our hearts shall not be grieved if different arrangements should be entered into. Nevertheless we should suggest the propriety of being aware of an aspiring spirit, which spirit has oftentimes urged men forward, to make foul speeches, and influence the Church to reject milder counsels, and has eventually been the means of bringing much death and sorrow upon the Church.

We would say, be aware of pride also; for well and truly hath the wise man said, that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. And again, outward appearance is not always a criterion for us to judge our fellow man; but the lips betray the haughty and overbearing imaginations of the heart; by his words and his deeds, let him be scanned. Flattery also is a deadly poison. A frank and an open rebuke provoketh a good man to emulation; and in the hour of trouble he will be your best friend, but on the other hand, it will draw out all the corruptions of a corrupt heart, and lying and the poison of asps shall be under their tongues; and they do cause the pure in heart to be cast into prison, because they want them out of their way.

A fanciful and flowery and heated imagination be aware of; because the things of God are of deep import; and time, and experience, and careful and ponderous and solemn thoughts can only find them out. Thy mind, O man! if thou wilt lead a soul unto salvation, must stretch as high as the utmost heavens, and search into and contemplate the lowest considerations of the darkest abyss, and expand upon the broad considerations of eternity's expanse; he must commune with God. How much more dignified and noble are the thoughts of God, than the vain imaginations of the human heart! None but fools will trifle with the souls of men.

How vain and trifling have been our spirits, our conferences, our councils, our meetings, our private as well as public conversations—too low, too mean, too vulgar, too condescending for the dignified characters of the called and chosen of God, according to the purposes of those things that have been kept hid from the foundation until now, of which some have tasted a little, and on which many of them are to be poured down from heaven upon the heads of babes; yea, the weak, obscure, and despicable ones of the earth.

Therefore we beseech of you, brethren, that you bear with those who do not feel themselves more worthy than yourselves, while we exhort one another to a reformation with one and all, both old and young, teachers and taught, both high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, male and female; let honesty, and sobriety, and candour, and solemnity, and virtue, and pureness, and meekness, and simplicity, crown our heads in every place, and in fine, become as little children, without malice, guile or hypocrisy.

And now, brethren, after your tribulations, if you do these things, and exercise fervent prayer and faith in the sight of God always, He shall give unto you knowledge by His Holy Spirit, yea, by the unspeakable gift of the Holy Ghost, that has not been revealed since the world was until now; which our forefathers have waited with anxious expectations to be revealed in the last times, which their minds were pointed to, by the angels, as held in reserve for the fulness of their glory; a time to come in the which nothing shall be withheld; whether there be one God or many Gods, they shall be manifest; all thrones and dominions, princi-

palities and powers, shall be revealed and set forth upon all who have endured valiantly for the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and also if there be bounds set to the heavens, or to the seas; or to the dry land, or to the sun, moon, or stars; all the times of their revolutions; all the appointed days, months, and years, and all the days of their days, months, and years and all their glories, laws, and set times, shall be revealed, in the days of the dispensation of the fulness of times, according to that which was ordained in the midst of the Council of the Eternal God of all other Gods, before this world was, that should be reserved unto the finishing and the end thereof, when every man shall enter into His eternal presence, and into His immortal rest.

But I beg leave to say unto you, brethren, that ignorance, superstition, and bigotry placing itself where it ought not, is oftentimes in the way of the prosperity of this Church; like the torrent of rain from the mountains, that floods the most pure and crystal streams with mire, and dirt, and filthiness, and obscures everything that was clear before, and hurls along in one general deluge; but time weathers tide; and notwithstanding we are rolled in for the time being by the mire of the flood, the next surge peradventure, as time rolls on, may bring us to the fountain as clear as crystal, and as pure as snow; while the filthiness, flood-wood, and rubbish is left and purged out by the way. How long can rolling waters remain, impure? What power shall stay the heavens? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in its decreed course, or to turn it up stream, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven, upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints.

What is Boggs or his murderous party, but wimbling willows upon the shore to catch the flood-wood? As well might we argue that water is not water, because the mountain torrents send down mire and rolls the crystal stream, although afterwards renders it more pure than before; or that fire is not fire, because it is of a quenchable nature, by pouring on the flood; as to say our cause is down because renegadoes, liars, priests, thieves, and murderers, who are all alike tenacious of their craft and creeds, have poured down, from their spiritual wickedness in high places, and from their strongholds of the devil, a flood of dirt and mire and filthiness and vomit upon our heads.

No! God forbid. Hell may pour forth its rage like the burning lava of mount Vesuvius, or of Etna, or of the most terrible of the burning mountains; and yet shall "Mormonism" stand. Water, Fire, Truth, and God are all the same. Truth is "Mormonism." God is the author of it. He is our Shield. It is by Him we received our birth. It was by His voice that we were called to a dispensation of His Gospel in the beginning of the fulness of times. It was by Him we received the Book of Mormon: and it was by Him that we remain unto this day; and by Him we shall remain, if it shall be for our glory; and in His Almighty name we are determined to endure tribulation as good soldiers unto the end.

But, brethren, we shall continue to offer further reflections in our next Epistle. You will learn by the time you have read this, and if you do not learn it, you may learn it, that walls and irons, doors and creaking hinges, and half scared to death guards and jailers, grinning like some damned spirits, lest an innocent man should make his escape to bring to light the damnable deeds of a murderous mob, is calculated in its very nature to make the soul of an honest man feel stronger than the powers of hell.

But we must bring our epistle to a close. We send our respects to fathers, mothers, wives and children, brothers and sisters; we hold them in the most sacred remembrance.

We feel to inquire after Elder Rigdon, if he has not forgotten us; it has not been signified to us by his scrawl. Brother Geogre W. Robinson also, and Elder

Cahoon, we remember him, but would like to jog his memory a little on the fable of the bear and the two friends who mutually agreed to stand by each other. And perhaps it would not be amiss to mention uncle John, and various others. A word of consolation and a blessing would not come amiss from anybody, while we are being so closely whispered by the bear. But we feel to excuse every body and every thing, yea the more readily when we contemplate that we are in the hands of worse than the bear, for the bear would not prey upon a dead carcase.

Our respects and love and fellowship to all the virtuous Saints. We are your brethren and fellow-sufferers, and prisoners of Jesus Christ for the Gospel's sake, and for the hope of glory which is in us. Amen.

*Joseph Smith, Junior,*
*Hyrum Smith,*
*Lyman Wight,*
*Caleb Baldwin,*
*Alexander McRae.*

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We make a cushion of our faults
To sit and practice easy virtues on.
—*Mrs. Browning.*

Patience is not passive, on the contrary, it is active; it is concentrated strength.—*Queen of Roumania.*

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## THE MODOC WAR.

If we had only read about the Indians as a people living in the mountain fastnesses of Greece, or the broad plains of Transylvania, we should without difficulty have discovered the patriotic and romantic elements of their character. Considering the amount of "gush" possessed by the average American Congressmen, we might expect to frequently hear of resolutions of sympathy being offered in their behalf, and vigorous denunciation of the nation that had taken away their lands. But as the effect of remoteness is produced by time as well as distance, it is surely worth while to treasure up the remnants of their history for our posterity who will justly consider us very selfish if we throw away what will be a treasure to them, merely because we do not appreciate it ourselves.

It is not because the government is parsimonious, that the Indians rise up in hostility against the whites; but because the government agents so frequently deliberately swindle and cheat the Indians. Their motto seems to be "cheat the Indians while the contract lasts." Who can wonder, therefore, that the Indian, driven from his house and hunting grounds, breaks forth into acts of reprisal, of robbery and even murder, under the idea that it is a duty, a right and a necessary thing to do, even though he be killed for it.

The Modocs are an offshoot of the Klamath Indians, who for ages past have inhabited an extensive region comprised in Northern California and Southern Oregon. During one of their insurrections, a chief of the name of Modocus, broke off with his followers from the rest of the tribe, and established an independent nation. The following is from an eye witness of the Modoc war:

In 1864 some horses having been stolen from the white settlers, the Modocs were accused of the theft, a war was commenced against them, who, unable to gain advantage over the whites, fell upon defenseless emigrants, plundered and killed them. In consequence of this a company of white men proceeded to the Modoc country and attempted to destroy them by inviting them to a feast and then poisoning the food as well as their springs of water. Failing in this, they got the Indians to agree to a "peace-talk." The Indians arrived at the appointed meeting place, and laid down their arms. Upon a given signal, the whites opened fire on the Indians, and forty out of forty-five were killed.

At length a treaty was made with Schonchin and Captain Jack, chief and

sub-chief of the band, in which they agreed to take up their residence on the Klamath reservation. After a short time they got tired of their new quarters and returned to the old ones. Several unsuccessful attempts were then made to induce the Modocs to return to the reservation; and in 1869, the Superintendent of Indian affairs determined that Captain Jack, who had then become chief, should, with his followers, be sent back. A message was dispatched asking the chief and his friends to meet the Superintendent half way. Captain Jack then returned an answer that if the superintendent wished to see him he must come where he was. A party of whites then visited the Modocs, and found the chief surrounded by seventy or eighty warriors. The white party proposed a feast, but the Indians declined, they had not forgotten the poisoned banquet of 1864. The Indians feeling their weakness finally consented to return to the Klamath reservation, on condition that they should be allowed to choose their own dwelling places and be unmolested by the powerful tribe of Klamath Indians. However, some of the chiefs objected, and the Indians withdrew to hold a council. While discussion was going on, a detachment of soldiers arrived, the Modocs were disarmed and removed on the following day to the shores of Lake Klamath. But Captain Jack and a few others escaped to the Lava Beds.

It may not be out of place to here give a brief description of this strange and desolate region, where the Modocs for so long baffled all the efforts of the United States troops to dislodge them. The Lava Beds are situated on the borders of Siskiyou and Modoc counties, California, and not far from the Oregon line, and to reach them it is necessary to pass over a wild desolate country of rock, sand and sage-brush. The Beds are about three miles long and a mile broad. They are bounded on the one side by Rhett Lake and on the other by rugged volcanic mountains and hills, and throughout are covered with natural fortifications. The place of the Modocs' retreat was a large opening in a ravine, containing about an acre in area, and on all sides of which rises a wall a hundred feet in height, forming a bowl with sloping sides. On one side of this area is a deep spring of clear sweet water. From the summit of this wall, a flat surface of lava extends for more than a mile; and this flat has numerous holes with small openings but which, strange to say, widen downwards into large caves. These caves have underground communication with each other as well as the before-mentioned area. In many places huge rocks two or even three hundred feet in height rise almost perpendicular. It is easy to preceive that a few men behind these natural fortifications could defend themselves against a great number.

Meanwhile another person was appointed Superintendent of Indian affairs, and towards the end of November, 1872, orders were sent to place the Modocs on the reservation, peaceably if possible, but by force if necessary. The camp of the Modocs was surprised, but they refused to surrender. In the attack fourteen persons were killed, which greatly enraged the settlers. This was the commencement of the Modoc war. A company of volunteers was organized, which, with four hundred soldiers, attacked the Indians. But at the first battle of Lost River they were driven back by the Indians. This victory gave great encouragement to the Modocs.

Captain Jack then offered to make peace. At this time the Peace Commission was resolved upon, and in February, 1873, it succeeded in opening communication between the headquarters of the army and the Indian camp at the Lava Beds. At length, on April 2d, 1873, the Commissioners met the Modocs about half way between the two camps. After the usual preliminaries the talk began. Captain Jack said: "I was born free. I was not made for a slave. I will not ask any man where I can go. I am not a child. God gave me this country. He put me here first. The white man found me here, but now he wants it all. I only want a small place for my people.

I want to live like a white man. I never beg or steal. I pay my debts, and no man can say I ever cheated him. I do not want the President to give me anything. I can take care of my people, if you will take the soldiers away."

Mr. Meacham, one of the Commissioners, then said, "Will you give up the Indians who killed the whites at the battle of Lost River." "Who will try them," asked Captain Jack, "whites or Indians?" "Whites, most certainly," replied Mr. Meacham. "Will you give up the whites, who killed the Indians?" was then asked by Captain Jack. To which the Commissioners answered "No." "Ah" said Captain Jack "you want the law all on your side."

Several days passed away before another meeting could take place. Meanwhile a Modoc squaw, who had married a half-breed Indian, made a visit to the Lava Beds. When she returned she told the Commissioners that they must not go among the Modocs any more, for they would be killed.

The squaw's advice was not heeded, for on April 11th it was arranged for five unarmed persons on each side to meet and discuss the points in question. The place of meeting was on the Lava Beds, not far from Captain Jack's stronghold. As the Commissioners were setting out, the squaw, who had before told them of their danger, took hold of Mr. Meacham's horse and said, "Meacham, you no go; they kill you." A consultation was then held, and in spite of Mr. Meacham's utmost efforts to prevent it, General Canby determined to keep the engagement with the Indians.

On reaching the place of meeting they found Captain Jack and his warriors already assembled. The Indians professed friendship, but it was soon evident that they contemplated treachery. The first few moments were spent in what was evidently manœuvering for a good opportunity. The Indians made frequent change of position so as to get the Commissioners as near together as possible. General Canby first made a short speech and then asked Dr. Thomas to talk. He in a few words informed the Indians that he and others had been sent by the President of the United States, and that no more bloodshed was wanted. When he had finished, the Indians—who had meanwhile been sitting on the ground—rose to their feet. Captain Jack stepped to the right of General Canby, and Schonchin stepped to Canby's left.

Captain Jack then made a short speech and while Mr. Riddle, the interpreter, was still speaking, two warriors stepped out from behind a rock each with a number of guns, which they distributed among the Indians. Meanwhile the squaw, who had tried to save Meacham, came forward and either through fear or as a token of supplication, threw herself flat on the ground. Mr. Meacham asked "What does this mean?" but Captain Jack only replied by drawing a pistol and calling out that all was ready.

At the first volley, General Canby was shot in the face. He then ran about forty rods when he received a rifle ball which passed through his head and he fell upon the rocks. Dr. Thomas was shot by an Indian named Boston Charley and almost immediately expired. Mr. Meacham received four wounds, one in the arm, one in the shoulder and two in the head, which rendered him unconscious. The Indians then proceeded to strip him and take off his scalp, but while thus engaged the cry of "Soldiers, soldiers!" was raised and the work was left unfinished. The Indians then retreated to their stronghold and war was resumed.

Soon after this, a small body of troops advanced a considerable distance amongst the beds of lava, and were resting in what they considered a perfectly safe position, when suddenly they were surrounded on all sides and only one of them escaped. Several of them managed to hide themselves and attempted to escape under cover of the night; but as soon as it was dark the Indians emerged from their caves in order to scalp the dead, and finding the living soldiers, dragged them to their camp, where the squaws beat them to death with clubs.

Nettled by disasters, and roused by the cry of vengeance from all parts of the country, the troops redoubled their efforts. The Modocs were hunted from stronghold to stronghold, from ravine to ravine, till finally, in June, 1873, Captain Jack gave himself up. Some of the leaders of the tribe, seeing that the war would be relentless, turned states' evidence, and agreed to aid in the capture of their comrades, on condition that their own lives would be spared. In October, 1873, Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley and Hooka Jim were executed at Fort Klamath. Captain Jack, the instigator of the murders, was utterly broken down and unnerved. The other three died with Indian stoicism, to the last declaring their right to inhabit their native country.

When they ascended the scaffold, a mournful wail arose from the five hundred Klamath Indians who had come to witness their execution. An hour later the bodies of the four warriors were delivered over to their friends, who buried them with their usual ceremonies, believing that their spirits had departed to the happy hunting grounds. The remainder of the band were removed to the reservation, and thus ended a war unparalleled for its ferocity and murderous success, on the side of the Indians.

*J. H. Ward.*

## AT CONSTANTINE.

With the exception, perhaps, of Santiago di Compostella, there is no city within easy reach of England which is less known and more worthy of a visit than Constantine. It is easy of access for those who are not afraid to face the subdued horrors of a two days' Mediterranean trip. A railway—itself one of the wonders of the world—leads up to it from Philippeville, and the pace at which the trains travel is leisurely enough to enable the passengers to appreciate fully the magnificent wildness of the scenery through which they pass and the genius which has found means of laying an iron road through the apparently impenetrable fastnesses. The fellow-travelers, too, are provocative of interest; all colors of skin and all varieties of dress are represented among them, and if after dusk a figure dressed wholly in white, like a Chartreux monk, glides noiselessly in, takes off his slippers, curls his legs up under him on the cushion, and leans back comfortably in the corner of the carriage, like a sensible Christian, a feeling that ghosts are about inevitably becomes predominant. An empty turnip, a man's face cut on it and a lighted candle inside, with a sheet held under, such as Devonshire plough-boys are in the habit of frightening their compeers with, is not to be compared, for effect, to it.

Once at Constantine, our feelings, whatever they may have been on the journey, are changed to those of bewilderment. The city is not a holy one like Santiago, and the pilgrims who come to it are devotees of trade or pleasure, not religion. But it has a sentiment and a quaintness peculiarly its own. During the lapse of ages, ever since the time of Sophonisba's romantic death, some two hundred years before the Christian era, it has been exposed to vicissitudes which have no parallel in the history of the world, Romans, Numidians, Arabs, and Turks have held sway here in turn, and have each left their mark, for good or for bad, on the rock on which the city is built. Carthage alone long kept company with it in fortune and misfortune, but Carthage has vanished from the face of the earth, its very situation being hardly known, while Constantine has risen, phœnix-like, but shorn of its ancient glories, to become—alas for these degenerate days—the trim chief town of a French province. The ancient citadel has been converted, with no regard to anything but utility, into modern barracks; the palace of the Beys has become an office for the staff.

Boulevards and *cafes*, *absinthe* and cigarettes, disfigure the town and deteriorate the people. New streets are being driven through Arab rookeries with much vigor. The old order everywhere is giving place to the new, and whatever good may come, eventually, of the changes, but little, it must be added, is apparent now.

No improvements, however, that French ingenuity is capable of devising can destroy the sentiment which is indelibly associated with the city, or the inherent grandeur of its site. Buildings may come and go. *Lycees* and barracks, tribunals of commerce and *gendarmeries* may take the place of dungeons, keeps, and mosques, but the memories of two thousand years of history must survive. No matter with what edifices they are crowned, the bluff precipice still remains intact from which the Turks of old, so tradition has it, were wont to throw their faithless wives; so, too, does that one still more terrible to the sight, down which, on the French occupation, the inhabitants endeavored to escape by means of ropes, to perish miserably, men, women, and children by the hundred, in the attempt. The position of the rock on which the city is built has been often described, but its general effect is indescribable. Those of us who know Tintagel, and instead of the sea which hems it in can picture to themselves a wild, desolate region, furrowed with mountains which stretch away ridge upon ridge till the distant peaks are lost in the blue haze of the horizon, will be able to comprehend in some degree the strange magnificence of the site of Constantine. It is—as at Tintágel—as if a great flat-topped fragment of cliff had by some freak of nature become detached from the mountain to which it belongs. Almost an exact square, on two sides a yawning fissure some three hundred or four hundred yards deep, at the bottom of which the river Rummel winds along unseen, separates it from what may be termed the mainland. On another side its sheer cliff, some four hundred yards high, overhangs the fertile plain of the Hamma; and on the fourth an isthmus, made partly by nature and partly by art, connects it by a steep descent with the neighboring hill of Koudiat-Ati. The whole surface of the rock is covered with buildings up to its very edge. Many of them, indeed, more especially in the Arab quarter, seem actually to hang over the precipice which gapes underneath. A shock of earthquake or a loosened stone would inevitably overbalance them, and it is more than remarkable that no tradition exists of the occurrence of such a catastrophe.

Being the chief town of the Department, Constantine is a bustling, if not busy place, and French authority is more than usually anxious to assert itself. The majesty of the law and the force of arms are well represented. Soldiers, cavalry and infantry, crowd the streets in shoals, and I know of no other town in which the band of the Zouaves or Chasseurs plays with so much *abandon*, not to say defiance, as in the Place du Palais here. The church, strange to say, it conspicuous by its absence. Schools there are in abundance, and every native soldier is compelled to learn French, but no attempt, perhaps wisely, is made to convert the Arabs, and with less degree of reason the children of the Catholic faith are left in matters of religion almost entirely to their devices. Though the Arabs vie with the French in their admiration for *cafés*, there is in ordinary life but little mixture here between the two creeds. A few Arabs frequent the French *cafés*, but, though Arab in dress and manner, it is evident at a glance that they are not the strictest of their sect, neither Sir Wilfrid Lawson nor the Prophet himself would look with equanimity on the new-fledged affection they have developed for the strong drinks, without which a Frenchman's happiness would not be complete. As a rule they have their own houses of resort, little dens, dark and dingy, with matted floor and grotesque frescoes of ships, birds, beasts and flowers on the walls, where they smoke their cigarettes and drink their coffee with as much comfort to themselves as if they were

already in the seventh heaven. Each creed has its own market, and both are well worth a visit. The best trimmed stall in Covent Garden at the height of the season would sink into insignificance if placed by one picked out at random at this time of year in either Arab or French market here. Pomegranates, oranges, grapes, dates, wild strawberries, melons, and figs among fruits, cauliflowers, lettuces, yams, tomatoes, new potatoes, and peas among vegetables, are there in abundance, not stowed away with niggard hand in tasty little baskets, but strewn about recklessly in wild profusion, a most pleasing and grateful sight. To any one who has contemplated from the ramparts the bald, barren, inhospitable waste of mountains around, it forms a mystery where all this luxuriance of produce can come from, and it is not till he has explored the neighboring country for himself, that he finds valleys, which in summer time stand so thick with corn that they may well be said figuratively to laugh and sing, now full to overflowing with such a wealth of fruit, vegetables, and flowers as passes comprehension. For the success which has attended their efforts to bring these valleys into cultivation, full credit must be given to the French. But there is no need of an African sun and a tropical vegetation by way of inducement to travelers to come to Constantine. Its attractions stand by themselves, and are irresistible. Any nation might well be proud of having its fortress-capital on so quaint, so picturesque, so magnificent a spot as this historic rock.

Boasting seldom or never accompanies a sense of real power. When men feel that they can express themselves by deeds they do not often care to do so by words.

## THE ECHO CANYON WAR.

V.

THE army having gone into winter quarters, at Fort Bridger, where also were the new set of Federal officials, the commander, Col. A. S. Johnston, sent the following report of their situation, which indicates that the hindrances to their march made by our scouting parties, throwing them into the relentless embraces of a Rocky Mountain winter—brought on earlier than usual by the prayers of Lot Smith's chaplain and his colleagues — left them in considerable distress:

Headquarters Army of Utah,
Camp Scott, near Fort Bridger,
Black's Fork, Green River,
November 30, 1857.

Major:—Since my last report the troops and all the supply trains have arrived at this place, and will remain here, or in this district, during the winter. In effecting the march from near the junction of Ham's and Black's forks of Green river, a distance of only thirty-five miles, the loss of battery horses, draught mules and oxen of the contractor has been very great, in consequence of snow storms which were encountered on the route, and intense cold. Our marches each were necessarily short on account of the extreme coldness and inclemency of the weather, and because of the great number of miles on the road occupied by the supply trains and others, and the failing condition of the draught animals starving from cold and hunger, were resumed from each camp as soon as the troops in the rear and trains could be brought up, allowing a day or more at each camp for rest and the grazing of the animals. Fifteen days were consumed in this tedious operation. Shelter for our thousands of animals seemed indispensable for the preservation of life, yet a more rapid advance to attain it would, we believe, be attended with immense loss. The snow storms raged, with short intermissions after it commenced, for several days, during which time it was exceedingly cold. The thermometer ranged

from ten degrees above to sixteen degrees below zero.

If shelter could have been found, a halt till the storm subsided would have been ordered; but there was none. The country between this and the South Pass, with the exception of the narrow valleys of water courses, is a great desert, affording no shelter by its conformation or by woods, or even bushes from the furious blasts of these high regions; and no fuel except the wild sage or willow bushes. There was no alternative but to press forward perseveringly, though slowly, marking our route by the frozen horses, mules and oxen. A sufficient number of oxen, though poor, have been saved to supply the meat part of rations six days in the week, and we have on hand bacon for one day in the week for seven months, and also flour and small rations. (See report of chief commissary of subsistence herewith.)

Colonel Cooke, in command of six companies 2d dragoons, arrived on the 19th instant. You will learn from his report (herewith) that the storm dealt as roughly with his command as it did with the army in advance. He lost nearly half of his horses, besides a number of mules. His march, from his report, appears to have been conducted with care and skill. If a further advance of the army were otherwise practicable and proper at this season of the year, the necessity of appropriating the remainder of the work oxen for food for the troops would now prevent.

The diminished number and reduced condition of the cavalry and battery horses and draught mules, makes a remount for the former and an additional number of mules for the quartermaster's department indispensable. A further advance cannot be made without them. I have, therefore, taken measures (see orders to Captain Marcy and estimates of the chief quartermasters' herewith) to supply all deficiencies. Captain Marcy has been dispatched, with a sufficient party suitably organized and equipped, to New Mexico, as the nearest and most accessible region from which they can be obtained early in the spring, with instructions to purchase the number required, and to return as soon in the spring as he can, having regard to the good condition of the horses and mules; and he is authorized to contract for a supply of salt, of which we have none, and forward it on his arrival. I respectfully request the sanction of the general-in-chief to my orders to Captain Marcy, and that he will give instructions to General Garland, or commanding officer of the Department of New Mexico, to furnish Captain Marcy a sufficient escort of the mounted rifles to protect him from predatory attacks of the Indians on the route back to this place. I enclose a copy of my letter to General Garland, making the request. The Mormons, before they retired, burnt the buildings in and about Fort Bridger, and also Fort Supply on Smith's Fork, twelve miles hence, and destroyed the grain, and as far as they could, other crops at that place. Fort Bridger, so called, is a high, well built, strong stone wall, enclosing a square of one hundred feet, and has been appropriated for the storage of the supplies for the army. The addition of two lunettes, now being constructed, one on the southwest corner and the other on the northeast corner of a stone enclosure adjoining the main one, but not so high, will make it defensible by a small force, and a safe place of deposit for the public property that may be left when the army advances. The herds of mules, battery horses, and cattle have been sent with herdsmen to Henry's Fork to graze during the winter, and six companies of the 2d dragoons, under the command of Colonel Cooke, have been ordered to encamp near them, and guard them and protect the herdsmen. He has with him about two hundred dragoon horses. Two companies of the same regiment are stationed here, and have about fifty horses, all feeble for want of sufficient sustenance. In the spring, the army, with the volunteer force included, about two thousand strong, will resume their march as soon as a supply of horses and mules arrive, and the grass on the mountains shall be found sufficient to sustain them.

Two full companies of volunteers have been mustered into the service for nine months, and I expect in a few days that two more companies will be mustered in. They are young, active, and hardy men, generally good shots, and with such instructions as they will receive, will make most excellent light troops. I have to request that the emolument of these men may be early made known to the Secretary of War, so that provision may be made, by an appropriation by Congress for their payment at the expiration of their term of service.

The troops have borne the hardships and privations of the march with patience and cheerfulness, and continue in fine health; some few of the different regiments are still suffering from frosbite.

Governor Cumming and family, Judge Eckel, the secretary, attorney-general, and marshal of the Territory, and also Dr. Forney, Superintendent of Indian affairs, and Dr. Hunt, Agent, are encamped within our lines, and have received every facility and means to make them comfortable, as much so as can be expected under canvas.

I enclose copies of all orders given by me which will fully acquaint you with any matter omitted in this communication.

With great respect, your obedient servant, *A. S. Johnston*,

Colonel 2d Cavalry Commanding.

Maj. I. McDowell, Assistant Adjutant General Headquarters of the Army.

"GOOD-BYE, GEORGE!"—Mr. Story, the sculptor, who began active life as a lawyer, tells a good story which illustrates the fact that the emphasis which punctuates has as much to do with determining the sense of a sentence as the meaning of the words:

Once, when he was called upon to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband, he adduced as one of the proofs of her innocence the fact to her having attended him on his death-bed, and said to him, when he was dying, "Good-bye, George."

The counsel for the plaintiff declared this ought rather to be taken as a proof of her guilt, and that the words she had used were, "Good, by George!"

## SEAL ISLANDS OF ALASKA.

IT is a singular fact that in the negotiations for the purchase of Alaska by the United States, the value of the seal islands was not considered. The value of those islands was not known even to Mr. Seward. He was very enthusiastic on the subject of great benefits to be derived by this country from the fisheries and timber of his promised land, but evidently he did not dream of the seal islands as a treasury which was to pay the interest on the entire purchase-money for Alaska. Yet thus far the seal islands alone have saved us from an unprofitable investment in the acquisition of what was formerly known as "Russian America." The annual rental received by the government from the seal islands is fifty-five thousand dollars The tax collected on each fur-seal skin shipped from the islands is two dollars and sixty-two and a half cents, which on one hundred thousand skins, the greatest number the company are allowed to take in any one year, amounts to two hundred and sixty-two thousand five hundred dollars, making, along with the rental, a total of three hundred and seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. Alaska cost us, as purchase-money, seven million five hundred thousand dollars; and as we now pay an average of only four per cent. interest on the public debt, the interest on that sum amounts to three hundred thousand dollars. Thus it appears that as a business proposition the purchase of Alaska has been justified by the revenue from the seal islands, after paying all expenses of collection.

Yet those seal islands are a mere

group of rocks, situated in Behring Sea, enveloped in fog during one half of the year and shrouded in snow the other half. There are two seasons at the seal islands—the humid and the frigid. During the humid season, there is no sun visible, nor is there darkness, for this print might easily be read at any hour of the night, without artificial light, in what is there accepted as summer. But during the humid, foggy, long-day season, there is not a moment when the roar of seals may not be heard for a mile at sea off the coast of those islands. During the frigid season, the days are cut very low in the neck and quite short in the skirt, so that they would hardly be worth while mentioning were it not for the exceedingly emphatic weather, which drives the seals away to sea and makes itself felt even by the oleaginous natives; and a gale howls all the time. During the frigid season, the surf never ceases to whip itself into foam upon the shores. And yet those rocks are cheap at seven million five hundred thousand dollars. If we should advertise them for sale at ten million dollars—allowing ourselves a profit of two million five hundred thousand dollars on the purchase of Alaska—they could be sold.

The islands in question were called by the Russians the Pryvolof group—so named in honor of their discoverer, who was cruising around about one hundred years ago in search of sea-otter, which were then found to be almost as scarce but not quite so dear as now in the Aleutian chain. The Pryvolof group consists of the islands of St. George, the most southerly and the first discovered, St. Paul, Otter Island, and Walrus Island. A few seals haul out upon Otter, but none upon Walrus Island. The seals killed by the lessees of the islands are all taken upon St. Paul and St. George. The maximum number for St. Paul is seventy-five thousand seals each year; for St. George, twenty-five thousand; making altogether the full quota one hundred thousand seals per annum.

The seals begin to land there about the 1st of May, unless prevented by ice, and the killing (except for food) does not begin before the 1st of June, by which time they are there in thousands. By the 1st of July there are millions of seals upon the two islands—doubtless four millions upon St. Paul, and a million upon St. George. Literally, they are in countless numbers. They are estimated by counting all those lying within a well-marked small section of the breeding-grounds, and then measuring the entire space of the "rookery," as it is called, after they all leave later in the season, and allowing a given number to each square yard or rod. This is the only process by which the number of seals resorting to the islands can be approximated.

"Seal fisheries" is not only a misnomer, but it is absurd when applied to the mode of taking skins. When skins are wanted, the natives walk to the "rookeries," crawl along the sand until they arrive in a line between the seals and the water, then spring to their feet, yell and flourish clubs simultaneously, and the selected victims, destined for sacrifice upon fashion's altar, stampede up the beach, and once started, are driven like sheep to the slaughter. They pull themselves along as one might expect a dog to travel with his fore legs broken at the knees and his spine over the kidneys. For locomotion on land, the fur-seal depends mainly on his fore quarters, the hind flippers being dragged along. At sea, the hind flippers serve mainly as steering apparatus, though they have some propelling power, being twisted like the propeller of a screw-steamer; but the fore flippers perform most of the propulsion in the water as well as on land. The hair-seal, on the contrary, derives more propelling power in the water from his hind than from his fore flippers.

The seals on St. Paul and St. George Islands are often driven two or three miles from the "rookery" to the killing-ground adjacent to the warehouse, where the skins are salted. The killing is easy enough after the seals are once arrived at the ground selected for the slaughter. Suppose one thousand seals

to be driven up, forty or fifty are cut out from the large drove. The smaller group is moved a few rods away from the others, and then knocked down by men with hickory clubs five feet in length. Being knocked senseless, the seal is quickly stabbed to the heart, and generally dies a painless death, after receiving the knock-down blow. The work is divided; some men knock down, some stab, and some draw knives around the neck and flippers and along the belly, so that the skinners have only to separate the skin from the blubber. All the men employed in this work are natives. The skinners are experts, with such professional pride as prohibits dulling their razor-edged knives upon the outside of the skin, which contains more or less sand from the drive. All the time of the knocking down, the seals in the main drove sit on one hip like dogs, panting, growling and steaming; but apparently not interested in the fate of their friends dying before their eyes, nor caring for what may befall themselves. They do not seem to be at all sensitive on the subject of death. They can be driven up to and over the warm, bloody carcasses which cover the ground, without manifesting any concern whatever.

The skins are taken off with wonderful rapidity by the natives, and with very few cuts or slashes. As soon as the skins are cool, or at the end of a day's killing, they are hauled to the salt-house and laid in bins, the flesh side up, and salted. In the course of a week, they are taken from the bins and examined. Those in which the curing process has not been perfected have more salt applied to the pink spots, after which they are again packed in layers to await the bundling process, which takes place at any convenient time after the booking. The system with which the work is pursued has been reduced to such an exactness, that, though the season begins after the 1st of June, generally not before the 10th or 12th, the one hundred thousand skins are sometimes aboard the vessel for shipment to San Francisco by the 25th of July, and always before the 1st of August.



Upon St. Paul Island the work is done by about seventy native men and boys, and on St. George by about twenty-five. The total native population of the two islands is about three hundred and sixty or three hundred and seventy. They earn forty thousand dollars in six weeks, and having no house rent to provide, no meat, fish or fuel to purchase, nor taxes to pay, nor doctors' bills to settle, they are as well off as the families of men in San Francisco, whose income is one thousand dollars per annum. The natives have warm frame houses; they receive sixty tons of coal free each year, under the terms of the lease; they are furnished with more salmon than they need; they can catch cod and halibut whenever the sea permits them to put out in a boat; a doctor and schoolmaster are provided for them, upon each island, at the expense of the lessees; and the sick and infirm men, as well as the widows and orphans, are fed and clothed by the same corporation. Whatever sins the government may have to answer for in its dealings with our Indian tribes, it may be set down that the native seal-islanders are well cared for.

Neither King Solomon nor the Queen of Sheba—no, nor the lilies of the field—ever wore richer raiment than the modern seal-skin cloak; but when the skin is taken from the animal to which nature gave it, when it goes into and when it comes out of the salt, or when it is first sent to market, it is not what it appears later upon fashion's form. Before the fur-seal skin becomes the valuable article of commerce which goes into the manufacture of a fashionable garment, it is shaved down on the flesh side until it is not much thicker than a sheet of letter-paper; the long, coarse hairs must be plucked out, and the fur dyed; it may be a brown or almost black, according to the prevailing taste, which now runs to darker hues than formerly. The raw skins are sold at trade sales in London before they take on their artificial hue, the greater portion of their cost to the "consumer" being added after their purchase at the sales. Returning them to this country, paying duties and the ex-

pense of making them into garments, constitute the major portion of the final cost.

After the killing season on the islands, the remaining seals go through the process of shedding their hairy coats and taking on a new crop. The "stagy" season, as this is called, commences about the 1st of September and terminates in six weeks or thereabouts. Not only the old seals, but the very youngest—the "pups," which come into the world in July, with black hair and not enough fur to speak about—shed their dark coats in September and October, and take on the regulation gray, with an undergrowth of fine light brown fur before starting out on the long voyage into the Pacific. The little fellows are shy of the water at first; coming into the world with a sort of hereditary idea that they are intended to prowl about bear-like, and devour people on dry land; and the smallest specimens are spunky enough to try it whenever a man attempts to corner them. But after urgent persuasion and persistent instruction on the part of the mother, they take to the water and catch fish for a living upon leaving the islands. The young seals are exceedingly playful, spending most of their time on shore, tumbling about over each other upon the sand or in the long grass which grows in short-lived luxuriance upon the islands. In the water, after once gaining confidence in their ability to swim, they take great delight, when the surf is not so strong as to kill them against the rocks.

The old bulls, which are the first to arrive in the spring, are the first to disappear in the fall. They leave the females behind to look after the young, and go cruising away into the boundless ocean. There are more seals upon the ground during July and August than in any other two months. Then the sight is wonderful. So much life, such unceasing activity, the roaring of the old bulls, the whining cry of the cows, and the snarling of the pups forms a concert which frequently enables navigators to find the islands when the fog around them is so thick as to render objects invisible at the distance of the ship's length. Sometimes, too, when a vessel is so far to leeward that no sound can be heard, an odor is wafted off from the "rookeries" which serves to warn the sailor of rocks within a few miles. By November, the "rookeries" are but thinly inhabited, and by the first of December they are quite deserted; and only the winter's gale is heard to roar and the surf to thunder upon the rocks.

There are various opinions as to the whereabouts of the fur-seals during the winter months. One theory is, that they scatter out through the Pacific so widely that the millions are lost amid its immeasurable spaces. The seals are seen to go southward through the passes between the Aleutian Islands during the autumnal months. They do not go ashore there, nor anywhere else so far as known, until their return to the Pryvolof group. They leave the island in a lean and blubberless condition, from their long fast while on shore, and they return fat in the following spring. Evidently they go south to their feeding-grounds. But wherever they go, they must have some guide, instinct, or rule, to enable them to find their way back. The buffaloes, which once roamed annually from Dakota and Manitoba into Texas, had mountains and rivers for their guides, as well as the cold winds to drive them from the north in the autumn, and southerly breezes to fan them toward the cooler latitudes in summer. Migratory birds, too, have their courses marked out by the land and the streams and lakes, and by the upper currents of air; but the movements of the migratory seal seem more mysterious. Millions of those wonderful animals start out from their summer home in Behring Sea, and almost to a day of the same time every year they reappear at the islands, haul out at the same spot, and take up the position which they vacated six or eight months before, and nobody can say where they have been since their departure. Without chart or compass, without taking a sight at the sun, they return as regularly as

mail steamers between Europe and America.

Salmon return to fresh-water streams in the spring, but they nose along shore and wherever they taste fresh water they go up; any sort of a stream of fresh water will serve them. But the fur-seal do not so. A few are found in the spring traveling north off the coast of British Columbia and southeast Alaska, where there are thousands of islands, but they do not attempt to make a landing there. In returning to Behring Sea they must pass through the channels running between the Aleutian Islands, which in formation and character are precisely, according to human eyes, like the Pryvolof group; but the seals do not mistake the Aleutian Islands for their home. It may be the fur-seals on their summer home, follow lines of fish-banks or shoals, or enter into certain currents where their food exists, and by the currents are directed back to the point of departure; but navigators have no knowledge of such steadily prevailing currents into and out of the middle of the Pacific. The Japanese current runs northerly on the west side, and swings around among the Aleutian Islands till it is carried south along the east shores of that sea. That may be a guide for the seals, but it does not bring over to the east from the west the fur-seals from the Commander Islands off the coast of Kamtchatka, which appear and disappear as our own seals do, but do not mingle with ours on this side at least. That they do not mingle is proven by the fur experts in London, who, mix the skins as you may, can always pick out the Alaska skins, which are of better quality than the others.

There is another theory that the Alaskan seals on leaving the islands in Behring Sea in the fall resort to some undiscovered islands in mid-Pacific, where they pass the time pleasantly during the winter months. Many expeditions have been fitted out in San Francisco, from time to time, for the discovery of those mysterious islands, but they yet remain undiscovered. There are signs of land out there between 53° and 55° north latitude and 160° to 170° west longitude, there are drift-wood and feathers and sea-weed; but there is an eternal fog there also (a favorable sign for seals), and the islands remain invisible.

The China steamers may have sailed over every inch of that region, but yet there are those who still believe in the undiscovered seal islands of the north Pacific. Matter-of-fact mariners who do not believe in the mysterious islands attribute the signs of land thereabouts to the existence of a great eddy, a product of the immense current above alluded to, into which are carried and held the various articles of drift. There are signs of land upon the surface of the water, but there is "no bottom" there for a hundredfathom line; and the masters of vessels in the San Francisco and China trade have no fears of running ashore in that region. A strong argument against the existence of the undiscovered seal islands in the north Pacific is, that when the seals leave Pryvolof group they are lean and gaunt, after their four or six months' sojourn upon shore. When they return, like old sailors after a voyage, they are again in good condition, and fall easy victims to those of mankind who live by preying upon them. If the seals spent their winter months ashore, on some Pacific islands in the mysterious region of fog and eddy, they should return to Alaska as lean as when they go away.

The seal, it should always be considered, cannot remain below the surface long enough to catch deep-water fish; but the cod which haunts the banks or shallows of the sea, and the salmon, which cruises along the coasts in the spring, form its chief article of animal food; and kelp, which is found only upon reefs, is its favorite vegetable diet. Wherever the seal may go to spend the winter, it returns to its favorite summer quarters with wonderful regularity; and notwithstanding the slaughter of one hundred thousand annually upon land, and the consumption of perhaps a greater number of tender pups by sharks and "killers" at sea, the areas of the several "rookeries" upon the Pryvolof Islands

are gradually expanded year by year, and there is reason for the belief held among the natives that the numbers are gradually increasing. At all events, it may be confidently asserted that so long as the present system prevails of killing no females, and only a limited number of males, the revenue to the government from the fur-seal islands runs no apparent risk of diminution; and the natives may look for their comfortable annuity to continue for succeeding generations indefinitely.—*Overland Monthly.*

No Secrets.—The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest. In girlhood hide nothing from your mother; a little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat; and much as is said about women who tell too much, they are much better off than those who tell too little. A man may be reticent and lie under no suspicion; not so a woman. The girl who frankly says to her mother, "I have been there; I met so and so; such and such remarks were made, or this or that was done," will be sure of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right no fault will be found. If the mother knows, out of her great experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition. It is only when mothers discover that the girls are hiding things from them that they rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right—just what is wrong, yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will never do anything wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

Beautiful Women.—It is at the feet of women we lay the laurels that, without her smile, would never have been won; it is her image that tunes the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquence, that guides the brain in the august toils of stately councils. Whatever may be the lot of man—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only love and be loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence, for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty and can lighten the fetters of the slave. Beautiful women may be admired, but who can refrain from loving the impersonation of grace and virtue we every day encounter in the charmed circles of domestic life?—*Disraeli.*

Nor after fruit forbidden should we yearn,
For all we have is all we truly earn.—*Whitney.*

A garbled quotation may be the most effectual perversion of an author's meaning; and a partial representation of an incident in a man's life may be the most malignant of all calumnies.—*McCosh.*

## PETER COOPER.

Peter Cooper was born on the 12th of February, 1791. His father was a poor man, with a large family dependent upon him, which he endeavored to support by conducting a hat-store. As soon as he was old enough, Peter was set to work in the business with the other children. His first work was pulling hair and cutting fur. The advantages of school were almost entirely denied him, for in all his life he only went every other day for a single year. The father was fond of country life, and finally sold the hat business to his eldest son, and removed to Peekskill, where he opened a country store and built a little church. Later than this he began the brewing of ale, and Peter was employed

in delivering the kegs of ale to the places in town and country where it was sold. The father then removed to Catskill, where he went into the hat trade again, and besides this manufactured bricks. The hat-store was afterward removed to Brooklyn; and not long after this the family went to Newburgh, where Mr. Cooper opened another brewery. Here Peter remained until seventeen years of age, when he came to New York, and, after much seeking, obtained a place as an apprentice in a carriage-shop. There he worked until he had reached his majority, and then, as a journeyman, until the opening of the war of 1812, when he went to Hempstead, L. I., and obtained employment in a woolen factory. There he invented a machine for shearing cloth, which obtained such favor that he turned his attention to the building of such machines, and carried on their manufacture successfully to the close of the war, when foreign competition in cloths discouraged him from its continuance. He then commenced the manufacture of cabinet-ware, which he subsequently quitted and opened a grocery. The selling of sugar, starch and soap however, by retail, appeared to be out of his line, for he did not prosper in it, and deemed it expedient to return to manufacturing. A lucky opportunity occurred to him to engage in the manufacture of glue and isinglass. He at once availed himself of it, and in a year or so found himself on the high-road to fortune. He continued this business in the same place for twenty-five years; and when he finally made an alteration, it was only to build a larger factory on cheaper ground, and to remain a glue manufacturer until he died.

He was but a young man when, about ten years later, he became interested in the development of the American iron industry. In 1830 he associated with others in the management of iron-works near Baltimore. Disposing of his interest in these, he started a rolling and wire mill in New York City, where he made the first attempt in the application of anthracite coal to the reduction of iron. This mill was removed to Trenton, N. J., in 1845, where it is still in operation on an extensive scale. It is an interesting fact in his career that the first locomotive in general use on this continent was built by Mr. Cooper at Baltimore, after his own designs, and was worked on the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. The first trip of this locomotive was made under the hands of Mr. Cooper himself as the engineer.

He had for many years been prominently identified with most of the important public undertakings having reference to the development of science and social improvement. In the electric telegraph, for instance, he was warmly interested from its earliest conception, and invested his money liberally for its establishment.

But his name is especially famous through his public spirit and practical charity. Few men have, during their lifetime, expended so much of their money in the cause of public and social elevation, and a grander monument to the earnest zeal of a single man in the education of youth in practical industrial lines, and in the promotion of scientific investigation generally, does not exist than that which the Cooper Institute in New York represents.

When Mr. Cooper was working at the bench of the carriage shop, he earned a little money now and then at wood-carving; with this money he bought books to read and study, and paid for the services of a teacher in the evening. This period of his life taught him the value of evening schools, and it is said he then determined to devote his years to the accumulation of wealth that he might found an institution where working boys and girls could have free instruction. It was more than forty years before that plan took definite form in an act of the State Legislature "to enable Peter Cooper to found a scientific institution in the city of New York," but the purpose, once formed, he never departed from.

In 1858 the foundation stone of the Cooper Union was laid. A scroll buried with it has this inscription: "The great

object that I desire to accomplish by the erection of this Institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of Nature that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

The cost of this building, with its recent enlargement, and the endowments made from time to time to meet the growth of the seven departments of instruction, extends into millions, but its beneficent effects upon the thousands of young men and women who have attended its classes are utterly beyond computation. Upward of three thousand students attend in the course of a single session, and the instruction and lectures are given gratuitously.

Mr. Cooper had few aspirations of a political nature, although from time to time he accepted official positions in the interest of public improvement. In 1876 he was nominated for President of the United States by the Greenback party, on the basis, apparently of his opinion, which he had made known by an occasional pamphlet, that the government should make the currency a legal tender for all debts and government dues, fix its value by the interest paid on it when converted into bonds, prevent over-issues by strict and just regulations as to the issue of bonds or currency, and let the people themselves always regulate the relative amount of each by an inter-convertible bond. During his later years, he now and then addressed the public from the platform and through "Open Letters" or a pamphlet, in which he discussed, with sincerity, vigor and and much practical judgment, the financial and social questions of the day. He did not echo the views of the majority in these publications. The laboring man always found him a friend. He aided labor organizations, and frequently in his speeches, and in other ways, took up what he believed to be their cause.

Few persons who have been accustomed to attend public gatherings in New York, for the discussion of matters of national or community importance have not seen Mr. Cooper on the platform. His appearance was very striking: a tall man, erect and lithe in movement in spite of his age, with strong features, yet less furrowed than those of many men twenty years younger. His forehead was broad and high, and the lines of the sides of his face tapered from his temples to his chin. A pair of oldfashioned spectacles with green side-shades usually covered his eyes, and his hair, long and silvery, hung down to his shoulders, while a long fringe of white beard surrounded the lower portion of his face.

Instead of abating, his interest in the Institute grew with his years, and though he was willing to put aside the claims of his business, he grew more and more engrossed in his system of industrial education. He used to visit the Institute every day, unless the weather was violently stormy, and nearly every one of the attacks of sickness that came upon him of late years was traceable directly to exposure to cold during these visits, or other out-of-door excursions to which his active mind prompted him. It was his custom of recent years to breakfast in his own room. He was not a late sleeper, and was ready to enter his carriage and ride to the Cooper Union, always before noon, and usually by ten o'clock. By that time, moreover, he had informed himself of the news and discussions of the day by having the newspapers read to him. After spending about two hours in the building, dividing his time between the office and the various departments, he would drive down-town to his old place of business No. 19 Burling Slip, or to one or the other of the corporations in which he was interested. Usually by 3 o'clock he was back in his home, where he took luncheon, and rested in his easy-chair till dinner-time. He received many callers, being accessible to every one at almost all hours. In his diet, as in all other personal habits, he was exceedingly simple; milk having formed his chief nutriment for the last ten years.

In his address at the funeral of Mr.

Cooper, who died on the 4th of April, 1883, the Rev. Robert Collyer said, what is strangely true, that the founder of the Cooper Institute "stands alone, so far as I know, among the men who would do some great work for the help and blessing of the whole nation, and have lived to see that work perfected in their own life and time."

## CUTTING HAIR.

WHETHER the hair should be cut I could never quite satisfy myself. As a physiological practice, I seriously doubt the propriety. Every cutting is a wounding, and there is some sort of bleeding in consequence, and waste of vital force. I think that it will be found that long-lived persons most frequently wear their hair long. The cutting of hair stimulates to a new growth, to supply the waste. Thus the energy required to maintain the vigor of the body is drawn off to make good the wanton destruction. It is said, I know, that after the hair has grown to a certain length it loses its vitality at the extremity and splits or "booms up;" whether this would be so if the hair should never be cut, I would like to know. When it is cut a fluid exudes, and forms a scar or cicatrix at each wounded extremity, indicating that there has been injury. Women and priests have generally worn long hair. I never could imagine why this distinction was made. The ancient priest was very often unsexed or devoted to a vow of celibacy, but I can not surmise whether that had anything to do with it. Kings wore their hair long in imitation of Samson and the golden sun-god Mithias. I suspect from this that the first men shorn were slaves and laborers; that freedmen wore their hair unmutilated, as the crown of perfect manhood and manliness. If this be correct the new era of freedom, when it ever shall dawn, will be characterized by men unshorn as well as women unperverted.

I wish that our science and civilization had better devices for preserving the integrity of the hair. Baldness is a deformity, and premature whiteness a defect. If the head was in health, and the body in proper vigor, I am confident that this would not be. I am apprehensive that our dietetic habits occasion the bleaching of the hair; the stiff, arsenic-prepared hat is responsible for much of the baldness. Our hats are unhealthy, from the tricks of the hatters. I suppose however, there are other causes. Heredity has its influence. Certain diseases wither at its roots; others lower the vitality of the skin, and so depilate the body. I acknowledge that the shingled head disgusts me. It can not be wholesome. The most sensitive part of the head is at the back where the neck joins. That place exposed to unusual heat or cold is liable to receive an injury that will be permanent, if not fatal, in a short time. The whole head wants protection; and the hair affords this as no other protection can. Men have beards because they need them, and it is wicked to cut them off. No growth or part of the body is superfluous, and we ought, as candidates of health and long life, to preserve ourselves from violence or mutilation. Integrity is the true manly standard.

From the lowest depth, there is a path to the loftiest height.—*Carlyle.*

## A POEM

ON THE LATTER-DAY DISPENSATION, SHOWING, WHEN JEHOVAH SPEAKS, "WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE."

When Zion's long appointed time, foretold in sacred pages,
Had come, by faith and promise, as looked for through the ages,
Then came the Eternal Father, in plenitude of power,
And revealed Himself in person, in this the eleventh hour.

His royal Son was present on that eventful day,
And pointing, said, "Behold my Son, hear Him and Him obey."
Thus spake the great Jehovah, as man would speak to man,
And thus the Church of Jesus Christ in latter-days began.

Not only these great Potentates of everlasting fame,
But Moses and Elijah and other Prophets came.
Thus blending frail humanity, with all the name implies,
With Rulers of the Universe, and Legates of the skies.

Three witnesses were chosen, and unto them was given
To see the great Moroni, a messenger from heaven,
Who showed them the engravings, and plates of golden hue,
And bade them handle, and to bear a record, strange, but true.

As they were so directed, they saw, and felt, and knew,
The records and the messenger were genuine and true.
Nor did they ever waver midst all the scenes of strife,
But testified persistently throughout their checkered life.

The honored Seer was but a boy—had seen but fourteen years—
To whom the future was portrayed through both the hemispheres;
'Twas shown that 'mongst the nations he would form a brotherhood,
His name be known in every land for evil and for good.

They told him not to fraternize with any sect or creed,
That all were vague and spurious, and led by selfish greed;
They had neither Faith nor Priesthood, nor Gospel that could save
Themselves and those that slumber in dark and silent grave.

They gave the tyro keys and powers to formulate the scheme
Devised to found a Kingdom and every soul redeem;
E'en every son of Adam who would subjugate his will,
In this or in the spirit world, and righteous laws fulfil.

The record he translated by gift, and power, and grace
Of God, th' Eternal Father of all the human race.
And those who will may read and learn the history sublime
Of nations on this continent, down from remotest time.

He organized the Church of Christ as 'twas in days of yore,
Its officers and rites complete, no fewer, and no more;
Its faith and gifts and miracles were thus restored again,
And with the Church of latter days forever will remain.

He taught mankind to worship the true and living God,
Who in the form of perfect man the earth again has trod.
He taught the only Gospel the Gods have ever given,
To elevate the sons of men from earth to reign in heaven.

Among our great reformers he stands without a peer,
Combining all the qualities of Prophet, Priest and Seer;
And in the role of statesman prescribed a plan to save
Thousands who now lie mouldering in fratricidal grave.

He urged upon philanthropists, by sale of lands to raise
Wherewith to buy the negroes, and let them end their days
With slavish bonds unshackled, and thus avert the day
When the gory field of battle would be the only way.

In eighteen hundred thirty-two he told the name of State
In which the dread rebellion would surely culminate;
That in the bloody conflict the slaves would marshalled be
Against their masters, and 'twould end in death and misery.

The counsel was unheeded, as now is known, too well,
For in the great rebellion legions of warriors fell,
And untold lives and treasure was e'en the costly price
Of failure in observing the Prophet's sound advice.

He taught sincere repentance, that men should all obey
The everlasting Gospel, restored in God's own way.
He guaranteed the sacred gifts that man could not bestow,
E'en gifts that from the Source of Truth in heaven can only flow.

Refusal by Jehovah to verify the bond,
A failure to bestow the gifts on those who did respond,
Would have solved the "Mormon problem," and ended all its strife,
When no one would have wished to take the great Apostle's life.

But every word and prophecy were backed with vital power,
His work has been triumphant in every trying hour;
With this eternal Priesthood there's no such thing as fail,
For, guided by Omnipotence, they must and will prevail.

They grapple with emergencies and breast the surging wave,
And some o'er death have triumphed, and rest in silent grave;
They're uncompromising heroes, 'mid scenes of Gentile strife,
And fight for truth and liberty in jeopardy of life.

No greater revolution on earth was e'er begun;
More splendid victories for truth the Prophets never won.
They've gathered ransomed legions from far and distant lands,
Dispelled the fogs of ages, and broke the tyrant bands.

And this is but commencement, a beginning of the plan,
Projected in eternity before the world began,
To found a righteous Kingdom, whose power will never end,
Where every man will meet in peace a brother and a friend.

The ultimatum of the Saints will be supremely great,
And Utah, now oppressed, will be the great Millennial State.
'Tis futile for despotic fiends to play their venal game,
For Zion will eclipse her foes, and put them all to shame.

No grasping tyrant then will seek his fellow to oppress,
Nor dare to subjugate the weak, and place him in duress;
The Saints must have their heritage, and hinder it, who can?
Since Heaven has vested power on earth to execute the plan.

'Tis folly and presumption for mortals to contend
Against the Priest or Prophet the Lord may choose to send;
No matter if the chosen one should be the merest youth,
He's bound to win the battle when vested with the truth.

'Twere better men had ne'er been born, than human tyrants be;
And better with a millstone be cast into the sea,
Than harm the Lord's Anointed, or least of all His Saints,
For retribution follows a righteous man's complaints.

The tempest and tornado, and e'en the dread cyclone,
Are ministers to execute fiats from the Unknown.
And lightnings, plagues and pestilence are also held in store,
To waste besotted nations till the wicked rule no more.

Then rally all ye noblemen from every sect and creed,
And help us fight the battles 'gainst tyranny and greed,
Nor rest upon our armor till human rights shall be
O'er all the earth extended, and every soul be free.

*James H. Hart.*

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SALT LAKE CITY, - JULY, 1883.


## AN EFFECT OF DISFRANCHISEMENT.

THE effect of the disfranchisement of the founders and old settlers of Utah, should be to bring forward their sons and daughters, filled with an intense and determined zeal to control the political affairs of the Territory. The erasures of names from the poll lists have been entirely in the interests of the clamorous minority, who have thus far succeeded in getting government help to place them in power. The object of the agitation leading to the passage of the Edmunds law was purely political. The men principally engaged in securing this law are notorious political tricksters, whose assumption of outraged moral sensibilities, to those who know them, is the most absurd pretext. They could stand Mormon immorality, if it were what they represent it to be, for a thousand years, if they were only in office. And, indeed, if it *were* what they say it is, their refined souls would be much less exercised than at present in their vain endeavors to make it so. This class of men who take time to stir up and keep boiling the agitation against the Mormons, is the class that expects to make a living in the public service. Office is their watchword, and the public treasury the goal of their sincerest desire. They have come to Utah to make money easily, and to get a living by the sweat of other men's brows. They own no property, pay no taxes, have no political following, and but for the support of a prejudiced and thoughtless public, excited by the misrepresentations of hireling priests, their names would never be known beyond their own little circle. They are the very worst men in the world to entrust with office. In their own homes, where they are known, they would pine forever, before being elected. Many of the so-called "Liberals" who vote for them here, have no confidence in them whatever, and cast their ballots in their favor, purely on the principle of "anything to beat the Mormons." These men in possession of the offices and places of trust in the Territory would mean, oppression, waste, increased taxes, bribery, malfeasance and the whole catalogue of political corruption, which abounds in the world, but from which Utah is almost free.

The men who came here in early days, and whose labors and struggles, almost unparalleled in the world's history, have made the desert and waste places a garden and home for tens of thousands, were men who have been honest and faithful in administering public affairs; they have kept taxation low, have preserved the credit of the Territory, and have been just to the people. They are the largest property owners, and have more substantial interests in the Territory than any other citizens. They are the best informed, have the largest experience, and in all respects are best qualified, as a rule, to hold office and wield political affairs of any men in Utah, and they are, to a great extent, the men who are deprived of political rights by the law of Congress. That such should be true is a sad comment upon the spirit of the times that obtains in place of the heaven inspired sense of freedom and democratic principle which actuated the founders of our nation.

The same influence that declared the colonies, "free and independent States," would, if it were the prevailing one today, abolish the Territorial system in all the domain of this great country. There are no American statesmen who will attempt to account for the continued existence of such a government as we have in Utah Territory, on republican princi-

ples. It is unrepublican enough to require a people to respect appointees in the judicial, say nothing of the executive department, and when it comes to subjecting the legislative to the manipulation of an appointed examining board, and the absolute veto of an appointed governor, an outrage is committed upon the system of government our fathers founded, and God and reason proclaim to be the best in the world. The Territories, however, have never had very much of that kind of government provided for in the Constitution, and as the people of Utah are notorious for their long-suffering and patience, their enemies are trying to strike from before their gaze the one beacon of hope with which the Territories are usually comforted—admission into the Union.

The hope of the minority is to get control, by reducing the great majority here and getting the remainder counted out. They have succeeded, temporarily, in the process of reduction, by the disfranchisement, but it will take wilder counting than Governor Murray is renowned for, to complete their triumph. That the slightest flaw or appearance of irregularity will be taken advantage of to effect their purpose, the experience of the past teaches us, and in doing so should warn the guardians of the people's interests to be on the alert, vigilant and active.

That the polygamists of Utah are barred from voting and holding office does not argue that their rights to those privileges are diminished; the fact is, their rights have been most villainously outraged, and the highest duty of the members of the People's party who are not yet ruled out, is to maintain this position in every place they may be called to occupy.

It is doubtless wise to wage the contest on constitutional rights and principles, which are in question, in the courts of law, and in the meantime to comply with the rulings and submit—our protest being entered—to the indignities it is made the duty of the Commissioners to heap upon us, though they might, with becoming grace, administer the functions of their office as prescribed by law, without going out of their province to make law.

Thus, waiving the main question—the disfranchisement, which our people are too loyal to republican principles ever to submit to, except temporarily—the duty of preserving what is left of freedom devolves upon those who are eligible under the Commissioners' rulings to vote and hold office.

This condition of affairs of necessity brings to the front many inexperienced and untried men. It cannot fail to produce a greater or less feeling of insecurity, though we believe among the younger adult population of Utah there is an element as true and trustworthy as ever lived in any community. The first generation of Utah men—men born in Utah—have imbibed from their patriotic fathers the spirit of liberty and love of justice which, intensified by the early history of the Territory and the outrageous legal proceedings of carpet-baggers in later years, qualifies them with the first requisite for statesmen—undefiled patriotism. The preservation of our homes, which have been wrested from the sterile and forbidding desert, by the hand of industry and patience, is, next to personal freedom, the first duty of freemen. It is one that the young people of Utah will perform without wavering. It has often been said, in years gone by, of the rough boys of these mountains, that they may not live their religion but that they would die for it. That is, they may not always take the interest in mental improvement and social progress and spiritual culture that is desired but if anybody attempts to rob them of liberty or material possessions, or to abuse the men they respect, beyond endurance, he would better look out. Now the long period of peace we have enjoyed and the uniform prosperity that has been vouchsafed to us, have afforded educational opportunities that have been taken advantage of, and the organization of Improvement Associations in this connection has exerted a powerful influence in developing their intellectual and spiritual faculties, thus preparing many for useful careers in the

public service, with needful mental attainments and with no diminution of their bold, physical hardihood, which of itself is an element of power.

We anticipate seeing in the legislative halls and in the county and Territorial offices of the Territory young men, who will win for themselves the admiration and support of the people generally and who will do honor to the Territory as its representatives in local and general assemblies, where their voices and votes will be found declaring for free government, domestic peace and the right of every man to enjoy the highest possible degree of liberty.

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

One day toward the close of the last century a young English lad, named John Franklin, spent a holiday with a companion in a walk of twelve miles from their school at Louth, to look at the sea from the level shores of his native county. It was the first time that the boy had ever gazed on the wonderful expanse, and his heart was strangely stirred. The youngest of four sons, he had been intended for the ministry of the Church of England, but that day's walk fixed his purposes in another direction, and though he knew it not, he was to serve God and man even more nobly by heroic deeds than he could have done by the wisest and most persuasive words.

Mr. Franklin was a wise man, and when he found his son bent on a sailor's life, determined to give him a taste of it, in hope that this would be enough. John was therefore taken from school at the age of thirteen, and sent in a merchantman to Lisbon. The Bay of Biscay, however, did not cure his enthusiasm; and so we next find John Franklin as a midshipman on board the *Polyphemus*, seventy-four guns. These were stirring times. In 1801, young Franklin's ship led the line in the battle of Copenhagen, and in 1805, having been transferred to the *Bellerophon*, he held charge of the signals at the battle of Trafalgar, bravely standing at his post and coolly attending to his work while the dead and dying fell around him.

Between these two dates Franklin had accompanied an exploring voyage to Australia on board the *Investigator*, gaining in that expedition not only a great store of facts to be treasured up for use in his eager and retentive mind, but those habits of observation which were to be of the greatest service to him in after years. On his return home in another vessel—the *Porpoise*—Franklin and his companions were wrecked upon a coral reef, where ninety-four persons remained for seven weeks on a narrow sandbank less than a quarter of a mile in length, and only four feet above the surface of the water.

It was in 1818 that the young lieutenant first set sail for the Polar Sea, as second commander of the *Trent*, under Captain Buchan. The aim was to cross between Spitzbergen and Greenland; but the companion vessel, the *Dorothea*, being greatly injured by the ice, the two had to return to England, after reaching the eightieth degree of latitude.

A year later Lieutenants Franklin and Parry were placed at the head of expeditions, the latter to carry on the exploration through Baffin's Bay, and to find an outlet, if possible, by Lancaster Sound. This was splendidly done, and the Northwest Passage practically discovered. The task of Franklin was more arduous. He had to traverse the vast solitary wastes of Northeastern America, with their rivers and lakes, to descend to the mouth of the Coppermine River and to survey the coast eastward. The toil and hardship of this wonderful expedition, and the brave endurance of Franklin and his friend Richardson, and their trusty helpers, have often been related. They had to contend with famine and illness, with the ignorance and treachery of the Indians, who murdered

three of the party. The land journey altogether extended over five thousand five hundred miles, occupying a year and six months. In less than two years after their return to England, Franklin, Richardson and Back volunteered for another expedition to the same region.

In 1825 the second expedition started, Franklin mournfully leaving the death-bed of his wife, to whom he had been married after his last return to England. This brave lady not only let him go, though she knew she was dying, but begged him not to delay one day for her! At New York Franklin heard of her death, but manfully concealed his grief, and pressed on to the northern wastes. As before, his object was to survey the northern shore, only this time by the Mackenzie river, instead of the Coppermine. This expedition, too, was full of stirring adventure among the Esquimaux, though without the terrible hardships and calamities of the former journey. It was also crowned with great success, leaving in the end only one hundred and fifty miles of the coast from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Straits unsurveyed. These, too, were explored in later years by Franklin's successors, and the great discovery of the Northwest Passage completed. Franklin was now made commander; in 1829 was knighted and covered with honors by the University of Oxford and the great learned societies in England and France. He had married his second wife in 1828—the Lady Franklin of the later story. In 1832 Sir John Franklin was given the command of the *Rainbow*, on the Mediterranean station; and so wise and gracious was his rule, that the sailors nicknamed the sloop "The Celestial *Rainbow*" and "Franklin's Paradise." But we have no space to speak of this now, nor of Franklin's wise and gracious government of Van Dieman's Land, now better known as Tasmania, that succeeded. Lady Franklin was here his wise and devoted helper in every scheme of usefulness and benevolence.

Returning to England, he was appointed, in 1845, to the command of an expedition for the further discovery of the Northwest Passage. The ships *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed from England on the 26th of May, and were seen by the crew of the *Prince of Wales*, a whaler, on the 26th of July, in Melville Bay, for the last time. Toward the close of 1847, serious anxiety was aroused respecting the fate of these brave explorers. The brave-hearted, devoted wife of the commander expended her whole fortune on these endeavors to ascertain what had become of her husband. It is interesting to note that the people of Tasmania, Franklin's colony, subscribed the sum of £1,700 toward the expenses of the search. In the year 1850, it was discovered that the first Winter of the explorers to the following April, or later (1846), had been spent at Beechey Island, beyond Lancaster Sound, and that it had been an active holiday time.

In 1854, an exploring party, under Dr. Rae, were told by the Esquimaux that several white men, in number about forty, had been seen dragging a boat over the ice near the north shore of King William's Land, and that bodies and skeletons were afterward found on the mainland opposite, by the banks of the Great Fish River. Many relics of this party were procured by Dr. Rae from the natives, and being brought to England were identified as belonging to the Franklin explorers. On this Dr. Rae received the Government reward of £10,000.

In 1859 Lady Franklin bought and fitted the yacht *Fox*, which she placed under the command of Captain Leopold McClintock. The expedition set sail from Aberdeen, and on reaching King William's Land, divided into three sledging parties, under Lieutenant Hobson, Captain Young and McClintock himself. In Boothia several relics were discovered, such as would be dropped or left behind by men too weak to carry the usual belongings of a boat or sledge. At Point Victory a cairn, or heap of stones, was discovered by Lieutenant Hudson, with a paper, inclosed in a tin case, which too clearly told its sad story. After a memorandum of progress up to May 28th, 1847, "All well," it was added

on the same paper: "April 25th, 1848. H. M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted 22d April, five leagues N. W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of one hundred and five souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in latitude 69 degrees, 37 minutes, 42 seconds N., longitude 98 degrees 41 minutes W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847; and the total loss of deaths in the expedition has been to this date nine officers and fifteen men. Signed, F. R. M. Crozier, Captain and Senior Officer, James Fitzjames, Captain H. M. S. *Erebus*. And start on to-morrow, 26th April, 1848, for Back's Fish River." From this point two boats, with heavily-laden sledges, seem to have been dragged forward while strength lasted. One boat was left on the shore of King William's Land, and was found by Captain McClintock with two skeletons; also boats' stores of various kinds, five watches, two double-barreled guns, loaded, a few religious books, a copy of the "Vicar of Wakefield," twenty-six silver spoons and forks, and many other articles. Esquimaux related that the men dragging the boat "dropped as they walked." The other boat was crushed in the ice. No trace but a floating spar or two, and drift-wood embedded in the ice was ever found of the *Erebus* or *Terror*.

Truly the "Franklin relics," brought from amid the regions of snow and ice, are a possession of which those know the value who know how great a thing it is to walk on in the path of duty, with brave defiance of peril, and above all, a steadfast dependence upon God.—*Selected*.

## GEORGE A. SMITH.

### VIII.

### DEATH AND CHARACTER.

DURING the absence of President Smith on his Palestine tour, he was appointed and sustained as Trustee-in-Trust for the Church, which office he held until his death. On his return from that tour he gave considerable attention to the building of the Temple at St. George, where he spent a great deal of time. He was a zealous advocate and laborer in the establishment of the United Order among the people. The discourses he delivered, in many of the towns of Utah, upon that subject were pre-eminently characteristic of him as a political and domestic economist. He believed in the principle of communities producing, as far as possible, whatever they had to consume, and taught this lesson in his preaching, and practice of preferring home productions in purchasing. In the Spring of 1875, about the time of his return from St. George, Brother George A. was attacked with a severe cold, which, locating in his lungs, inflamed and irritated them in such a way as to prevent their use in public speaking. This affliction was supplemented with a very peculiar affection preventing sleep, except in an upright posture, and then but at short intervals. He suffered intensely from this combination of diseases for several months, resisting the power of the Destroyer with all the fortitude of a strong will and a desire to live, aided by the most sublime faith. He had the support of the prayers of all the people, among whom he was ever a great favorite; but they did not prevail over the decree of Him who doeth all things well. "Brother George A's time had come," was the expression of all his friends, and on Wednesday morning, September 1st, 1875, they bowed to the eternal fiat. He had been restless during the previous night, rising often and walking about, and in the morning was dressed and walked from his bed room into the adjoining sitting room, where he was telling Dr. S. B. Young how he felt. His wife was sitting near him. He had been, apparently, as near death many times during his illness

as on this occasion. The change came suddenly; there were no contortions or struggles, two long drawn breaths and a straightening up of his body were the only signs that gave his family notice of his departure; his head fell in the arms of his wife; life had fled.

All Israel mourned the loss of their counselor and friend. He was spoken of as a pillar in the Temple of God on earth, a comparison which President Young corrected on the principle that no man could occupy such a position, as the work of God cannot be dependent upon the power of men, but in making the correction he did not in the least degree detract from the force of its intent in describing the great man of Zion, who had fallen to the grave. On the contrary, none paid the memory of Brother George A. so comprehensive and affectionate a tribute as the President, who remarked on the morning of his death:

"I have known Brother George A. Smith for forty-two years, have traveled and labored in the ministry with him for many years, and have believed him to be as faithful a boy and man as ever lived, and in my opinion he had as good a record on this and the other side of the vail as any man. I never knew of his neglecting or overdoing a duty; he was a man of sterling integrity, a cabinet of history, and always true to his friends."

The habit of "living within his means" was a conspicuous one in the life of Brother Smith. He was careful not to incur debt, and while this prevented his undertaking extensive business enterprises, it at the same time relieved him of much care and anxiety and allowed him to attend to those other occupations more congenial to his disposition. He taught the principles of domestic economy, by which he was governed, to the people, who will ever remember, as a characteristic of his short emphatic discourses, the plain, sound, practical sense displayed. In the disposition of the people to extravagance in living and ostentation at funerals, Brother George A. found occasion to use some very powerful arguments in favor of retrenchment. In this connection, the following extract from his writings will serve to illustrate the views he entertained:

"While executing my will of date October 14, 1872, I inserted the following clause: I wish to be buried in a coffin much larger than my natural size. The expenses of an unostentatious funeral to be paid out of my undivided estate; the slab which designates my resting place shall not cost over one hundred dollars. A coffin made of red pine or other mountain wood, plain, but well made, large enough to give ample room for the body to swell, with no unnecessary ornaments about it, and three half-inch holes bored in the bottom will be sufficient.

"At the funeral, I should like to have either the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, or the Vision in the book of Covenants, or an appropriate extract from the Book of Mormon read. A few remarks by the Bishop of the Ward, or some of the Elders, exhorting the audience to faith and good works, such as would be calculated to impress my children and friends with the importance of keeping the commandments of God, and such as would extend comfort and consolation to the minds of the living, would be in accordance with my wishes. Let those who attend the funeral do so in clean attire, such as they would wear to meeting on other occasions."

Many disinterested acts of kindness marked the association of President Smith with all his friends. Without ostentation he was ever bestowing to the right and left, what to those who received from his generous hand, appeared the most opportune and grateful of gifts. He had a way of doing good and of accomplishing, without much ado, the aims he had in view that often created surprises for those who were not the most intimate observers. His natural talents qualified him in an eminent degree for the labors of a legislator or lawyer, in both of which capacities he distinguished himself; notably as a lawyer in one respect: he practiced law purely to magnify the majesty of government and to defend the innocent. In the celebrated Egan case, in which he

ably defended the accused, who was tried for killing his wife's seducer, he made as strong an argument and announced as pure principles of liberty in opposition to license as have ever been heard in a court room. He was successful in his practice and never took fees of any description for the aid he rendered his brethren at the courts of law. A characteristic feature of his public speaking was the brevity and directness of all his utterances; he was full of sparkling anecdote with which his discourses were ever illustrated and made delightful to his auditors.

In the forty odd years of Brother George A's ministry, he was at all times exemplary, true and just. He never became weary in promulgating the eternal truths of Heaven, a special witness of which he was in deed as well as in his Apostolic calling. We remember him as among the noblest and best of men, the kindest and most patient of friends, the humblest and most devoted of the Lord's servants, and one whom to meet and associate with in the world beyond will be to realize one of the sweetest delights of heaven.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE PRECEPTOR. The well-known interest of the author of this little work—Elder John Nicholson—in the religious cultivation of the young men of Israel, has long justified the hope that he would some time present them and the public with a tangible proof of his ingenious talent and ability as an instructor, which those who know him well have long recognized and admired.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of *The Preceptor* in this light. It is a comprehensive method of presenting the principles of the Gospel to the inquirer, and especially serviceable in qualifying young men to meet the usual objections to the Principles, and in supplying them with the most appropriate and unanswerable arguments the Scriptures afford in their favor.

Without attempting a review of this work, we commend it to the attention of the Young Men's Associations, and suggest that it be purchased by them in quantities to supply each member with a copy. It should then be adopted as a text book, and lessons from it incorporated in the programme as one of the regular exercises. The *Preceptor* employed in this way will be discovered to be one of the most useful publications yet issued in the interests of the young people of Zion. The price is twenty-five cents per copy. For sale at Deseret News office and by all booksellers.

EXTEMPORE SPEECH. A new work by Rev. Wm. Pettenger, of two hundred and sixty pages, divided into three parts to which the first is devoted to "Preliminary Considerations;" the second, "Preparation of the Speaker," and the third, "Plan and Delivery of the Speech." The chapters under these heads are very comprehensive and tend to relieve the anxiety of the reader whose fears prevent him taking an active part in public speaking. Any one who will carefully study the matter of this volume will learn, if he has it in him, to make a speaker, and receive many most valuable suggestions, in attaining proficiency in the art, not merely of oratory but more especially of arranging his thoughts in such order as to have them ready at the tongue's end whenever wanted. We consider this book a very useful one for the young men of Utah to read. For sale by Jos. Hyrum Parry. Price $1.50.

THE MORMON METROPOLIS. An illustrated guide to Salt Lake City, issued by Joseph H. Parry, fills a place that has long been vacant. It is a very neat pamphlet of about fifty pages, well written, strictly authentic, and is the best index to points of interest, historical incidents and general information for tourists that has yet appeared. It is an excellent publication to send abroad to friends who have never visited the city. For sale by all booksellers. Price twenty-five cents.

ERRATUM: In the June No., page 328, line forty-four, second column, the word "thousand" should read "million."

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1883. NO. 11.

## JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

V.

IN regard to the judges return and the object of their fiendish report to the government, the following explanation of the causes of their disappointments are given:

"It would be hard to persuade some of our people that these three persons were not in a plot together, to stir up troubles, and bring us to meet such another brunt in Utah, as in Illinois ended in our being driven from our garden homes there. But I take a more simple view of the case. What men who are not conscience driven, go out to new countries for, I take it, is to seek their fortunes, more or less like the younger sons in the Story books. Sam. Brannan, formerly of our Church, goes out to San Francisco to make his pile of a million; or Jacky Badboy leaves his poor folks in Vermont, to be returned the Honorable John Longlegs of Sicklynoy. Money or Political Honors, one or other, men expect to get; or else they stay at home. Now, Utah is no place for ease in either of these pursuits. In the first place, though we have no gold mines among us, they are near enough to give us California prices for what we consume. In California, the State Judges complain at getting, in the District Court, only six thousand five hundred dollars, and in the Supreme Court, ten thousand dollars a year; the United States give our Judges and Secretary but one thousand eight hundred dollars a year. No fortunes to be saved out of these; with flour often as high as twelve dollars a barrel; six cent sugar at thirty-seven and a half to forty-five cents; and ten cent coffee at forty to fifty cents; in other words, with freight charges alone from the place of first import of fourteen cents a pound on everything, from a bar of soap to a bar of iron. And as for politics, it is still worse. We burnt our fingers once with hot politics. We hate politics—hate them, and thank our fortune most that we have so little call to meddle in them. We have only one delegate to elect, and to that one delegate give but one precept: that he is to leave party questions alone. Yet our views of our own interests and the merits of our public servants are clear and decided enough. * * *

"Now it is enough everyway for my reasoning, to know that the run-away officers were disappointed and discontented with their prospects. So far would I be from accusing them of being men of the mould at all to contrive or carry out a conspiracy of moment, that I should rather say, that being the feeble natures that they were, and not controlled by ruling convictions of honor or duty, they were just the more likely to be influenced by transitory and inconsiderable causes. To their main disappointment, they were perhaps able to add each his little special cause of discontent. Brochy, as he avows, only came out to us to be sent back Delegate. Unhappy Brandy sucked the Julep of May and December; and boy Harris found his gray mare the better horse. It is all sober truth that I have printed of Brandy. We did our best, as I have stated, to bring him acquainted with the dames and ripe damsels that were of the place; but he was ashamed

to make himself much for wholesome or equal company, and liked too much to be alone to benefit himself or them. So what was heaven's judgment on the untimely gallant but to prick him to make up to the little girl I have mentioned? Had he only fancied some elderly lady like himself; after some mutual carriages of love, 'Brandy would have become the Latin for Goose,' the turtle doves would have soon got under pie crust, and flocks of little carrier pigeons would have flown forth to the United States, bearing no tidings but the praises of Utah and all big and little Mormons, under their happy wings. Harris, for his part, was affected the opposite. He had not been long married; and his wife, they said, who was weakly and kept him pretty close, was notiony besides; so thought she would have a particular call to go to her mother after the winter had set in to interrupt the travel. But I rather liked the looks of the little fellow, myself, and should be sorry if the Governor offended him. According to a story, he took the notion the Secretary was his Clerk, and accosted him soon after they met, producing a written paper, and saying, 'I want it copied from here to here,' (showing him) 'and be sure you have it done to bring it to me tomorrow morning early,' which I think is quite natural for a young man to be chafed at, who was holding office for the first time.

"Though thus, perhaps, quite early discontented, I think they were without original or settled definite purpose. Their endeavoring to cozen us out of more than the law gave them, I look upon as merely incidental. But they were afterward led, I apprehend, from step to step and circumstance to circumstance, as weak men generally are. This, of course, gave Brocchus, with his fixed purpose of going home, a great advantage over the two others. He virtually committed them, the moment he was able to keep them from disavowing his misconduct at the Conference. What little notions they may have had of self-respect or official duty being soon after sacrificed, he could have had small difficulty in persuading them finally to join his sort of moonlight flitting for the East. Once run off, of course they came home to public notoriety.

'Hodge speaks of the fair,
' By the profit he had there.'

"To justify himself, each made up his story, and each had to support one grown by telling. Their united fables, in conclave labored into concordance, and done into English by a Washington pen, form the report.

"'From being a beggar among kings, you shall be a king among beggars.' I know I am right in rating among the substantial disappointments of the officers, the non-fulfilment of this prophecy in their not finding themselves out to be the great men and Cæsars of the village they came out to rule. * * *

"I honestly believe the weakness of these vain fellows was such, that, by dint of turkey-gobblerish bloatings up over the notion of their magnificent titles and appointments, they expected on or before being sworn in, to undergo, as it were, a grand palingenetic change—thought in fact to wake up and see themselves the morning after, Brocchus an orator, Brandebury knowing something about law, and Harris a six footer of stately port and dignified demeanor. Bad enough to wake up from such a pleasant dream; but, how much worse to be shaken by the shoulders out of it by that dreadful Brigham Young, a quoter of such thoughts as: 'Why is dust and ashes proud?' 'An ass is an ass if you call him a lion,' 'Death only discovers how little the small bodies of men are,' etc., etc.; a man who casts off all kinds of titles as frippery only fit for understrappers, and insists, maybe, upon wearing the plain clothes at the very time he should be waited upon by the splendid liveries. What burdens in our Earthly Servant's Hall, are the born masters of men! Since the Governor received his appointment, they tell a story, that an English snob having to address a communication to him, superscribed it: 'To his Excellency, Brigham Young, Governor of Utah, Indian Agent for the Territory, and President of the Church of Jesus

Christ of Latter-day Saints.' 'I see,' says Brigham, 'you have given me my titles.' 'Yes,' says the writer, smoothing himself down satisfied, 'yes, Governor, I think they are all there.' 'No sir,' says the Governor, 'they are not, you have left out a most important one, the first I was ever honestly entitled to in my life, and which I have done nothing to be cashiered of since.' 'You mean the Generalship, Governor; beg pardon, allow me to add it, Sir,' says the snob. 'No, Squire Eglon,' says Brigham; (he called him this jocosely, because, like Eglon king of Moab, in the Scripture, he was 'a very fat man,') 'no matter now, Squire, but the next time you shall put it in by itself, without the others. It will read then right sprucely:

'For his Excellency, Brigham Young,
Painter and Glazier.'

"The excuse pays the highest possible tribute it can, in my judgment, when it attempts to authenticate its cock and bull stories, to account for the Governor's extraordinary sway and authority and influence. It is in history that a clever French woman, named Dancre, was executed for her sorcery in governing the Queen after her own desires. 'By what witchcraft,' said her enemies to her on her way to death, 'by what witchcraft have you obtained such an ascendency?' 'By that,' answered she, 'that a strong nature will always have over a weak one.' It is so with men; it is so with the wild horses on the Prairie where one Lord Stallion leads the line; and it is so with the Mormons. Young, Mr. Young, Mr. B. Young, Elder Young, President Young, or Governor Young, call him what you please, is the one appointed ruler and leader of our people. The President may call another man governor even, and it won't be different. It can't be helped. It is the old story of MacDonald, the Lord of the Isles. Coming in late to the Lord Mayor's dinner, and taking his place at the foot of the board, the Mayor sent him a message to come higher up, and repeated it, saying, 'Come, take a seat near me at the head of the table.' To which McDonald returned answer by the servant, 'Tell your master that where McDonald is, there *is* the head of the table.' 'Where the king is, there is the court,' runs the adage. Where Brigham Young is, there is the head of the table. And it will be as long as he lives. And it can't be helped."

The first and last thing required of genius is the love of truth.—*Goethe.*

Make a little fence of trust
Around to-day.
Till the space with loving works,
And therein stay.

## "STRAIGHT IS THE GATE."

"Know this, that every soul is free,
To choose his life and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven.
He'll call, persuade, direct aright,
Bless him with wisdom, love and light,
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind."

Our heavenly Father, in His economy and perfect plan of human redemption, having given to man free agency—the privilege to receive or reject His laws and ordinances, or to receive a part and reject the balance, I feel very grateful that I have never felt the disposition to wish it otherwise, believing, as I do, that "the glory of God is intelligence," and that man can not be saved in ignorance. When the Almighty planted the Garden of Eden and placed Adam and Eve therein, He enunciated the doctrine of human freedom and free agency in placing before them the good and evil. But they were forbidden to partake of the tree of the knowledge of this good and evil under a law, the breaking of which should bring death. But they were left free, after the law and its penalty were expounded, to do as they chose—abide by it and live, or break it

and die. Acting upon their free agency, the woman being allured and deceived by the false teachings of Satan, who, no doubt, understood the art of persuasive eloquence—the use of honeyed words, she chose the latter and broke the law. Adam partook likewise, because, as stated by himself, "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." We know in part, not all, the results that followed. Our father Adam had no notion of being separated from our mother Eve, which would have been the result had he not partaken also. For God, in justice, could not inflict death upon him by reason of Eve's violation of the law. We have nothing in Scripture that I am aware of to induce the belief that Adam was deceived. Indeed, we have no knowledge that the wily serpent even attempted to win Adam over to his perversion of the law, to his barefaced falsehood wherein he openly contradicted the decree of the Almighty. I bring no railing accusation against him for what he did. God commenced there the plan of human redemption pertaining to man's earthly tabernacle. Satan sought to defeat it and from that day to this the warfare has never ceased. He has bit the heel of the man, and man has bruised his head. Did he introduce truth when he preached the sermon that led Eve to break that law of God the penalty of which was death? Oh yes, for their eyes certainly were opened, and they saw their nakedness, which caused them to shrink and hide from their Maker. Why, we can have no reasonable doubt, by what we have seen of his works while among the human family, that he would have been willing to have poured a stream of truths as long as the moral law into the listening ear of mother Eve if, in doing so, he could succeed, as he did, in causing her to believe that one fatal *untruth* by which his object was accomplished. I need not ask whether the same tactics have been pursued right down to our day! Nobody understands better than Satan does that the breaker of one of God's laws becomes guilty of the whole. He cares not how religious the world may be just so the inhabitants, Pagan or Christian, will permit him to induce them to "transgress the laws, change the ordinances, and break the everlasting covenant," so that gross darkness covers the minds of the people, and wicked men defile the earth.

There are some hundreds of churches in the world, each claiming to be that of Christ, yet differing one from another materially in organization, in doctrine and in practice. It therefore becomes very important to have a correct standard by which to test all these in order to find which one is right if they are not all wrong. Accepting as an infallible standard the holy Gospel as taught by the Savior and his Apostles, the authority under which they acted, and the fruits which were produced: Jesus having declared "by their fruits ye shall know them," we should test all these. It is a worthy standard, and one by which we shall find it not at all difficult to detect and unmask error, separating the doctrines and creeds of men from those of the true Shepherd, whose sheep follow not the voice of strangers. Before proceeding further, let us test by this rule one of the popular doctrines of the age, just to show how easy it is to separate the false from the true.

I have heard of modern ministers who were professed followers of Jesus Christ, and believers in the Bible, comparing the Kingdom of God to a beautiful mansion built upon a hill in the midst of a vast plain, and having many roads leading thereto. Upon these many roads radiating from the common center, travel from different points the various religious Christian sects, numbering many hundreds, but all wending their way to the mansion on the hill, or Kingdom of God. The renowned Brooklyn divine, Mr. Beecher, compares the various denominations to cars running into the city of Philadelphia. But unfortunately for the believers in such sophistry, Philadelphia is not heaven, and "Christian" churches are not railway cars. But I shall never forget how beautiful, charitable and lovely this doctrine ap-

peared to me when I first heard it advanced. Here, I thought, was rest for the weary, perplexed, troubled mind of the honest, anxious seeker of truth, and the way of life. The charity in which it seemed to abound appeared to "cover a multitude of sins," soothe conflicting elements, allay the troubled waters of the religious world, and, at last, span the wide and bloody breach so long existing between the Roman mother church and her Protestant daughters.

But wait a moment. Jump not hastily to conclusions. Is this enchanting, captivating doctrine true, or is it but a snare in which to catch the unsuspecting to the destruction of their hopes of salvation and the ruin of their souls? Like the voice of God comes the scriptural injunction, "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." "To the law and the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." What law? That of the Gospel. What testimony? That of Jesus Christ, sealed and made sacred and binding by virtue of His own blood. Hear, ye "Christian" perverters of the way of life! Hear, ye false teachers whom "the people having itching eârs have heaped up unto themselves," the voice of the Shepherd! Listen to the mild but piercing and authoritative words of Him in whom there was found no guile, as they come vibrating over the man-made creeds and deceptive systems by which, for nearly eighteen hundred years, they have "transgressed the law, changed the ordinances and broken the everlasting covenant," and still declaring, "Straight is the gate (not gates) and narrow is the way (not the many *ways* leading to the mansion on the hill) which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

The perfect plan of redemption being, when obeyed, the power of God unto salvation ought to be regarded by every intelligent human being as "the pearl of great price." And which, being thus valuable, we may not be surprised to find that attempts have been made in a world of wickedness to counterfeit it, But if valuable, authorized coins are sometimes counterfeited: and if by the means of the issue and circulation of that which is spurious, innocent, unsuspecting persons are deceived and wronged, is that a sufficient reason to induce us to cease trying to acquire those that are genuine and in every way what they purport to be? Or can we consistently expect the author of the good to indemnify us for the loss sustained by reason of having received the bad? Under such circumstances do reasonable people continue to receive that which is spurious until they perish in their ignorance? Or, do they diligently and by every means seek to learn the metal, the marks, engraving, lettering, weight and, above all, the ring which distinguishes the true from the false. These temporal things men learn without much urging because their immediate and every day interests are at stake. But shall we, when placed before the judgment bar of the Almighty be able without shame to say that we with equal diligence, using the reasoning, discriminating faculties with which God has endowed us, sought with honest, prayerful hearts to avoid the snares of deception by which "cunning craftiness" has offered as a means of salvation, the miserable, lifeless counterfeit plans of man, which exhibit in their workings no im press of the Divine hand, being but a "form of godliness without the power." Shall we not then remember with sorrow that we were commanded to turn away from all such? (See 2 Tim iii, 5.)

*Moses Thatcher.*

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Keep trouble at arm's length. Never turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side to it.

A bad man is like an earthen vessel—easy to break and hard to mend. A good man is like a golden vessel—hard to break and easy to mend.—*From the Hindoo.*

Sidney Smith said to his Vestry, in reference to a block pavement proposed to be built around St. Paul's: "All you have to do, gentlemen, is to put your heads together and the thing is done."

# CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

THERE is no English shrine—none certainly if we except Westminster Abbey—so interwoven with English national memories as Canterbury Cathedral. To all thinking and religious men it is a place peculiarly fit to summon up feelings of the highest gratitude. One is reminded of old times, when, in the goodness and providence of God, the light of Christian religion dispersed the heathen darkness that brooded over that island. There had existed from a very ancient date an early British church; but in the southern part of the island, at least, the lamp of religion was burning at the lowest when Augustine and his friends landed in Kent. On the site where the gray cathedral now stands was a primitive church attributed to the ancient British king, Lucius, which was then assigned to Augustine by Ethelbert, king of Kent. In the invasions by the Danes, the church was injured, and in the troubled times of the Conquest it was completely burnt down. There then arose a new cathedral, "the most famous," wrote the old writer Gervase, "that had ever been heard of on the earth since that of the Temple of Solomon." Much of this renowned building was due to the famous architect called "English William," of whom we are told that he was small in body, but "in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest." Some centuries elapsed before it assumed its present form, and it bears the impress of the different ages of its construction. In the appearance of the majestic building, in its history, in the illustrious roll of its prelates, one may recall distinctly each period of English history. On the one hand we are carried back to the dim ages of the Saxon and Norman times, and on the other hand we are reminded of the wonderful history of our own days by the arms of the six Australian sees, and the memorials of those who fell in the last Indian war.

Once, a massive wall completely encircled the building; for there was a large monastery in connection with it, and the cathedral was, as it were, a fortress within a fortress. Erasmus tells us that when he visited the nave in his day, he saw sundry books fastened to the pillars. In the Chapter library there are some ancient manuscripts and Bibles preserved, of great interest and value. Our readers will remember that there was a time when the Bible was constantly chained up in the churches.

Formerly the nave was filled with stained windows; the great west window is now made up from fragments of all the other windows. We there see the arms of the Confessor, of Richard the Second, of Anne of Bohemia, and of Isabella of France. The choir is the longest choir in England—narrow, and narrowing, with a remarkable bend at the eastern end, with low vaulting and antique architecture. "All this produces a solemnity not unfitting the first great ruling-place of the faith in Saxon England, and carries the mind more completely back into the past than many a cathedral more richly and elaborately decorated." The present *reredos* is of modern work, imitated from the screen-work of the Lady Chapel in the crypt. Before the time of the Reformation, the high altar was most sumptuously adorned, and the grated vault beneath was a perfect treasury of gold, silver and gems. The present coverings were the gift of Queen Mary, the wife of William III, when she visited the cathedral. A portion of the pavement of the choir is of especial interest, for it can be identified with the ancient choir called "the glorious choir of Conrad," from a former prior. If the visitor stoops down and examines the pavement, he will find a peculiar stone or veined marble of a delicate brown color. Professor Willis, whose work on Canterbury Cathedral is a great architectural authority, says: "When parts of it are taken up for repairs or alteration, it is usual to find lead which has run between the joints of the slabs, and spread on each side below,

and which is with great reason supposed to be the effect of the fire of 1174, which melted the lead of the roof, and caused it to run down between the paving-stones in this manner."

Turning to the transept, the great window, of "remarkably soft and silvery appearance," was the gift of Edward IV. In it is the king's likeness, and that of his queen, and also the child Edward V and his brother; who were murdered in the tower. Among the monuments is one of Archbishop Chicheley, who instigated the great French war of the reign of Henry V, and who testified his "deep remorse for this sin."

The extreme east end of the cathedral is called the *corona*, and its architecture is of wonderful lightness and beauty. On the north side is the tomb of Cardinal Pole, the last Roman Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury. He was archbishop during the last two years of the reign of Bloody Mary. There was a time in his former Italian career when Cardinal Pole belonged to the Oratory of Divine Love, that small and remarkable body of Italian theologians who longed for a reformation and closely approximated to the reformed doctrines. He was also considered a man of kind and merciful disposition. He seemed to have sacrificed his convictions and his natural tenderness of heart in those tragic years of the reign of terror in England. A very different interest attaches to the resting-place of Odo Coligny, Cardinal Castillion. He fled from France on account of his Huguenot faith, and was kindly received by Queen Elizabeth, but died at Canterbury, poisoned by an apple given to him by one of his servants.

The crypt is one of the most ancient in the country; it was dedicated to the Virgin, and formerly had a shrine of unimaginable wealth. In 1561, Queen Elizabeth gave up the whole of the crypt to the French and Flemish, who, on account of their religion, were refugees from their native home. In consequence of this, a large number of clothiers and weavers settled themselves here; Archbishop Parker called them "gentle and profitable strangers." On the roof of the crypt numerous French inscriptions are still to be traced, and the main body of the crypt used to be filled with their silk looms. Here they had their own pastors and their own services. Archbishop Laud intended to interfere with them, but his attention was called off by the growing troubles in church and state. Though the silk trade has disappeared, the representatives of the refugees still assemble for divine worship in the south side aisle.

Perhaps the most remarkable monument in the cathedral is that of Edward the Black Prince. To Canterbury he was always greatly attached. On the occasion of his marriage with the Fair Maid of Kent, he had founded a chantry in the crypt. He had desired, too, that his remains might rest in the crypt, and in his will, written a month before his death, he had given directions for his interment and his monument. This brave and gentle prince, with whom are associated recollections of Crecy and Poictiers, in the prosperous noon of life wasted visibly away, and years before his death men justly thought that he would not outlive his stern father. Contrary to his directions, he was buried in the Trinity Chapel, probably, as being the more honored spot. Above his effigy, which still veritably recalls the Plantagenet features, are suspended the brass gauntlets, the leather-lined casque, the wooden shield covered with velvet, on which are displayed the arms of England and France; and the scabbard, from which Oliver Cromwell is said to have withdrawn the sword. Around the tomb are the ostrich feathers and the mottoes which he used to employ as his signature: "Houmont" (high spirit); "Ich dien" (I serve).

Immediately opposite is the tomb of Henry IV and his second wife, Joan of Navarre. This King had ordered in his will that he should be laid "in the church at Canterbury." Having died in the Jerusalem Chamber, his body was brought by water to Faversham, and on the Trinity Sunday after his death was interred here. A very remarkable inci-

dent belongs to this monument. A story was told by the Yorkists to the effect that the body of the great Lancastrian prince had been surreptitiously thrown into the sea, beyond Gravesend, during a storm, and that it was only an empty coffin that had been interred. Some years ago it was determined to open the tomb, and test the truth of the story. This was done in 1832, in the presence of the Dean. "To the astonishment of all present, the face of the deceased king was seen in complete preservation; the nose elevated; the beard thick and matted, and of a deep russet color; and the jaws perfect, with all the teeth in them, except one foretooth, which had probably been lost during the king's life." It must have been a strange and awful scene suggestive of many solemn thoughts, the disinterring of a buried king, laid in the stately tomb more than four hundred years ago.

But the great event in the history of the cathedral—that which has given it a world-wide renown—is bound up with Thomas à Becket. The height of power and greatness to which this churchman attained, the barbarous circumstances attending his murder, the reverence in which his shrine was held, and which attracted for so many years pilgrims of every rank and grade from all Christendom—all this forms a marvelous chapter in the history of mediæval times. Every reader of English history remembers the tragic circumstances of that awful event; how it was a wintry December afternoon, now over seven hundred years ago—the cathedral darkened, save for a few burning lamps—that the knights came to the threshold on their errand of blood; how they followed him through the cloister into the church; and how, as he ascended the eastern flight of steps leading into the choir, one of their number, coming round the central pillar, called out, "Where is the archbishop?"—how the knights gathered round him as he stood against the pillar, in rochet, cloak and hood, and finally murdered him there (December 29th, 1170). It was a bad deed, intensified in its guilt by the place and circumstances. Next day the body of the archbishop was hastily buried at the east end of the crypt. Some of the scenery of this sad event is still extant, and pointed out to visitors—the actual door by which Becket and the four knights entered, and the pavement on which he fell.

The sequel is a strange chapter in ecclesiastical history—the story of the horror and remorse. Two years after the murder, King Henry himself came here to do penance for his share in instigating the foul deed. From the time of his arrival at Southampton he lived on bread and water; when he reached Canterbury he walked barefoot through the city, from St. Dunstan's to the cathedral. There he was led into the crypt, and having removed his cloak, he received five strokes from each bishop and abbot present, and three from each of the eighty monks in attendance. In the crypt he passed the whole of the night in fasting and resting against a pillar.

About fifty years afterward the body of Becket, who had been canonized by the Pope, was removed from the crypt to the shrine which had been prepared. Two years' notice of the event had been given throughout Europe, and there was such an assemblage on the occasion as had never been known in England. The shrine rested on marble arches, and when its wooden canopy was removed, it appeared blazing with jewels and gold. The spot where the shrine used to stand is exactly ascertained by the mosaic of the pavement, and some of the zodiac signs may still be traced on it. Close by was a watching chamber, in which a monk nightly kept watch over the rich shrine. The concourse of pilgrims from all parts of Europe was immense. On the steep flights of steps leading to the shrine are still visible the indentations on the stones made by the pilgrim bands who visited them in successive ages. Louis VII sent to the shrine the priceless jewel called the "Regale of France," a diamond "as large as an egg," having a lightlike flame. Richard Cœur de Lion visited the shrine after his escape from his Austrian dungeon. Edward I offered here the golden crown of conquered

Scotland. Here came Henry V on his return from Agincourt. Indeed, every English king in succession appears reverentially to have visited the shrine of St. Thomas, as Becket was now called. Churches were dedicated to him throughout every part of Christendom, from Palestine to Scotland. Emanuel, the Emperor of the East, and Sigismund, the Emperor of the West, both came here. In 1520 Henry VIII and the great Emperor Charles V knelt here together. "They rode together from Dover," says Canon Stanley, in his Memorials of Canterbury, "on the morning of Whit-Sunday, and entered the city through St. George's Gate. Under the same canopy were seen both the youthful sovereigns; Cardinal Wolsey was directly in front, on the right and left were the proud nobles of Spain and England; the streets were lined with clergy, all in full ecclesiastical costume. They lighted off their horses at the west door of the cathedral; Archbishop Warham was there to receive them; together they said their devotions—doubtless before the shrine."

Henry VIII's veneration for Thomas à Becket was by no means of a lasting kind. The time of the Reformation came, and if the veneration attached to Becket had been thorough and complete, no less thorough and complete was the reverse that now took place. An order appeared that he should no longer be called a saint, but "Bishop Becket;" that his images throughout the country should be pulled down, and his name erased out of all books. His figure is, however, still to be found in some of the magnificent windows of stained glass, "perhaps the finest in Europe, * * and for excellence of drawing, harmony of coloring, and purity of design, justly considered unequaled." The offerings on the shrine were declared forfeited to the Crown, the jewels and gold were carried off in two coffers on the shoulders of eight men, and twenty-six casks were filled with the remaining offerings.

On the long roll of the archbishops there is no name more conspicuous than that of Thomas Cranmer, the chief of the band who in the Marian days glorified God in the fires. The memory of Cranmer has at times been assailed with evil hostility; but even such a writer as Mr. Froude, in his "History of England," amply vindicates the fame of this great man, and points out how largely his character is impressed on the prayers of the Church of England, which he translated, arranged or drew up. He was a man of delicate organization, and though of clear, yet cautious and hesitating, intellect—a temperament that, as a rule, is very rarely found among martyrs; and if this caused him for a moment to fail and falter, who would now willingly upbraid the shortcomings of that spirit, and would not rather remember the anguish of his repentance, and the emphatic testimony which he sealed with his blood on March 21st, 1556?

What mingled thoughts are those which occur to the mind as we muse over the long list of the leading prelates imperishably associated with Canterbury, from the time that England was England! Augustine (597–604) and Mellitus (619–624), more than a thousand years ago; St. Dunstan (960–988), and the age of wild superstitions of unearthly art; Anselm (1093–1114) and Lanfranc (1070–1093) of the Norman days; Becket (1162—1170), Cranmer (1533—1556), Pole (1556–1559), Parker (1559–1575), Laud (1633–1660), of universal fame; and then Sancroft (1677–1690), sent with his brethren to the Tower; the learned Tillotson (1691–1695), and the gentle, charitable Tenison (1695–1715); and presently Seeker (1758–1768), like so many great prelates, the son of an humble tradesman; and so on till the list is closed by Archbishop Archibald Campbell Tait, appointed in 1868, the ninety-first occupant of the see since Augustine.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

# SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

EPISTLE FROM LIBERTY JAIL—II.

We continue to offer further reflections to Bishop Partridge, and to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, whom we love with a fervent love, and do always bear them in mind in all our prayers to the throne of God.

It still seems to bear heavily on our minds that the Church would do well to secure to themselves the contract of the land which is proposed to them by Mr. Isaac Galland, and to cultivate the friendly feelings of the gentleman, inasmuch as he shall prove himself to be a man of honor and a friend to humanity. We really think that his letter breathes that kind of a spirit, if we can judge correctly; and Isaac Van Allen, Esq., the Attorney-General of Iowa Territory, that peradventure such men may be wrought upon by the providence of God, to do good unto His people; Governor Lucas also. We suggest the idea of praying fervently for all men who manifest any degree of sympathy for the suffering children of God. We think that peradventure the United States Surveyor of Iowa Territory may be of great benefit to the Church, if it be the will of God to this end, if righteousness should be manifest as the girdle of our loins.

It seems to be deeply impressed upon our minds, that the Saints ought to lay hold of every door that shall seem to be opened unto them, to obtain foothold on the earth, and be making all the preparation that is within the power of possibility for the terrible storms that are now gathering in the heavens, with darkness and gloominess, and thick darkness, as spoken of by the Prophets, which cannot be now of a long time lingering, for there seems to be a whispering that the angels of heaven who have been entrusted with the council of these matters for the last days, have taken counsel together; and among the rest of the general affairs that have to be transacted by their honorable council, they have taken cognizance of the testimony of those who were murdered at Haun's Mills, and also those who were martyred with D. W. Patten, and elsewhere, and have passed some decisions peradventure in favor of the Saints, and those who were called to suffer without cause. These decisions will be made known in their time; and they will take into consideration all those things that offend.

We have a fervent desire that in your General Conferences, everything should be discussed with a great deal of care and propriety, lest you grieve the Holy Spirit, which shall be poured out at all times upon your heads, when you are exercised with those principles of righteousness that are agreeable to the mind of God, and are properly affected one toward another, and are careful by all means to remember those who are in bondage, and in heaviness, and in deep affliction for your sakes. And if there are any among you who aspire after their own aggrandizement, and seek their own opulence, while their brethren are groaning in poverty, and are under sore trials and temptations, they cannot be benefited by the intercession of the Holy Spirit, which maketh intercession for us day and night with groanings that cannot be uttered.

We ought at all times to be very careful, that such high-mindedness never have place in our hearts; but condescend to men of low estate, and with all long suffering bear the infirmities of the weak.

Behold, there are many called, but few are chosen. And why are they not chosen? Because their hearts are set so much upon the things of this world, and aspire to the honors of men, that they do not learn this one lesson—that the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness. That they may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, or vain ambition,

or to exercise control, or dominion, or compulsion, upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, *Amen to the Priesthood*, or the authority of that man. Behold! ere he is aware, he is left unto himself, to kick against the pricks; to persecute the Saints, and to fight against God.

We have learned, by sad experience, that it is the nature and disposition of almost all men, as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, they will immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion. Hence many are called, but few are chosen.

No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness, and meekness, and love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile, reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost, and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy; that he may know that thy faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death; thy bowels also being full of charity towards all men, and to the household of faith, and virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly, then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God, and the doctrine of the Priesthood shall distill upon thy soul as the dews from heaven. The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy sceptre an unchanging sceptre of righteousness and truth, and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee ferever and ever.

The ends of the earth shall inquire after thy name, and fools shall have thee in derision, and hell shall rage against thee, while the pure in heart, and the wise, and the noble, and the virtuous, shall seek counsel, and authority, and blessings constantly from under thy hand, and thy people shall never be turned against thee by the testimony of traitors; and although their influence shall cast thee into trouble, and into bars and walls, thou shalt be had in honor, and but for a small moment and thy voice shall be more terrible in the midst of thine enemies than the fierce lion, because of thy righteousness; and thy God shall stand by thee forever and ever.

If thou art called to pass through tribulation; if thou art in perils among false brethren; if thou art in perils among robbers; if thou art in perils by land or by sea; if thou art accused with all manner of false accusations; if thine enemies fall upon thee; if they tear thee from the society of thy father and mother and brethren and sisters; and if with a drawn sword thine enemies tear thee from the bosom of thy wife, and of thy offspring, and thine elder son, although but six years of age, shall cling to thy garments and shall say, 'My father, my father, why can't you stay with us? O, my father, what are the men going to do with you?' And if then he shall be thrust from thee by the sword, and thou be dragged to prison, and thine enemies prowl around thee like wolves for blood of the lamb; and if thou shouldst be cast into the pit, or into the hands of murderers, and the sentence of death passed upon thee; if thou be cast into the deep; if the billowing surge conspire against thee; if the fierce winds become thine enemy; if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up thy way; and above all, if the very jaws of hell shall gape open her mouth wide after thee, know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good. The Son of man hath descended below them all; art thou greater than he?

Therefore, hold on thy way, and the Priesthood shall remain with thee, for their bounds are set, they cannot pass. Thy days are known, and thy years shall not be numbered less; therefore, fear not what man can do, for God shall be with you forever and ever.

Now, brethren, I would suggest for the consideration of the Conference, of its being carefully and wisely understood

by the council or conferences, that our brethren scattered abroad, who understand the spirit of the gathering, that they fall into the places and refuge of safety that God shall open unto them, between Kirtland and Far West. Those from the east and from the west, and from far countries, let them fall in somewhere between those two boundaries, in the most safe and quiet places they can find; and let this be the present understanding, until God shall open a more effectual door for us for further consideration.

And again, we further suggest for the consideration of the Council, that there be no organization of large bodies upon common stock principles, in property, or of large companies or firms, until the Lord shall signify in a proper manner, as it opens such a dreadful field for the avaricious, and the indolent, and corrupt hearted to prey upon the innocent, and virtuous, and honest.

We have reason to believe that many things were introduced among the Saints before God had signified the times; and notwithstanding the principles and plans may have been good, yet aspiring men, or in other words, men who had not the substance of godliness about them, perhaps undertook to handle edged tools. Children, you know, are fond of tools, while they are not yet able to use them.

Time and experience, however, is the only safe remedy against such evils. There are many teachers, but, perhaps, not many fathers. There are times coming when God will signify many things which are expedient for the well-being of the Saints; but the times have not yet come, but will come, as fast as there can be found place and reception for them.

And again, we would suggest for your consideration the propriety of all the Saints gathering up a knowledge of all the facts and suffering and abuses put upon them by the people of this State; and also of all the property and amount of damages which they have sustained, both of character and of personal injuries, as well as real property; and also the names of all persons that have had a hand in their oppressions; as far as they can get hold of them and find them out; and perhaps a committee can be appointed to find out these things, and to take statements, and affidavits, and also to gather up the libellous publications that are afloat, and all that are in the magazines, and in the encyclopedias, and all the libellous histories that are published, and are writing, and by whom, and present the whole concatenation of diabolical rascality, and nefarious and murderous impositions that have been practiced upon this people, that we may not only publish to all the world, but present them to the heads of government, in all their dark and hellish hue, as the last effort which is enjoined on us by our Heavenly Father, before we can fully and completely claim that promise which shall call Him forth from His hiding place, and also that the whole nation may be left without excuse before He can send forth the power of His mighty arm.

It is an imperious duty that we owe to God, to angels, with whom we shall be brought to stand, and also to ourselves, to our wives and children, who have been made to bow down with grief, sorrow and care, under the most damning hand of murder, tyranny, and oppression supported and urged on and upheld by the influence of that spirit which hath so strongly rivetted the creeds of the fathers, who have inherited lies, upon the hearts of the children, and filled the world with confusion, and has been growing stronger and stronger, and is now the very mainspring of corruption; and the whole earth groans under the weight of its iniquity. It is an iron yoke, it is a strong band; they are the very handcuffs, and chains, and shackles, and fetters of hell.

Therefore it is an imperative duty that we owe not only to our wives and children, but to the widows and fatherless, whose husbands and fathers have been murdered under its iron hand; which dark and blackening deeds are enough to make hell itself shudder, and to stand aghast and pale, and the hands of the very devil tremble and palsy. And al-

so it is an imperative duty that we owe to all the rising generation,and to all the pure in heart,of which there are many yet on the earth among all sects, parties and denominations who are blinded by the subtle craftiness of men, whereby they lie in wait to deceive, and only kept from the truth because they know not where to find it; therefore, that we should waste and wear out our lives in bringing to light all the hidden things of darkness wherein we know them; and they are truly manifest from heaven.

These should then be attended to with great earnestness. Let no man count them as small things; for there is much which lieth in futurity, pertaining to the Saints, which depends upon these things. You know, brethren, that a very large ship is benefited very much by a very small helm in the time of a storm, by being kept workways with the wind and the waves.

Therefore, dearly beloved brethren, let us cheerfully do all things that lieth in our power, and then may we stand still with the utmost assurance, to see the salvation of God, and for His arm to be revealed.

And again, I would further suggest the impropriety of the organization of bands, or companies, by covenant or oaths, by penalties or secrecies; but let the time past of our experience and sufferings by the wickedness of Doctor Avard suffice, and let our covenant be that of the Everlasting Covenant, as is contained in the holy writ, and the things that God hath revealed unto us. Pure friendship always becomes weakened the very moment you undertake to make it stronger by penal oaths and secrecy.

Your humble servant or servants, intend henceforth to disapprobate everything that is not in accordance with the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and is not of a bold, and frank and upright nature. They will not hold their peace as in times past, when they see iniquity beginning to rear its head, for fear of traitors, or the consequences that shall follow by reproving those who creep in unawares that they may get something to destroy the flock. We believe that the experience of the Saints in times past has been sufficient, that they will henceforth be always ready to obey the truth without having men's persons in admiration because of advantage. It is expedient that we should be aware of such things; and we ought always to be aware of those prejudices which sometimes so strangely present themselves, and are so congenial to human nature, against our friends, neighbors, and brethren of the world, who choose to differ with us in opinion and in matters of faith. Our religion is between us and our God. Their religion is between them and their God.

There is a tie from God that should be exercised towards those of our faith, who walk uprightly, which is peculiar to itself, but it is without prejudice, but gives scope to the mind, which enables us to conduct ourselves with greater liberality towards all others that are not of our faith, than what they exercise towards one another. These principles approximate nearer to the mind of God, because it is like God, or God-like.

Here is a principle, also, which we are bound to be exercised with, that is, in common with all men, such as governments, and laws, and regulations in the civil concerns of life. This principle guarantees to all parties, sects, and denominations and classes of religion, equal, coherent, and indefeasible rights; they are things that pertain to this life; therefore all are alike interested:. they make our responsibilities one towards another in matters of corruptible things, while the former principles do not destroy the latter, but bind us stronger, and make our responsibilities not only one to another, but unto God also. Hence we say, that the Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God; it is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of its liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty and weary land; it is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of an inclement sun.

We, brethren, are deprived of the protection of this glorious principle, by the cruelty of the cruel, by those who only look for the time being for pasturage like the beasts of the field, only to fill themselves; and forget that the "Mormons," as well as the Presbyterians, and those of every other class and description, have equal rights to partake of the fruits of the great tree of our National Liberty. But notwithstanding we see what we see, and we feel what we feel, and we know what we know, yet that fruit is no less precious and delicious to our taste; we cannot be weaned from the milk, neither can we be driven from the breast; neither will we deny our religion because of the hand of oppression; but we will hold on until death.

We say that God is true; that the Constitution of the United States is true; that the Bible is true; that the Book of Mormon is true; that the Book of Covenants is true; that Christ is true; that the ministering angels sent forth from God are true, and that we know that we have an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, whose builder and maker is God; a consolation which our oppressors cannot feel, when fortune, or fate, shall lay its iron hand on them as it has on us. Now, we ask, what is man? Remember, brethren, that time and chance happeneth to all men.

We shall continue our reflections in our next.

We subscribe ourselves, your sincere friends and brethren in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel, prisoners of Jesus Christ, for the sake of the Gospel and the Saints.

We pronounce the blessing of heaven upon the heads of the Saints who seek to serve God with undivided hearts, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

*Joseph Smith. Jr.,*
*Hyrum Smith,*
*Lyman Wight,*
*Caleb Baldwin,*
*Alexander McRae.*

To all men the best friend is virtue, the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

## THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew."

How true are these words of the poet, Wordsworth. Many can testify that no place was ever so dear as the home of childhood. How eminently proper that the home should be the seat of contentment, of affection and of true happiness, such as will purify and elevate the attributes, and through these the after life of the child, nurtured within its walls. Home should ever be shadowed by the wings of love. Peace should be the good angel that stands at the right hand of the goddess who presides at the homestead. No matter how plain nor how simple its appointments, if order and harmony exist, there is a charm like a talisman that abides forever after, with the man or woman, and is like a beacon on the golden hills that loom up in the distance, and blend with the azure of the heavens illuminating the horizon, and radiating to the extreme point, causing all between to be tinged with the roseate hue thus reflected from one point to the other.

"Our early days—how often back
We turn on life's bewildering track
To where, o'er hill and valley plays
The sunlight of our early days."

No matter how insignificant the fact may seem, it is nevertheless a tangible one that a happy disposition, a cheerful temperament, instinctively impress others, without any volition or will force. Then how essential that home should be filled with an atmosphere of cheerfulness. Not that excess of boisterous mirth that always lapses into the very opposite on natural principles, but

preserve a degree of good nature, calm, placid and serene that will modify any inequality or incompatibility of temper, and restrain the over-abundant force of those inclined to recklessness or disobedience. There are so many phases of human character that need guiding and governing in the home, that no one, be he sage or philosopher, can mark out the regular routine of action to be pursued. The Bible says each one after his kind, but we all know, who have studied character, that each individual that comes into the world, has some distinct originality that distinguishes him from all others; consequently, we see how difficult it is to deal justly by all, if we judge from our own standard, and must recognize the propriety of the Savior's words, "judge not, that ye be not judged." How complicated and magnificent seems the work of the Creator in making this diversity, this variety in the human soul. It is almost beyond our comprehension. We only know such is the case, but we know not why, nor how these things are so.

But lest I grow abstrusely metaphysical, and get far beyond my depth, I will leave these mathematical problems and geometrical truths, and go back to the home of childhood. Ah, me, if we but had better homes all over the world, and fewer places of public amusement and recreation, it seems to me the generation to come might be benefited. However, as I am neither prince, potentate, no, nor even a member of the legislature, or of an assembly of any kind, I have no power to help establish laws that would ultimately result in the more happy conditions of home life; therefore, I can only use an influence with my pen, for the awakening of thought on the subject of homes, and the moral and spiritual effect of their surroundings and associations. I know it is a proverb that "home is home, be it ever so homely;" but it will bear much qualifying. The spot we call home may be unattractive in many respects, but there must be something that hallows it, or we could not cherish it in our heart of hearts as the dearest place of all. Youth is beauty in one sense, and pleasures are greatly enhanced by the very vigor and charm that hangs like a crown of glory over the heads of the young, and reflects its brightness on every object. It is the same in every land and clime, and among all civilized nations of the earth; whether we go to Italy or Arabia, home is home, and the more refined and sensitive the individual, the more delicately and elaborately are the affections interwoven with the external objects that are in and around the home itself. It may be a lilac bush, a rose tree or a honeysuckle, or all these and more, but imperceptibly to those around us forever lingers the memories that can never die, of the places and attractions of one's childhood hours. One of the sweetest of poets (and poets know how to read the heart pretty well) writes of the home of his childhood.

"I've wandered on thro' many a clime where flowers of beauty grew,
Where all was blissful to the heart and lovely to the view—
I've seen them in their twilight pride, and in their dress of morn,
But none appear'd so sweet to me as the spot where I was born."

The heart clings so affectionately to the objects that have entwined themselves around its tendrils in early life, that no after attachments of the same nature ever take so firm a hold. First impressions are always strongest, they lay the foundation for all future life, and should be as perfect as possible.

The sort of Bohemian life many well-to-do people live nowadays is injurious in the extreme to children. Living in lodgings, in hotels, here and there, with no settled home and no place the child can ever look back to as a true home, is a great mistake. It may do for those who have no family. If that class of people like to be unsettled, and free from care and responsibility, there is only themselves to be considered, but when children are born to them, the subject becomes serious. By all means, if parents would raise a family of good, obedient children, and expect to have them grow up useful members of society, good citi-

zens, and an honor to their country and their God, then let them see to it that the home of childhood is neat, cheerful, beautiful, and orderly as possible. Let no contention or quarreling be countenanced, and the regulations of the home life be such as will conduce to the well-being of all the inmates. Industry is one essential principle. Each child should do some regular work daily, and all be so carefully arranged that no one need feel his burden heavier than it should be. Labor is not degrading, but elevating, if it is well done; the silly idea that domestic occupations are menial should be discarded, among us as a people certainly. To be able to do all that is necessary in the way of housekeeping, not omitting any detail, from the cellar to the garret, is almost indispensable in the education of one who expects to be a wife and a mother. These are the women whose homes are desirable places of restfulness. The new-fangled notion of boarding is an egregious error; if we would have our children grow up under proper influences.

In these respects Utah is pursuing the proper methods. I am aware it is said that "in Utah there are no homes," but in the face of all that has been said or written on the subject, I am bold to assert that the Territory of Utah abounds in happy homes. Homes where prayer and praise ascend, homes where peace and content pervade the atmosphere; homes where all that is purest and best is taught, and principles of right instilled and engrafted into the hearts of the little ones so firmly that nothing can ever erase wholly from the soul. Traverse this Territory over from north to south, from east to west, and see the happy homes. Humble and lowly they may be, but, morning and evening, the hymn of gratitude and prayer of thanksgiving to God is offered up. Listen to the daily teachings; they are such as will tend to elevate human character, and to make genuine men and women, true to themselves, to their own convictions, to the Constitution of the United States, and the principles of liberty that are dearer to the heart of an American than anything else on earth. What is life without freedom? It is out of such homes a race of men and women will grow up that America will yet be proud to claim.

And again we may say the home of one's childhood is where the first seeds of good or evil are sown that eventually bring forth fruit, sweet or bitter, as the case may be. O how grandly essential, then, that these homes, these nurseries of the human soul, should be of that character that will give healthy tone to the living elements embodied in the soul, and impress them with the genius of nobility, honor, and true heroism! Our young mothers should take into consideration everything that will tend to refine and ennoble the generations yet unborn. Beautify and adorn the home outside and inside, but first of all get a permanent home. Ancestral halls are famed in history. Why may this generation not plant them. Our people are the "old settlers." They made the country what it is, planted the trees and embellished the places with shrubbery, vines and flowers. They are building Temples, and structures that will remain for generations to come. Then why not beautiful homes? Homes that the children of to-day can look back upon with as much love, as great pride and enthusiasm, and as much attachment to, as do any of the people in older countries who cherish the tender sentiment of "home, sweet home."

The way in which this city was laid out is a self evident fact that Brigham Young's idea of homes for the people was the correct one. Each lot had sufficient room for a little garden, where trees, and flowers, and shrubbery might be cultivated as well as vegetables for table use. I well remember how much more homelike the city looked while the gardens remained. But though all may not have gardens, the home may be made attractive in various other ways. A few pictures, a little pains taken to make the furniture look bright and new, and above everything else rooms kept neat and tidy. Plenty of sunshine and fresh

air make the house wholesome and the inmates better natured. Let the children enjoy the parlor as well as the grown people. Never shut the children out from any place because it is too good for them; they will be more refined and cultured if they are taught how to handle things that are valuable and pretty, than if they are always denied the pleasure. Childhood's hours pass quickly enough, and the cares and perplexities of life bring about many changes in one's feelings and circumstances, therefore it seems wise and prudent to fortify our children by a generous supply of good nature and help them to cultivate all the higher and holier attributes of the mind.

"Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying,
And that same flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow shall be dying."

*Amethyst.*

SYDNEY SMITH ON ENJOYMENT.—Mankind are always happier for having been happy—so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole life a feeling of calm pleasure, and in extreme old age is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is happier for life from having made an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past and scenes never to be renewed again.

Do thou thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day,
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay.

—*Whittier.*

The glory of virtue consists in action.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

Prayer draws all the Christian graces into its focus. It draws Charity, with her lovely train; Repentance, with her holp sorrow; Faith, with her elevated eyes; Hope, with her grasped anchor; Beneficence, with her open hands; Zeal, looking far and wide to bless; and Humility, looking meekly at home.—*Hannah More.*

## SUMMER-DAY REVERIE.

The blooming flowers and fragrance sweet,
Forth to the woods beguile our feet,
With unresisted spell;
Fond memories lure us to the spot
Where grows the blue forget-me-not,
The flower we love so well.

Unmarked the moments as they flow;
When seen in light of long ago,
How precious in our eyes!
Our yesterdays, too fair to last,
To-day, when numbered with the past,
Surpassing bright shall rise.

Why should we thus regretful sigh
For sunny pleasures long gone by,
And present joys forget?
To-day, for us the sunbeams fall,
And blooming flowers our hearts enthrall,
In dewy fragrance set.

For us to-day, in golden store,
Nature and art their treasures pour,
And love-sweet offerings;
Ah! whisper not of Time's decay;
Though all of earth must pass away,
Faith lifts her drooping wings.

Not in the sunny past our rest,
Nor present joys shall end our quest
For full and perfect bliss;
Revealed alone to Faith's glad sight
Where time nor change our hopes can blight,
A fairer world than this!

# "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

THE giving of names to persons, things and places is a divine science, and like everything which is divine, it reaches further and plunges deeper than any plan or device which originates mainly with man. Divine nomenclature is expressive and significant; it is suggestive and prophetic; it always means something, if our ideas upon this topic are grounded upon the study of Holy Writ. It is probable that this is a positive feature of primitive or pure language—a living language—which would create and recreate to meet new conditions, and so increase words representing ideas, until the wealth of expression would always be commensurate with, and adequate to, all the demands of individual combinations of existence.

But to man this is among the lost arts. The advance of modern science, while it enlarges the vocabulary, seems only to have power to appropriate from other tongues instead of being the outpush of inspirational energy, giving originality in such a guise that all might see and realize the infinitude of combination based upon the very nature and foundation of things. Modern progress gathers from the Greek such words as telegraph, terminus, etc., and Botany moves its classification of species and families through the Latin, which is not spoken as a national tongue anywhere on earth.

These are not so wise in their generation as the American Indians, who seem to have had, and to yet possess, the faculty of expression in such fulness and richness that even national admiration embalms in her lakes and rivers, in her mountains and States (forgetting in the interval the meaning), the everywhere suggestive and beautiful phraseology of a perishing race. What can be more apt or musical than the liquid "Minnehaha" or "laughing water," as it means? What more solacing to the expatriated red man when driven before the pale face than the peaceful benediction of "Alabama," or "here we rest"? What more enduring and voicefully satisfying than the Indian names crystallized into verse beneath the pen of the gifted Sigourney, such as Niagara, the Rappahannock, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ontario, or the Timpanogos of local (Utah) fame? How much could modern culture improve upon such names as Connecticut, Massachusetts, Kentucky or Ohio? Are not the Alleghanies and the Wasatch, and is not Wachusett and Manadnock glorified by the sonorous and stately, and yet expressive recognition of the native—the unadulterated Indian thought? Surely also every reader is familiar with the wonderful fertility and opposite character of the names of Indians themselves from "Tecumseh to Ouray;" some of course are rude and barbarous "to ears polite," but there is "stick" to them, and they exhibit greater breadth, and invention vastly more prolific than do our Scandinavian friends, who only add "son" or "sen," and so produce, upon the family tree, nuts which no student of descent will ever be able to crack, and questions of genealogy which can never be deciphered, save by revelation, worlds without end. Shakspeare offered the question, "What's in a name?" and seemed to satisfy himself with the reply, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" and this illustration of superficiality is almost unique in the marvelous general philosophy of the "Divine William," as he has been called; for in the subtleness of language the word "rose" signified "a sweet flower." There is beauty and perfume fundamental in the etymological title which could hardly be met by any other word, "Shakspeare to the contrary notwithstanding." This is of course a subject which in its roots and branches involves all language and all ages, consequently no brief magazine article can begin to do justice even in a remote degree. This is simply to open the gates or to enter the vestibule, leaving the student and the curious to enter the inner sanctuary; then it will be demonstrated that there is more in heaven

and earth than is dreamt of in our everyday philosophy.

Modern custom has superadded to the surname, or family name, what is known as the Christian name, probably so known from the practice of the first Christians who on baptizing believers often gave an additional name; something similar to this hobby is practiced by the Catholic Church now, which at the baptism of children or adults confers another name; and then, on the acceptance of religious "vows," supersedes even the baptismal name by that of a special patron or other saint. But if we are to believe some philosophers the key of true naming is certainly lost, for those mentioned (and modern custom included) make no pretense to indicate quality or character, or peculiarity or prophecy, as the ancient method certainly did; the Lord in giving the first pair a name and calling them "Adam," which means "earthy red" or "red earth," certainly gave the index to the sight; and when he called "Eve" it was said "because she was the mother of all living," and woman was she called, because "she was taken out of man." When the animal and other creations were brought to Adam with the requirement that he name them, it is surely plausible that he gave such names fittingly harmonious and setting forth characteristics, qualities or attributes, so that in teaching these names to his posterity, the unities of speech would be naturally preserved. The lion in the primitive tongue might not have been called "a lion," and so on; and the names now given are probably not indicative, but owe their force and value to use and simple association of ideas.

That this was the spirit and intent of the first syllabic utterances seems clear; and that original force no doubt survived the confusion of tongues, as the remains of that propriety of expression are found in existence in all languages; with which man may be only superficially acquainted from the earliest record of human history, as found in the Bible, to the last tribe of Indians who consecrated a brave, there are traces of this analogy of practice, as though some crowding instinct, or some comparatively dormant principle would now and again unveil itself to observation; foreshadowing as it were the time when all things shall be "restored as in the beginning!" It may not be possible in all instances to predicate from a name that which is in harmony with personal ideas in philosophy or religion, else in the name of our great ancestor Adam, might be found the solution of the ethnological enquiry as to the original condition and color of our race. Some have asserted that the African was the original type of man, and he of course by the process of evolution from the anthropoid species, and that the ages have developed into that beauty and harmony of form and feature as seen in the best specimen of the cultured aristocracy of Great Britain; others have thought that the modern type of primeval man is to be found among the tribes of the Caucasus, and that the races of Negro and Indian type are the "degenerate sons of sires." "Mormons" incline to the latter ideas, but the signification of the word "Adam" in the Hebrew being "earthly red" considering that the tabernacle is made of clay opens a question which to say the least is interesting. Names have in many cases in sacred writ been given as a foreshadowing of the destiny of the individual so named, as that of Elijah signifying "the restorer." Here the spirit of prophecy in the very name pointed out the calling of the person named even from his mother's knee; and it is not improbable that names are given unconsciously at times, and yet reflect or are literal prognostications of either character or future or both, and this might be rendered more apparent if it were fairly comprehended that there is an original definition for very many if not most of the names in common use. Some within the knowledge of the writer, have been given in dreams and impressions, that could not be found after diligent search in any accessible book! Then there were those named from some special feature of their history or circumstance of their lives hence

we have the name of "Moses," created no doubt for his special use, if no other idea was involved, it signifies "drawn out," for the propriety of which study his history, drawn out from the Nile, drawn out from Egypt and drawn out from the midst of Israel and buried of God and angels, so that it was said "none knew of his sepulchre even unto this day."

Then again there is the name of "Jacob," if this was his original name it was a prophecy, if a given name, after he lost his birthright it served to mark this for a time eventful period of his career, it signifies, "supplanted," but from this name he was divorced when he wrestled with the angel, and unto him was given the cognomen of "Israel," "a prince with God," for as it reads, "as a prince thou hast power with God and hast prevailed," this was his covenant name and in this connection we discover in the covenants of the Saints a renewal of the principles here protrayed; the giving a new name, may be different from the one held or it may be the same, in either case it will establish the idea that there are principles pertaining to the Priesthood with which there is as yet but a limited experience, but this will become enlarged in time by the spirit of revelation, whose keys unlock the past, explains the present and illuminates the future; there is a prospect for some to have even yet another name, for is it not written, "unto him that overcometh will I give a white stone, and on the stone a new name written, which none shall know save him that receiveth it?" and these several names may stand as mementoes of individual eras of progression in knowledge or position; that common names have had their roots in every land, that the most Godlike as well as the most heathen, that not the civilized world alone, but the so called savage; that not in the Holy land, the land of verdure and of bloom, but where the fierceness of northern winter, and where mountains glistening with eternal snows are the barriers of man's habitations; whereever the foot of man hath trod, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, with the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin, the Spanish, the Italian, the French, the German, the Saxon and Norman, in all nations and ages can be found relics of the practices of a long lost Priesthood, that fountain—that stream of intelligence and power!

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

A cheerful face is nearly as healthful as good weather.

## THE CALLING OF MOSES.

I.

THE founding of the Jewish state through Moses, is one of the most memorable events in history, important on account of the strength of understanding, through which it was arranged; weightier still from its consequent effects upon the world which have continued to the present day. Two religions, which rule the greatest part of the inhabited world, Christendom and Islamism, both rest upon the Hebrews, without whom there would be neither Christendom nor a Koran.

It cannot be denied that it is the Mosaic religion that has given us the true light which we now enjoy. And it was that through which a valuable truth was found, which reason unaided could only have unraveled through a long and laborious search; the doctrine of one God, first spread among the people and sustained by blind faith, until some brighter intellect could ripen it into a reasonable conclusion. By this a great part of the human race was saved from the many errors and illusions, that ultimately must lead to idolatry, and the Hebrew constitution had the exclusive preference that the religion of the wise men did not stand in direct opposition to that of the common people, as was the case among the enlightened heathens. Viewed from this point the

Hebrew nation presents itself as an important people in universal history, and all the evils usually ascribed to them, all the ingenious slander heaped upon them do not prevent us from doing them justice. The indignity and baseness of the nation cannot blot out the true merit of its lawgiver, and no more can it destroy the influence that this nation justly asserts in the history of the world. We must consider them as an unclean vessel in which something costly has been kept; in them we must honor the channel, however unclean it might be, because providence chose it to bring us the most precious of all things—the truth—although it was destroyed as soon as it had accomplished its purpose. Thus we are just as far from urging upon the Hebrew people a merit which they never possessed as to deny them an advantage, which can never be denied them.

The Hebrews, as we know, came as a single nomadic family, counting not over seventy souls, to Egypt, where they first became a people. During a period of about four hundred years, while they lived in this country, they increased to two millions, among whom were counted six hundred thousand men fit for battle, when they left this kingdom. All this time they lived separated from the Egyptians, separated as well on account of their own special locality which they occupied, as by their nomadic character, which made them abominable in the sight of all the natives of the country and excluded them from all rights and privileges as citizens among the Egyptians. They continually governed themselves in a nomadic manner, the family by the father, the tribes by their chiefs, thus constituting a state within the state, that finally through its enormous growth awakened the anxiety of the kings.

Such an isolated mass of people in the heart of the kingdom, idle through their nomadic mode of life, and being united among themselves, but having no interest whatever in common with the state, could not but be dangerous in time of war; being idle observers of the weakness of the state, they could easily have been tempted to take advantage of such an opportunity for an attack. It was therefore policy to watch them very carefully, to employ them and to find means for their decrease. They were consequently oppressed with heavy labor, and, as this suggested, to make them useful to the state, thus economy and policy united in increasing their burdens.

They were inhumanly forced to work in socage under overseers, who drove and illtreated them in the most brutal manner. This barbarous treatment, however, did not prevent them from multiplying rapidly. It would have been a sound policy to allow them to mingle with the other inhabitants and to enjoy the same rights and privileges, but this could not be, on account of the general disgust with which they were looked upon by the Egyptians. This disgust increased as a natural consequence of itself. As the Egyptian king gave to the family of Jacob the province named Goshen (on the east side of the lower Nile) as a place to live in, he had hardly counted upon a posterity of two millions who should once live within its narrow confines; and the gift was certainly a liberal one, even if we do not consider more than a hundredth part of this numerous posterity. Inasmuch as the locality of the Hebrews did not expand in proportion to the increase of the population, they had by every generation necessarily to live closer and closer together, until they finally became crowded in a manner most inimical to health and a sound living. What could be more natural than that consequences followed entirely unavoidable in such cases? The highest degree of uncleanliness and dangerous diseases. Here, then, was the foundation laid of the evil peculiar among this people even down to our present time; but at that time it must have made dreadful havoc among them. The most fearful plague of this climate, leprosy, broke out among them and was perpetuated through many generations. The source of life and procreation were, through this dreadful scourge, slowly and gradually poisoned, and from a

casual evil was developed an inherediary tainted constitution. How general this evil was is clearly shown by the many precautions adopted by the lawgiver to prevent the same; and the united testimony of the Egyptian profane writers, Manetho, Diodor from Sicily, Tacitus, Lysimachus, Strabo, and many others, who do not know anything about the Jewish nation, except this sickness, leprosy, show how general and deep the impression of this was among the Egyptians.

This leprosy then, a natural consequence of their crowded habitation, their unwholesome and scanty food, and the abuse and illtreatment to which they were subjected, greatly intensified their national calamity. Those who were at first despised as herders and avoided as strangers were now, as infected, shunned and detested. To the dread and repugnance, by which they hitherto had been looked upon by the Egyptians, were now added, to a great extent, a repulsive disclaim and disgust. Human beings who had in such high degree incurred the wrath of the gods could be abused at pleasure, and they were consequently, without consideration, robbed of the most sacred human rights. No wonder that their barbarous treatment increased in proportion as the consequences of such illusage became more apparent, and that they were more and more severely punished for a misery into which they had been drawn by others, and from which they could not in any way or manner extricate themselves.

Through a perverted policy, the Egyptians did not know any better how to correct a wrong, which they themselves had occasioned, than by applying a remedy, making the evil worse than before. Now as they did not succeed, in spite of all their abuse and oppression to destroy the source of the increasing population, they adopted a mode as inhuman as it was beastly, through the midwives, to murder every new born male child. But thanks to the better nature of man, despots are seldom obeyed when they command such horrible deeds. The midwives in Egypt knew how to thwart this inhuman mandate, and the government could not carry out its murderous purposes without resorting to forcible means. Appointed murderers went through the Hebrew habitations by royal command, and slew in the cradle every male child. In this manner the Egyptian government could certainly accomplish its plan most effectively, and, as no deliverer appeared, the Jews saw plainly their own inevitable destruction in a few generations.

But from among whom should the Hebrews find such a deliverer? Certainly not among the Egyptians themselves, as how could one of them take any interest in a people who were absolute strangers to them, whose language he did not even understand, which he had no interest whatever in learning; a people who must have appeared to him both incapable and unworthy of a better fate? And much less from among themselves, as what has the inhuman treatment of the Egyptians, during a century or more, made out of the Hebrews at last? The most degraded, mean and illnatured people in the world, having grown wild and savage by being neglected and demoralized in the course of three hundred years; intimidated and embittered through such an endless thraldom; from an inherited infamy, benumbed to all self-respect, incapable of courage and heroic determination, and in ignorance, finally, driven about like beasts. How could an independent man thoroughly informed, a hero or statesman, be found among such a hopelessly forlorn race? Where could a man be found among them that could make such a slavish rabble conscious of any degree of relf-respect or susceptible of higher sentiments, and to convince those ignorant shepherds of superiority over their refined oppressors? A resolute and determined spirit could no more be found among the Hebrews than among the wretched Parias with the Hindoos.

Here the mighty hand of Providence, that by the simplest means can solve the most complicated intrigues, calls

forth our greatest admiration—not that Providence which forcibly breaks in upon the economy of nature, but the one that has supplied nature with such economy, by which the most extraordinary things can be accomplished in a quiet and easy manner. A native Egyptian did not possess the required qualifications to become a fit deliverer of the Hebrews. What means, then, was destined for the consummation of this grand purpose? A Hebrew, who in his infancy was taken away from this barbarous people, and enjoyed the privileges of a liberal education among the Egyptians, in whose wisdom he became initiated, and in this manner became a Hebrew educated as an Egyptian, the means by which his nation was delivered from slavery.

A Hebrew mother of the Levites had her newborn son, during three months, concealed from the murderers, who destroyed every male child; finally she gave up the hope of keeping him secure any longer. Necessity suggested an artifice by which she hoped to save him. She placed her babe in a box made of papyrus, which she made watertight by pitch, and awaited the time when Pharaoh's daughter used to come to the river to bathe. Immediately before this the sister of the child put the box, in which it was placed, among the rushes at that point where the princess usually passed, and where it undoubtedly would catch her eye. She remained in the neighborhood to observe the fate of the child: Pharaoh's daughter noticed it quickly, and as she took a fancy to the boy, she concluded to save him. His sister took courage to approach, and offered to fetch a Hebrew wetnurse, which the princess permitted her to do. Thus was the son restored to his mother, who now, without danger, could raise him publicly. In this manner he learned the language of his people, and became familiar with their habits, while his mother, no doubt, did all in her power to impress upon his tender soul in a touching manner the hopeless misery of her people. Arrived at the age when he no longer required the care of his mother, and when it was necessary to withdraw him from the inevitable destiny of his people, she brought him back to the princess and left with her the future fate of the boy. Pharaoh's daughter adopted him and called him Moses, because he was saved from out of the water. He was thus, out of a child of a slave and a victim of death, made a son of a princess, and as such enjoyed all the privileges in common with the children of the king. The priests, to whose order he belonged at the same time he was received into the royal family, undertook his education, and initiated him in all the Egyptian wisdom, which was the special possession of their order. Nay, it is evident that they did not keep from him any of their secrets, as in a passage by the Egyptian historical writer, Manetho, in which he represents Moses as an apostate of the Egyptian religion and as a priest who fled from Heliopolis, makes us surmise that he had been ordained for this profession.

To determine what Moses could have learned in this school, and what influence the education, which he received under the Egyptian priests, might have had upon his subsequent legislation, we must more closely inquire into this institution; and as to what was taught and performed therein, we must learn from old writers. Already the Apostle Stephanus represents him as learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. The historian Philo says that Moses was, by the Egyptian priests, initiated in the symbolical Philosophy and Hieroglyphics; as also in the secrets of the sacred animals. This testimony is corroborated by several, and when we notice what was called Egyptian Mysteries, we will find a remarkable similarity between these mysteries and that which Moses subsequently ordered and instituted.

The worship of God among the oldest people soon degenerated into idolatry and superstitions, and even among those generations who are called in scripture true worshipers of God, the idea of a higher being was neither pure nor noble, and founded upon nothing more than a clear and rational comprehension. But as soon as, through a proper and more

favorable arrangement of society, and through founding a regular state, the various ranks separated and the care of the worship of God transferred to a special and separate class; as soon as the human soul, liberated from diverting cares, commenced a quiet contemplation of itself, and investigation into the physical economy of nature, reason finally triumphed over the great errors and deception, and the conception of a highest being was corrected and purified. The idea of a general relation of things must unavoidably lead to a conception of a highest intelligence, and where could this idea have germinated except in the head of a priest? Inasmuch as Egypt was the first cultivated state, as history intimates, and the oldest hieroglyphics originally date from Egypt, it was undoubtedly here that the unity of a highest being first originated in an uninspired human brain. The happy discoverer of this ennobling idea, endeavored, among those who surrounded him, to find apt subjects to whom he confided it as a sacred treasure, and thus it was transferred from one thinker to another, and who knows how many generations passed before it reached an entire limited society capable of maintaining and developing it.

Now that a certain degree of knowledge and cultivation of the mind was required, properly to comprehend and apply the idea of only one God, and as the belief in the unity of the Deity inevitably carried along with it contempt for idolatry, which was the governing religion, it can easily be imagined that it would have been unwise and even dangerous to attempt a general introduction of this idea. Without first to overthrow the gods of the state and expose them, in their nakedness, to the general ridicule, there was no prospect of any progress of this new doctrine. It was also impossible either to foresee or hope that those, to whom these superstitions had been ridiculed, were capable of reaching the pure, true and more difficult idea, and to comprehend its true meaning. Besides this, the entire constitution of the state was founded upon these superstitions; were these overthrown then all the pillars supporting the whole national structure must fall, and it was yet uncertain if the new religion introduced in its stead, was sufficiently solid to support this structure.

If, on the other hand, this undertaking should fail of overthrowing the gods, then there was the blind fanaticism, armed and ready, to sacrifice its numerous victims. It was therefore found more prudent to make this new and dangerous truth the exclusive possession of a small and secret society, to select those who possessed a sufficient degree of comprehension to admit them into the secret league and to envelope the truth itself, in order to conceal it from the vulgar eyes, in a mysterious veil, which no one could remove except those who had been properly initiated.

For this purpose were the hieroglyphics, a system of writing with symbolical figures, conveying in various combinations certain conceptions in accordance with rules that had previously been agreed upon. It was a fact easily understood by these enlightened men from the divine service, how powerful is the influence of imagination upon the youthful mind, and they did not hesitate to make use of this subterfuge for the benefit of truth and the advancement of knowledge. They introduced the new ideas with a solemnity and all sorts of arrangements suitable for this purpose, filling the souls of their young pupils with ecstatic emotions, thus making them more susceptible for this extraordinary doctrine. Among these ceremonies were purifications which the candidates for initiation must observe, the washing and sprinkling, being wrapped in white linen, to abstain from all material enjoyments, to heighten and intensify their susceptibilities and imagination by song, a significant silence, an alternate change of light and darkness, etc.

These ceremonies, in connection with mysterious objects, hieroglyphics and the secret truths that were concealed in those hieroglyphics, and prepared through these customs, were together named and included in these secret Mys-

teries. They had their headquarters in the temples of Isis and Serapis, and were the emblem after which, as a sequel of the mysteries, in Eleusis and Samothracian, and, in later time, have been instituted the order of Freemasonry.

It appears without doubt that the contents of the very oldest mysteries in Heliopolis and Memphis, during their purity, were the unity of God and the contradiction of Paganism, and that therein were also set forth the immortality of the soul. Those who participated in these important disclosures called themselves seers, while to receive and acknowledge truths heretofore unknown may be compared to emerging from darkness into light; perhaps also therefore that they viewed the newly acknowledged truths in emblematical signs.

They could not all at once reach this intuitive power, while the soul emancipated from many errors must first pass through many preparations before it could bear the full light of truth. There were, therefore, certain steps or degrees, and first in the innermost part of the sanctuary was the veil fully removed from their eyes.

The members of the new Order acknowledged one only great cause of all things, a primeval power in nature, an all-superior being, which was different to the primitive demigods of the Greek seers. Nothing could be more exalted than the simple greatness with which they spoke of the Creator. In order to designate him in a definite manner, they gave him no name whatever. A name, they said, is a necessity as a discrimination. Whoever is alone needs no name, as there is no one with whom he can be confounded. On a statue of Isis was engraved: "I am that which is," and upon a pyramid at Sais was found the remarkable ancient inscription: "I am all that which is, has been and will be; no mortal man has ever removed my veil." No one dared to enter the temple of Serapis who did not have inscribed upon the breast or on the forehead the name Jao or J-ha-ho, a name which was consonant with the Hebrew Jehovah, and which no doubt is of the same meaning; and no name was spoken by the Egyptians with more reverence than the name Jao. In the hymns, which the hierophant or principal director of the sanctuary sung with the initiated, was this given in the first disclosure of the nature and character of the Divine Being: "He is the only one and for himself, and to this only one are all things indebted for their existence."

As a preliminary ceremony necessary at every initiation was the circumcision, to which even Pythagoras was obliged to submit at his admission into the Egyptian Mysteries. This distinction from others who were not circumcised should designate a closer intimacy, brotherly union and a closer relation to God, for which purpose Moses also applied it among the Hebrews.

In the holiest of the sanctuary they placed before the new members various sacred vessels and utensils expressive of mystery. Among these was a chest called the coffin of Serapis, which, according to its origin, was no doubt intended as a symbol of hidden wisdom; but later on served as an institution for the mysterious conduct of the priests. To carry this chest around was the special privilege of the priests, or a certain class of servants belonging to the sanctuary, for which reason they were called Chistophores. No one but the hierophants were permitted to uncover or even touch this chest. It was said of one who had the impudence to uncover it that he became a lunatic.

Among the Egyptian Mysteries were found certain hieroglyphic images of gods which were made to represent various parts of animals. The well known sphinx is one of this kind; and by this it was intended to signify the attributes united in the highest being, or to throw together into one body the most powerful of all living things. There was chosen something of the most powerful bird, or the eagle, from the strongest wild beast, or the lion, of the strongest of all domestic animals or the bull, and last the strongest of all animals, man. The bull or apis was particularly used as the emblem of

strength to designate the omnipotence of the highest being, but the bull is called cherub in the original tongue.

These mysterious figures, to which no one except the initiated had the key, gave to the mysteries themselves a peculiar outward appearance, which deceived the people and had something common with the idolatry. Superstition received thereby through the outside veil of the mysteries a continuous maintenance, while in the sanctuary it was looked upon with scorn.

It is, however, easily understood how this pure theism could exist along with the idolatry with any degree of toleration, because, although it ruined idolatry within, it encouraged it on the outside. This contradiction of the religion of the priests and that of the people was excused by a necessity with the founders of the mysteries; it appeared the less serious one of two evils, while it was more hoped to hem the dangerous consequences of the concealed truth than the prejudicial effect of its being too suddenly revealed. But as gradually unworthy persons found their way into the secret covenant, and as the institution lost its original purity, what once was an absolute necessity, namely, secrecy, was made the principal object of the concern, and, instead of generally purifying the superstition and preparing people for the reception of truth, a certain advantage was sought in leading them more astray, and to plunge them deeper into superstition. Priestcraft now took the place of innocent pure intention, and even the institute itself which should maintain the faith in the only true God, guard and disseminate truth, commenced to be the most powerful means for the contrary, and to degenerate into a regular school of idolatry. The hierophants, in order not to lose their influence over the minds, and to intensify expectation, found it expedient to postpone the final disclosure, which should forever terminate all false expectations, and to render difficult all the approaches to the sanctuary through all sorts of artifices. Finally the key to the hieroglyphics and secret figures was totally lost, and now they were accepted as the truth itself which they were originally intended to veil from public view. *J. S.*

## MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.

THERE is great diversity among individuals. Everyone is not endowed with the same capacities, nor possessed of similar abilities; but each is useful in his sphere, and there should be a just recognition and appreciation of ability, whether it is displayed in professional and scientific pursuits, or in the humbler departments of common labor.

This feature of diversity in the human race, corresponds with that endless variety observable in all nature. Man's physical organism is said to be a compound of all material substances. Hence his sympathy with, and attachment to earthly objects. If this is true, ascending from the lower to the higher spheres of life, may we not affirm that man's spiritual nature is a compound of spiritual elements, a concentration of unlimited intellectual faculties, with aspirations reaching out after higher knowledge, with sympathies which embrace, and powers to grasp the riches, and mysteries and harmonies of infinitude?

But these innate powers have to be developed. They inhere in our nature, as the oak lies in the acorn, and without cultivation and inducement, they must remain dormant and concealed. This development of his inborn spiritual qualities constitutes "The whole duty of man." And when he is fully unfolded and disentangled and separated from all gross and deleterious matter, man will then be a perfect image and likeness of his Creator. How important, then, is the matter of development! It comprehends both physical and mental improvement. The former is called

etiquette, and signifies according to popular notions, the art of pleasing by conforming to prescribed rules of social and conventional decorum. The importance and propriety of good manners, is acknowledged by all lovers of well regulated society; as upon this depends much of the pleasure and enjoyment of life. But as the chief requisite to true politeness is good common sense, springing from good nature and amiability of disposition, and as these are the effects of a refined and cultivated intellect, therefore, the improvement of the mind is of first importance.

The student should bear in mind that books and study alone do not furnish all the requisites necessary for full development of character. A man might possess all the learning of the schools, all the etiquette and refinement inculcated by Chesterfield and Blair, and yet be deficient in those essential preparations which will admit him to the society of celestial beings. The great majority of mankind, in all ages, have depended upon these human agencies for the development and advancement of our race. But the moral degradation and social miseries existing in every part of the world evinces the futility of man's efforts to elevate himself by his own wisdom. It must also be conceded that all the systems of religion, invented by man, have proved equally powerless. As well might the acorn attempt to grow into the "majestic king of the forest" without the aid of man or the fertility of the soil, as for man to essay the stupendous task of development, unaided by higher powers, and without the application of loftier principles than he himself possesses or can conceive. The development which we would inculcate, and that is before the youth of Zion, is of a higher order than what is found in books, or exists in the brains of the learned. Its agencies comprehend not only all physical and intellectual excellencies attainable by man, but adds to these also celestial laws and ordinances, administered by divine authority, under the immediate direction of our Heavenly Father.

The youth of Zion are favored above all other young people, because they have within their reach all the auxiliaries necessary for their fullest development, physical and spiritual. There is before them a future of intense interest and full of promise. They should begin to realize their destiny and arouse themselves to prepare for its fulfilment. They should throw away the idea of ease, and avoid the temptations to seductive pleasures. As prerequisites, our young men should possess and cultivate courage, patience and perseverance.

Courage is essential to a noble and useful career. Moral courage is needed, above all other mental qualities, to sustain the right against the wrong. Let every young man of Utah arm himself with a large amount of indomitable courage that knows no surrender of his will to that which is base or pernicious. There is more honor due to that courage which overcomes moral weaknesses and combats the temptation to self-indulgence; that faces ridicule and contemns persecution, than can be achieved upon a score of battlefields. But the grand virtue of courage is not a sudden attainment. Although some possess it naturally in a larger degree than others, yet, in most persons, courage needs cultivation. And the best way to cultivate courage is to practice it constantly.

Another great moral quality, though less easy to practice than courage, is patience. Youth is prone to be hasty and impetuous, but vehement passion and precipitate action, must not be mistaken for courage. True courage is calm and dignified in the face of danger, and is the result of patience and self-possession. Keep cool, and you command everybody. Patience endures hardships and contumely, and waits for the proper opportunity to act, then courage comes in, and victory is won, without flinching or rashness. Remember life will have its difficulties whatever path you take. There can be no successes or victories unless obstacles are met and overcome. In the coming struggle you will have provocations, discouragements, failures. But lay in a

good stock of patience. You will also have triumphs, successes, praises. Do not be elated nor grow vain. Have patience. In the work of self-correction you will make good resolutions, and in a weak moment break them; you will resist temptations, and sometimes yield again; but be not faint-hearted, have patience; you are growing, learning, developing. The higher the destiny, the more elaborate and earnest needs to be the preparation for it. Somebody has said "Have courage and patience and the world is yours."

But the quality which induces, sustains and strengthens all other moral virtues is perseverance. There is a good deal said about luck and good fortune, but the old fable about the hare and the tortoise illustrates what luck is. Luck, fortune, prosperity, are simply the reward and result of perseverance. Perseverance is continued and persistent effort in a certain course, in spite of difficulties, never to give up, but to "Keep-a-pitchin'-in." Perseverance embodies the chief element of success in all enterprises. By it Columbus triumphed over stupendous obstacles and added the Western Hemisphere to the map of our globe. By it Washington and his fellow-patriots trampled tyranny and oppression down, and established a form of government, the most noble and generous ever vouchsafed to the world.

Let the sons of Latter-day Saints emulate all others in the exercise of courage, patience and perseverance. For by the employment of these virtues, enriched and intensified by the gift of inspiration, your fathers have endured hardships, and achieved victories unparalleled in history. And for the possession and practice of these and other good qualities, the Latter-day Saints to-day, are the wonder and admiration of all people, who are not too blind to see it, or too jealous to acknowledge it. Young men, brace up for the work! You are to be the moral reformers of a degenerated race; the noble of the earth, and the favored of heaven. *John H. Kelson.*

## HYDE PARK AND APSLEY HOUSE.

THERE is something in the very word that sends a thrill through the whole system, and the spirit rushes out over a wide expanse of greensward, with broad, grand walks and fine carriage roads, all shaded at different parts by noble trees, whose ages number among the centuries. At all delightful points are seats for the weary or the meditative to sit and enjoy communion with their own spirit, or "in audience with the Deity." On this beautiful Sabbath morning, my spirit is rushing over a wide expanse of time and distance, and—in idea—I am seated, as of yore, on one of those delightful seats, in the great Hyde Park of London, that I remember so well. Memory, that wonderful mental storehouse, has opened one of her cabinets, and before me is the glory and the beauty of that mighty blessing to the London public—Hyde Park. It is over thirty years since I sat there bodily, but so well was I acquainted with it, by frequent visits, that it is still a vivid picture when I desire to review it.

The parks are important appendages to the metropolis. Here the Sovereign and her subjects find healthy exercise and recreation. In the reign of Henry VIII, this park was nothing more than a desolate marsh; it was enlarged and planted with lime trees by Charles II, who contracted the water into a canal, and formed a decoy and other ponds for water fowl. Here he might often be seen in that part called the "Bird-cage walk," playing with his dogs, feeding his ducks, and talking in a familiar manner with his subjects; he had also an aviary near that place.

Of all the royal parks, none is so extensive as Hyde Park, nor can such an assemblage of carriages and fine horses be seen in any other place in the whole world as are here daily witnessed during

the summer months. To a stranger, they appear numberless, and wonder rises in the mind that there should be rich people enough to keep so many costly equipages. Two hundred years back, Hyde Park contained eighteen hundred acres, but now it has not quite four hundred, Kensington Gardens being separated from it. The Serpentine river, as it is called, adorns the park—famous for bathers' and skaters' accidents and other loss of life; though the Humane Society have a receiving house on its banks and watchers with life-preservers are constantly walking on its shores to prevent, as far as possible, disaster. Here also is a noble road fenced off entirely for equestrians; no carriage or foot passenger is allowed therein. Ladies on beautiful palfreys, and gentlemen mounted on fiery yet highly trained steeds that snort and paw the ground, appear to revel in happiness.

I now come to the triumphal arches, as they are named, at "Hyde Park corner." These bring me to Apsley House, the mansion given by the English government to the Duke of Wellington, with its magnificent iron gates, and barred windows, standing like a fortress at the entrance of the Park; the bronze figure of Achilles on the lofty granite pedestal meets the eye on entering the archway —it was erected in honor of the Duke, after the decisive battle of Waterloo, by the ladies of England. I must here relate what appeared at that time in the London journals. George II was riding one day on horseback in Hyde Park, when he met an old soldier, who had fought with him in the battle of Dettingen; and entered into free discourse with him. After talking some time, the king asked the veteran what he could do for him. "Why please, your majesty," said the soldier, "my wife keeps an apple stall on the bit of waste ground as you enter the park, and if your majesty would be pleased to make us a grant of it, we might build a shed on it, and improve our trade." It was a moderate request and the king granted it. The old apple merchant now prospered greatly, for the shed was built and trade increased, the situation being a good one.

In the course of years the old soldier died, and the Lord Chanceller wanted a suitable piece of ground on which to build himself a mansion, and he fixed his mind on this very spot. The old lady was sadly alarmed when she saw her old shed pulled down, and preparations made to build a fine mansion where it had stood, but she had a son who was an attorney's clerk, and she consulted him what course she should take; he was shrewd enough at once to see the advantage that might be gained by remaining quiet in the matter, so he advised his mother to say nothing till the great mansion was completed. No sooner was the house finished, than the son waited on the Lord Chancellor to complain of the trespass committed on his mother's property, and to claim a recompense for the injury she had sustained.

When the Chancellor saw that the claim was undeniable, he directly offered a few hundred pounds by way of compensation, but this was altogether refused. The old lady, advised by her son, would by no means settle the affair on such easy terms. After some deliberation a ground rent of four hundred pounds a year was demanded, and his lordship, at last agreed to the terms, and to this day Apsley House yields a ground rent of four hundred pounds yearly, to the descendants of the old apple woman.

There is a magnificent room in Apsley House called "the Waterloo Gallery." While the Duke lived, all the surviving veteran officers of Waterloo were yearly entertained by him at a superb banquet in this grand hall, on the eighteenth of June, the anniversary of the renowned battle. I was once so highly favored as to enter it as the table was laid for dinner; a broad plateau of solid silver was placed through the length of the table, leaving a margin for the *entrees*; at each end was a palm tree, about four feet high, of solid silver; at the side of the table was the sovereign's chair, and opposite to it

an equestrian statue of the queen. Prince Albert always occupied this seat, which of course became the head of the table. At the corners of the plateau were groups of cupids, wreathing flowers, and other symbolical figures, all in the same precious metal. The sideboards were loaded with massive gold plate. The centre salver bore the battles and victories of the duke, each figure as distinct as life. Cups and goblets, and wine coolers, and other vessels, many edged with jewels and precious stones, all of immense value. There were a few fine pictures in this room—I only remember one—it was the garden of Gethsemane, only one solitary figure in it, kneeling, as it would seem, at the moment when that memorable, agonizing, passionate prayer escaped the lips of the suffering Savior, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" This picture was valued at ten thousand guineas; I do not remember the artist. A range of windows run along one side of this noble room, and at night, shutters were drawn out from the side, and were one sheet of mirror, the size of the windows, which gave a very brilliant effect to the whole room; another notable feature was the grand staircase commencing in the second entrance hall of this superb building; at the bottom stands a full length colossal figure of Napoleon I; he has simply a wreath of laurel round his brow, an imperial spear in his right hand, and the form is nude. Could this remarkable feature be intended to shadow forth his loss of royal power? To me it spoke a volume, not in any way in favor of the duke, who was accidentally his conqueror. I never heard a reason for it; still as a statue—as a work of art—it is superbly grand. Even Napoleon viewing it, might say, "'Tis well!"

Years have passed, I am in a new world, new scenes, new associates, but those magnificent scenes are still living in my memory, but that comparatively small painting, and that suffering and holy Martyr holds my heart, and beside it, the rest becomes obscured, though not forgotten. Why should it be, when the heavenly minded can see heaven through it all?

Yes, my Savior, I am Thine!
To follow Thee, I left my home,
To fill this yearning soul of mine,
Whose spirit voice says, "come, Lord, come."

Yet hush my soul that secret voice,
Wait passive thy Redeemer's time,
Then shall His Saints indeed rejoice,
And through eternal ages shine.

The grandeur of this mundane sphere,
Though dazzling to the mortal eye,
But shows the counterfeit is here,
To draw us up to crowns on high.

*Hannah T. King.*

## WHAT IS EDUCATION?

THE education of the human mind is a subject which has worthily occupied the highest place in the estimation of the wise in all ages of the world. Indeed there is no other subject of such vital importance. When we consider the fact, that life itself is one vast school, and that all earth's inhabitants, from the loftiest human intelligence to the lowest order of animal creation, have been sent to this school for the purpose of acquiring an education, we are able to appreciate to some extent, the responsibility of the position we occupy, and the priceless value of the time, the talents, and the opportunities that are placed at our disposal.

That all human beings do not take this view of the matter, we are well aware. There are thousands, aye millions of our race, who appear to have no higher conception of the true purpose of their creation, than the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, or the denizens of the watery deep. In fact, were all creation to be judged—as it will some day be—and the proportionate intelligence of every species predicated upon its obe-

dience to the laws of nature and of nature's God, it would seem as if man was actually less intelligent than any other living object throughout the animal or vegetable kingdoms. And why? For the simple reason that every form of vegetable life, and every order of the animal realm, excepting man, observes the laws of nature and faithfully fills up the measure of its creation. Man is the only transgressor. Consequently, if we were to impute all disobedience to ignorance, and all obedience to superior intelligence—which would appear to be the more charitable way—it would give man a place somewhat lower down in the scale of enlightenment than he might possibly desire to occupy. But we will not erect this standard of judgment, for it would not be a correct criterion. Man's disobedience results, not from his lack of intelligence, but from his lack of proper education.

By education—as already implied—we do not mean exclusively nor even particularly, that mental discipline which schools and colleges impart. The development of the intellect, is but a single phase of the subject, and by no means the most important one, for useful and valuable though it be, as a branch of education, it is really of secondary consideration, compared with other departments of that vast system of development, by means of the entire harmonious and persistent operation of which it is alone possible for the human mind to be perfectly educated. The suicidal or homicidal policy of imparting intellectual cultivation, to the utter neglect of the physical, the moral, and what is of greater importance, the spiritual faculties, is amply illustrated in the lives of men and women all around us. There are those who carefully cultivate their minds, while they entirely neglect their bodies, and the consequence is that the expanding intellect, deprived of adequate physical support, soon overpowers the weak constitution and renders its possessor an invalid for life and the occupant of an untimely grave. Instance the case of Henry Kirk White. If this gifted and promising poet, whose intense application to study ruined his health and hurried him into eternity ere he had fairly entered upon his earthly career, had been more mindful of his temporal welfare, he might have attained to thrice the age at which he died; and the same might be said of thousands, who have vainly imagined the word education to simply imply the development of the mental powers.

There are others more wise, but not so much more as they should be, who think they fulfil every requirement by developing both intellect and physique, while at the same time they completely ignore the cultivation of the moral attributes. The result of this fallacy is that the mental and physical force, accruing from this system of training, is just so much more power for the perpetration of wickedness; for the more intelligent the mind the greater its capacity for good or evil, and the stronger the body the more able it is to execute the purposes of the mind. Like a powerful locomotive, off the track, or in momentary danger of flying from it, is the educated mind and body, without morality as the engineer and conductor to guide, control, restrain and manipulate its powers. If mental and physical discipline were all sufficient, prisons would not be crowded with "educated" convicts; banks would not "break" nearly so often; embezzling clerks and absconding cashiers would not be so numerous; scientific murders, infanticides, and kindred vices would be of less frequent occurrence; mankind would love and show more mercy towards one another, and ruined virtue would weep less over misplaced confidence and the spoliation of chastity. A man or woman, "educated," but devoid of moral principle, is just so much nearer a devil, and is admirably adapted as an instrument of Satan for the furtherance of his fell designs.

But supposing a man to have been educated mentally, physically and morally; is his education still complete? Look at the infidel, who denies the existence of his Creator, who scorns the idea of a power superior to his own intellect, and ridicules and discourages the hopes

and exertions of all who endeavor to work out their eternal salvation. Is he educated? Yes. Is his mind quick and powerful? Yes. Is his body strong and active? Yes. Is his private life above reproach? Yes. Does he lie, swear, steal, kill or commit adultery? No. Does he manifest love for his family and friendship and sympathy for his fellow man? Yes. And yet he stands as a barrier and a stumbling-block at the gateway of eternal life, neither going in himself nor allowing that privilege to others, harassing and disheartening the already weak and trembling, piling discomfort upon the back already bending beneath its burden, weakening those who barely have strength to stand without such interference, strewing briars under their lacerated and bleeding feet, pulling down the only shelter over their heads, and instead of whispering comfort to their worn and drooping souls, making the present one cheerless scene of woe and misery, and picturing a future of black and hopeless desolation beyond. Is that love and friendship? Is that charity and benevolence! Are these the fruits of a perfect education? Has not such a man's training been neglected in some important particular? Mental, physical and moral training are not then all that is necessary. They are but sufficient to guide us along the ordinary walks of this life, without any reference to the endless existence towards which we are so rapidly hastening.

Man, while on earth, should learn the way to heaven, that when he closes his brief mortal course he may be qualified to undertake the endless and immortal career that lies before him. Hence he must have a spiritual education, which alone is the most important training that the human mind can receive. It comprehends all others, which are nothing more nor less than its component parts; the several branches of one great tree; the various departments of an all-comprising system; the separate lessons of a manifold truth; tributary rivers, flowing from one common source, into the vast ocean of universal intelligence. Man came here to gain an experience which he could not acquire in any other sphere, and having obtained the object of his coming, he returns with it to the place from whence he started. He is at school on earth; he is at home in heaven. From the primaries of a spiritual pre-existence, he descends to the intermediate department of mortality; where he is expected to ply every effort, and wisely use every privilege and possession within his power, that by learning well the lessons of this life, he may advance from grade to grade of intelligence, until finally he graduates with the highest honors, and is fitted and prepared to mingle forever with the pure, the refined, the educated society of the eternal worlds. *O. F. Whitney.*

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Friendship makes prosperity more bright, adversity more supportable.

Truth and love are two of the most powerful things in the world, and when they both go together, they cannot easily be withstood.

A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said in excuse, "You know, doctor, that I must live." The brave old hater of everything mean and hateful coolly replied that he did "not see the least necessity for that."

Those who are at all familiar with the ways of the printing office, know that they tend strongly to habits of brevity, directness and condensation. A notable instance of this was discovered in a newspaper establishment of central New York, when an irate subscriber brought his paper back to the editor, and desired to know if they meant to insult him by directing his paper in *that* way. The individual's name was Daniel De Witt Clinton Bangs—euphonious enough but troublesome to write, as he always liked to have it written out at full length. The mailing clerk had found the five names in full upon the list, and falling naturally into the habit of abbreviation, he had directed the paper thus:

D. D. &c. Bangs.

## IF WE COULD ONLY SEE BEFORE.

"It is too late to look back upon the land, when, the cable being loosed, the vessel is making her way into the immense deep."—*Cato.*

Under a clear and sunny sky,
With a fav'ring westerly wind,
A son, in twain broke kindred's tie,
His fortune afar off to find.
And father and mother stood on shore,
With hearts overflowing with grief,
And prayed their God that He'd restore
Their loved son and bring them relief;
But ere the sun that night had cast
Its rays in the far golden west,
The ship 'neath th' storm-king's pow'rful blast,
Sank quietly down to its rest.
And th' sad news flew with lightning speed,
To the parents' once bright abode,
And with tearful eyes, with God they plead
To help them bear up 'neath their load.

With tear-stained eye, and heart bowed down,
With weight of grief and saddened care,
A husband—father—leaves the town,
To struggle 'mid the battle's glare;
And as he clasps to his sad breast,
His stricken wife and children dear,
"O God!" he cries, "may these be blest,
Till I return, their hearts to cheer."
And one by one he bids "good-bye,"
With kisses mixed with falling tears,
And then to Him who rules on high,
He leaves them, and to duty steers.
But in the battle's bloody din,
In death he lays his aching soul,
And cries, "Could we, ere we begin,
See all, our lives might we control."

In death's last throes, a drunkard's form,
Repentantly sinks to its rest;
No trouble took he to reform
His error, while life was his guest.
But now laid low on his death bed,
With weeping wife and children 'round,
The thoughts of dying fills with dread,
That soul, which strong in sin was bound.
"Oh! Mary, dear, is it too late
For you to pardon my past life?
Forgive me for your wretched state—
Forgive me, O, my darling wife."
"Dear husband, all I do forgive,"
The wife she cried, then all was o'er;
What would not he have paid to live
That life again, which was no more?

All through the sultry summer day,
A blue-eyed child had fretful been,
No pleasure reaped it from its play,
Or from its sport did comfort glean;
And mother, with her many cares,
Was vexed with baby's fretful ways,
Yet knew not sickness, unawares,
Was ebbing out its childish days.
For mothers, when their children fret,
Are far too apt to frown and scold,
Yet hearts, o'erflowing with regret,
Are found when baby's still and cold.
And when in death the mother saw
Her darling close its angel eyes,
Remorse and pain her heart did gnaw,
For angry words at baby's sighs.

And thus through all of life's strange ways,
We cannot see one jot ahead;
We know not what in future lays,
We know not till the time hath fled.
The prattling child, the happy youth,
The parent and the tot'ring form,
Could better oft their ways forsooth,
Could they but see before the storm.
But 'tis not for us mortals here,
To rend the future's vail in twain,
To know when we shall leave this sphere—
Such things do not to man pertain.
A mightier pow'r holds this in hand—
'Tis God's divine economy;
No one can Future's things demand,
Or gaze into eternity.

The Ruler of the universe,
The Framer of salvation's plan,
Will, to the humblest man, converse
In simple words, like man to man.
He'll teach him how to walk below,
That when the powers of death surround,
He can into dominions go
Where sorrow shall no more be found.
But, to unfold to mortal man
The things that Future's vail withhold
Would mar Eternity's grand plan,
Which gods, ere earth was formed, did mould.
'Tis good we do not know all things,
'Tis well we cannot see before;
So while each day the sunshine brings,
Let's happy be, till life be o'er.

*James H. Wallis.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THAT a crisis is imminent in the political situation of this Territory, those who are best acquainted with the nature and intent of government Returning Boards will admit. In the South these institutions won a reputation for cruel and unmerciful dealing and fraudulent canvassing which will adhere to them for all time. In the National Capitol, a few years since, the most famous returning board ever created was called into requisition to decide between the party in power and the one claiming the electoral votes of the people; there was one more republican than democrat on the returning board and the multiplicity of votes failed. The most eminent men of the nation were members of this Electoral Commission, and they declared integrity to their party to be the highest sentiment of patriotism which they were capable of feeling. With such examples before us, what may we expect of the Commissioners sent to this Territory, with legal authority of such undefined scope to make returns and issue certificates, that no one dares to intimate, as yet, how they will construe it. That it was hoped the disfranchisement of polygamists, under the administration of the Commissioners, would reduce the majority of the People's Party sufficiently to admit a Gentile legislature, there can be no doubt. Members of Congress professed to believe that the law-making power would be forever taken from the Mormon people by the enforcement of the Edmunds law. But in this they were mistaken. The Commissioners, however desirous they might be to fulfil the expectations of Congressmen and others in this respect, have frequently, in public interviews, acknowledged that they cannot turn the Territory over to the Gentile party, under existing law or by the exercise of any authority they possess. If the Commissioners adhere to this interpretation of the law and of their powers, then the majority need only to scrupulously observe the legal provisions and the Commissioners' rulings, to elect their men and secure the certificates which will enable them to act. We are able to do this, and should show that we are thoroughly aroused to its importance by being so regular in conducting all our primaries and conventions, in the selection of men for the various offices, in the casting of our ballots and making returns to the proper officers, that not a suspicion of error or fault can be created by any act pertaining to the election or any of its consequences.

It is of the greatest importance that we secure the next legislature, for special reasons, among them this: If the legislature by any possible means could pass into the hands of the Gentiles, laws would be enacted to fasten upon the citizens of the Territory the most oppressive restrictions to the rights of citizenship that can be conceived of. A great number of the very best men and women of the Territory, the founders and early settlers, would thus have made permanent the temporary disfranchisement which, without trial or conviction of guilt, they have voluntarily submitted to, pending the decision of the courts upon the constitutionality of the Edmunds law. The best constitutional lawyers of the nation are sanguine that the law will not be sustained, but if such complications as its re-enactment by our local legislature would effect, were added to the present difficulties, there is no telling how or when a decision doing justice to the people might be reached, if ever.

These men and women who have made this Territory fit for human habita-

tion, whose struggles in early days for religious and political liberty caused them to pass through unparalleled scenes of distress, in which they exhibited such fortitude, patience and heroism as to cause the world to wonder and just men of the world to admire and applaud them, have rights as dear to them and as inalienable as the rights of liberty were to the patriots, who wrested from tyranny a nation of freemen. They have been convicted of no wrong, they have *done* no wrong. Their only crime is that they have fallen under the displeasure of an excited populace, whose prejudices wrought up by the enthusiasm of bigoted and aspiring priests and politicians — hungry office seekers, both — and their women-folk, have demanded the punishment if not the extinction of a body of inoffensive religionists, who dare to serve God as His Gospel prescribes, contrary to the creeds of the modern Philistines. Time will inevitably prove to all men that the "Mormons" who are disfranchised by act of Congress, are thereby persecuted for their religion's sake, and that the measure is a cruel precedent which will bear its full complement of disaster to the agencies which have effected it.

To those who already know this there is no excuse for neglect or slothfulness in doing the duty that the ties of country and brotherhood make binding upon them. It is considered patriotic for a man to defend his own political rights; but it is so in a higher sense to maintain the liberties of his friends. The peculiar situation in Utah will bring home to the hearts of the people the fundamental principles of freedom. We have to contend for "first principles," which, to be sure, is out of fashion in these days of party strifes and struggles on subordidate questions of policy. The colonists were not much worse treated than the people of this Territory, and men have gone to war for less grievous outrages than the disfranchisement of so many of their wisest and purest compatriots. But the Latter-day Saints are a peaceable people and their religion teaches them patience and long suffering endurance; but it does not teach them to bow the neck to a yoke of tyranny or to fetter their hands with the shackles of a slave.

Our history shows that not only individuals but our whole people love liberty so much more than possessions or fair fame in the eyes of the world, that they have sacrificed wealth, home and their dearest ties of affinity for the sake of God and the right. They have inculcated this lesson in the hearts of their children, who have been taught to anticipate a time when equal trials would be put upon their faith and equal demands be made of their integrity. That time is rapidly approaching, and we can begin to see in what way the test will be applied.

In these days when distinctions are being made and places and positions of honor and prominence are falling away from their natural gravitation—among the experienced and tried and trusted—to the youthful, the inexperienced and the convenient men of the People's Party, whose misfortune is their eligibility, will be discovered, among the latter, some who may entertain the thought that it is providential they have been weak in the faith, for now they can save the party. They should remember the observation of President George Q. Cannon, to this effect: "When we who have obeyed the law of God are dependent for safety upon those who have had the opportunity to do so, and have neglected to improve it, may God have mercy upon us!" So say we. The position is altogether unnatural, and one that in the eternal justice of the Almighty cannot be permitted. The spirit that has prevailed to strike a blow at one of the highest and holiest principles of the plan of salvation, and has thereby reached the purest and best of God's servants, cannot hurt them much; but it will tread to the ground and grind to powder the less faithful who stand in its track, but think they are going to escape the blow because it is directed over their heads at higher and better game. Trials can hardly be called such to those who, living by the higher law of life revealed

for their exaltation, are endowed with the patience of the Master they serve and honor, but the same test would ruin men who are in the thraldom President Kimball used to describe—"To want to and can't. That's hell, brethren!"

We are decidedly in favor of electing to office young men, sons of the disfranchised, and those whose eligibility under the existing nefarious law is no reproach. They may lack in experience, but they, as a rule, will be found on the side of right, and they will make no compromise of principle for favor or profit; and they can conscientiously claim the blessing of Him who is able with the weak ones of the earth to "confound the wisdom of the wise" and cause "the understanding of the prudent to be hid."

Let every voter of the Territory rally at the polls, cast his ballot for the men who are nominated to represent the principles of local self government and religious and political liberty, then trust in the Lord for the result, remembering always that "eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

## POETRY.

Poetry has engrossed the attention of all ages, and has been cultivated more or less by all classes, learned or illiterate. It is supposed by many to be the natural offspring of what is termed genius, or a gift which some possess peculiar to their nature and above the general order of intelligences among mankind.

Poetry, however, taken in a more critical view, is no more a gift or natural endowment than music, eloquence, oratory, or any other acquisition which the taste, fancy or desire may have led those who have acquired any of the above accomplishments to attain. Many possess the natural powers of musical intonation, who never made any advance in the science of music. So it is with poetry. Eloquence may be said to be the music of letters, or words, by which we are enabled fluently to express our thoughts.

Oratory embraces time, force and expression, the use of words as well as gesture, in the rounding of periods and forming of climaxes. These are the laws of declamation, all of which require physical organs adapted to the end to which they are applied; while poetry, flowing from ideality, embraces all that the orator may use by art, which are so combined together, that it would be difficult to draw a direct line of separation between them.

The ideas of the poet and orator being the same in taste, feeling and character, although the poet may have little rhetorical expression, and the orator less powers to measure metrical composition, yet the ideas in recitation are as requisite to be understood by him as they were in the composer.

In olden times, all those who professed poetry were generally musicians and declaimers; hence the harp, lute or lyre are, in our own day, often mentioned in connection with poetry, as instruments more figurative than real, from the fact of their actual use in early times, by those who followed the recitative or musical profession; indeed we have only to trace back to the more remote ages of the now most civilized nations to find that all of them had their poets, who sang their loves, joys and sorrows over their marriages, conquests, deaths, victories or defeats, or of their games, festivals or tournaments, when no other historic means could be employed to commemorate their national achievements. Poetry, then, must be viewed as the most primitive development of literature, inasmuch as the other acquirements which have been noticed were the result of more refined ages, when the power of letters and words was understood and practiced. To come to a more accurate conclusion, we would require to go as far back as the days of Homer, and from his epic poetry learn

the traditions and legends of his time in his inimitable descriptions, gathered from the scraps and songs of less intelligent authors, who sang of wars and victories won by the supposed gods of their mystical creation before him. From this it is clearly obvious or supposable that poetry is not the production of education, but the natural development of expression promoted by the circumstances of life in which it obtained celebrity, taken in connection with the intellectuality of its authors, and the improvement of time, from one rhyme to another down through a long series of years.

It seems to be a wise provision made for us by the gods in our nature, though dimmed and almost obliterated in consequence of our degeneracy, to speak in happy illustrative language. We can only have a correct idea of this truth by looking back to the first poets or declaimers on record—men and women unlearned in the rules of grammatical construction who have composed the most beautiful pieces, which stand as models of the best compositions, down through a series of more than four thousand years.

The Indian tribes which inhabit this continent, are a fair specimen of what all other savages or barbarous nations have been in all ages and parts of the world, before they attained to a knowledge of letters or the art of writing. They have their war songs, their rejoicings, mingled with the song and dance, their songs commemorative of their warrior chiefs, their victories, their nation and their ancestry; indeed, they have no other way or method of retaining a history of their national glory and achievements than by this simple and natural process derived from their natural development, and crude arrangement of their ideas. Poetry may be said to be the first transposal of reflection, or conveyance of unwritten thought, orally from father to son, and from one generation to another, known by the name of legend and tradition. No verbal prose communication could be so well rehearsed nor so well remembered; rhyme, verse, or blank lines, linger in the memory and are more easily acquired. Hence, the savage, barbarous and semi-civilized nations have all had their poets to commemorate in song what they desired should be committed from father to son, as the bygone memory of their past deeds and greatness. Rules and legends of ancient date were all of a poetic caste, and although many of them are not set forth in rhyme, yet they are all in measured verse. For example, Joseph and his brethren, the poems of Ossian, and in general all the Celtic tales savor of discription and happy expression. "Give me," said an English author, "the songs of any nation, whose language we are acquainted with, and it will be easy to tell their history, morality and refinement, their degradation, and the cause and consequence thereof."

It is a well known fact that poetry, when properly directed, inspires in the mind a love of country whether native or adopted; it stimulates the slave with a love of liberty or freedom, and freemen with heroic valor against oppression. It clothes the rusticity of life with the robes of innocence, makes social conviviality burst its sides with laughter, and imprints a never-to-be-forgotten veneration on the minds of the religious. In fact, nothing in the shape of literature ever has left or will leave such an indelible impression on the minds of any people of the past, present or future as poetry. The only reason we can advance in proof of this is, that all men and women are, more or less, developed with the same physical organization, including similar feelings, sentiments, passions, tastes and desires; so that poetry, instead of being an extraordinary and rare gift, is the common endowment of the whole human family, savage, barbarous or civilized. It is laid in the constitution of man as the basis of all that is called oratory, eloquence or composition. It is the father of music, and the life-giving spirit of devotion. Learning may refine it, but never can produce it as an art. It takes the precedence of all other forms of literature, because it is the foundation and structure of

thought. Happy expression is the spirit of poetry; no words can paint the beauty of the heavenly spheres, the raging stormy seas, the terrific cyclone, the boiling volcano and the heaving earthquake, nor paint in ideas the feelings of friendship and the love that binds the sons of God to one another; all that is social, moral and physical in the formation of sound belongs to poetry.

Nothing can illustrate these ideas more vividly than the history of the Latter-day Saints. Gathered as they are from the four quarters of the earth, and that, too, in poverty, and without the advantages of liberal education, they are, nevertheless, filled with the spirit of poetry, which is the spirit of revelation. The songs of Zion have been sung in every country under heaven. The life of Joseph the Seer, and his martyrdom; the coming forth of the Priesthood; the building of holy Temples; the exodus, and triumphs of the First Presidency, and the establishment of the Saints in the Rocky Mountains. All these and a countless number of other songs, are as popular and inspiring as the songs of any people on the earth. They may be rude when compared with the classical refinement of modern nations; still, they will progress from their present infancy, and the day is not far distant when they will be more than equal, if not beyond comparison with the most enlightened of any other people on the globe. We can number a few already, and one in particular, whose spirit has given vent in songs of the deepest veneration, the purest sympathy, and the most heaven-inspiring philosophical devotion. Others in her wake have followed, no less inspiring and full of inspiration.

But some invidious critic may ask, "Where was their poetry and valor in flying like fugitives from the land of their adoption, leaving their homes in flames in the midst of winter? Where was their reliance in their faith on God?" Why, in facing the dreary, trackless wilderness, in traveling over mountains and ferrying over rivers without the means of water carriage, invaded by hostile Indians, and sometimes destitute of proper nourishment for the sick and feeble; all these combined only inspired them with songs of hope, which were composed in the midst of their trials, and sung by their camp fires, joined in chorus by the distant wolves who were watching for their prey, less ravenous than the human wolves they had left behind.

To conclude, we believe poetry to be the undisguised sentiment of feeling, of truthful perception and delineation of character; not of wild imagination, nor the fabulous conceits of insane, dreamy likelihoods, but the undisguised language of simple, naked truth. Whether it be expressed in the sweetest tones of eloquence or in the monotones of the Deseret Alphabet, or whether it be spoken by the Spirit of the Lord, like the songs of Deborah, Miriam, Mary, Elizabeth, David, Isaiah or Jeremiah; whether it be in praise, lamentation, panegyric, satire, reproof or devotion, nothing is so simple or primitive in its nature, so beautiful in its description, nor so sublime in its research. Music, eloquence and oratory may influence and stir the passions, and in ecstacy waft the immortal spirit of man to the confines of heaven, but poetry opens the everlasting gates and leads the soul far up the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. If all that is grand, beautiful and glorious be the ornaments of celestial life, and *truth* the latch-key to enter on its enjoyment, how base the literature of lies, made to suit a mystified world, called the sublime! Here no shying Pegasus nor Parnasian hill of difficulty will obstruct the way to the fame of an immortal reward, not of time but all eternity. *John Lyon.*

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GULLS AND CRICKETS.—In the second year after the pioneers had arrived here—in 1848—the large black crickets common to these mountainous regions made their appearance in Salt Lake and some other valleys, in clouds—figuratively speaking. They did not fly, but came hopping down the mountains in myriads. So vast were their numbers the mountains were black, and seemed literally

alive with the great big, black, ugly things, each one about the size of a large man's thumb.

It was at a time when the crops were promising; everything looked green; the future outlook seemed bright, and the heart of the sun-burned and toil-worn pioneer grew lighter as the prospects of a plentiful harvest and greater comforts grew more and more tangible with each day's growth of the healthy grain. But blacker than the clouds of coal-black crickets which came hopping down the mountain slopes in countless numbers, leaving barrenness and desolation in their wake, were the clouds of despair which filled the heart of the weary husbandman as this new and unlooked-for curse came slowly, but surely, toward the pride, the joy, and the promise of the early settler—his fields of waving corn and grain.

The foe was utterly unconquerable so far as human efforts were concerned; there was nothing the heart-sick farmer could do but stand idly by and see the labor of the season destroyed. Children gazed with wonder and terror; women looked with eyes full of tears, and strong men watched with hearts of despair. It was an awful hour.

But lo! a wonder! The sky is filled with large birds; they fly toward the scene of disaster, and they alight in the fields where the crickets hold supreme sway. Then comes a change. At once the flocks of birds begin to eat the crickets. From morn to night they continue, never ceasing. When filled until they can hold no more, they vomit up the black mass, and again continue to eat the crickets. This is kept up day after day, until not one of the devouring host is seen; the crops are saved, and the birds fly away.

This bird was the one which could recently be seen in the fields, and which was then more abundant than at any time since the event above mentioned. It is not surprising that the pioneers should return thanks to God for His succor, and that forever after the sea-gull should be looked upon as a dear friend, to be protected and encouraged.

## STRIKES.

"Strikes" by working men are simply the act of combining in a resolve not to work until the demands which cause the strikes are complied with. They have various causes. Sometimes there is an obnoxious foreman in a factory or workshop, and the men refuse to go to their daily tasks until he has been discharged. Or the employer has dismissed one of his hands, and the other workmen in the shop decline to work again until the man has been restored to his former place. Or the men have adopted some rule to which the employer refuses his assent, and they "strike" to force him to accede to their terms.

The most common cause of strikes, however, is wages. When business is active and profitable, the workmen demand higher wages, and if this is denied, they frequently strike. When trade is very dull and unprofitable, employers sometimes find it necessary to reduce the wages of the workmen. If the men do not agree to this reduction, then strikes often follow. The purpose of a strike is, of course, to compel the factory or workshop at which it occurs to stop its business. Employers have skilled workmen, and when these men refuse to work, they must employ unskilled workmen, and so suffer a loss. When prices are advancing and orders are numerous, to stop a mill, or to fill it with uninstructed men, means the loss of a good market. Moreover, at such times workmen are generally employed, and it is very hard to find new men to fill the places of those who decline to work. It is then that strikes are most commonly successful. In periods of depression in business it is comparatively easy to find trained men who are unemployed.

In order to overcome this disadvan-

tage, strikers sometimes resort to violence. They assail, and occasionally beat or shoot, men who are willing to take the places they have vacated. The practice of coercion is too often carried far beyond the limits which the law allows. Workmen have an undoubted right to reason with the men who are willing to go to work for the wages which they have rejected, but they have no right to use force to prevent them from doing so. When they do, they put themselves emphatically in the wrong. Occasionally the result of a strike is something more disastrous than failure to secure the end desired. In one of the Massachusetts shoe-towns there has been a strike this year. The shoemakers of the town are so numerous that the local government was virtually in their hands. The strikers resorted to violence, and the police, being in sympathy with the workmen, made little or no effort to restrain them. The consequence has been that some of the manufacturers in the town, finding that they could not be protected in their business rights, have determined to move their shops to other towns, and even out of the State.

The lesson is an instructive one, for it shows that injustice will not prosper. If the workmen had contented themselves with allowing to others the same liberty which they claimed for themselves; or if the authorities of the town had seen that the protection of liberty and property was their chief duty, the town would have been spared a severe blow at its prosperity. Strikes sometimes seem to be necessary, but they are always wasteful. When a man strikes for higher, or against lower, wages, he runs a great risk. If the employer is strong enough to stand out for even a short time, the workman loses, frequently, as much in wages as he afterward gains in several months, if he is successful in his demands. The conditions and chances generally favor the employer rather than the workman.

The labor question is a great one, and is constantly enlarging itself. There are theories about it without end, but, after all, the truest solution is that which recognizes employer and employed as having interests in common, which accords to laboring men a fair percentage of the anticipated profits, and allows perfect freedom to the employer to employ such workmen as he pleases. Skilled labor is always in demand, and usually controls and commands high returns for its services.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

1. It appears from the following passages of Scripture that at least many of the Jews will begin to receive the Gospel prior to their gathering:

2 Nephi, vi: 11—"When the Jews shall come to a knowledge of their Redeemer, they shall be gathered again to the lands of their inheritance."

Chapter ix: 2—"When they shall be restored to the true church, they shall be established in their lands of promise."

2 Nephi, xxx: 7—"And it shall come to pass that the Jews which are scattered, also shall begin to believe in Christ; and they shall begin to gather in upon the face of the land, and as many as shall believe in Christ, shall also become a delightsome people." *M. C.*

2. In the Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 104, v. 40, we learn that the Kirtland Stake of Zion was in the land of Shinehah;

In Sec. 107, v. 8, that the plains of Olaha Shinehah and the mountains of Adam-Ondi-Ahman is the land where Adam dwelt;

In Sec. 116, Spring Hill, Davis Co., Mo., is designated as Adam-Ondi-Ahman "because, said he, it is the place where Adam shall come to visit his people;"

In Sec. 107, v. 53, we are informed that Adam called together his posterity in the valley of Adam-Ondi-Ahman, "and there bestowed upon them his last blessing."

The above references prove clearly that Adam-Ondi-Ahman is on this Continent, and that Adam dwelt there; but the particular spot on which the Garden of Eden was located is not stated in these Revelations. *F.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

*The Glory of God is Intelligence.*

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## JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

VI.

BROTHER GRANT was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Legislative Assembly of the Territory in 1852, and at the three subsequent sessions, filling that office with dignity and honor, to the fullest satisfaction of the members over whom he presided. As a legislator he was quick and talented and brought to the law making department a high practical sense of justice and right, which qualified him to propose and render valuable aid in framing wholesome laws for the political and domestic welfare of the community.

But his great work which preserves the memory of President Grant in the hearts of the Latter-day Saints, was in his ecclesiastical calling. In 1854 he was chosen from the First Seven Presidents of Seventies, one of whom he had been for many years, to be second counselor in the First Presidency. In this position he was distinguished for the burning zeal that seemed to fire his bosom and keep him ever at work dispensing the blessings of the Gospel to the people and awakening within them that enthusiasm and sincerity necessary to the faithful believer in pursuing the life of a Saint, and which was ever exemplified in the career of Brother Grant. His zeal hardly had bounds, except those of the God given intelligence which preserved him from fanaticism; but he loved the work of the Lord with his whole heart and dedicated without reserve his might, mind and strength to its accomplishment. The exemplary faith and devotion of such a man inspires his fellows to efforts of godliness that they would never dream of if left to themselves, and this quality so pre-eminently displayed by Brother Grant, brought him to the front as the main leader, under the counsel of President Young—of the Great Reformation of 1856-7. The last six months of his life he labored indefatigably and beyond his physical strength in starting and rolling on that famous revival which kindled a fire in the midst of Zion that was joyfully felt by the Saints the whole world over, and caused sinners to tremble and many to flee from the habitations of the Saints. Whatever may be said at this late day of the Reformation—for there are those who are inclined to criticise the severity with which the laws of God were administered—notably those who received the Reformation and got through with it the same day—we must look upon it as the occasion of a great and long to be remembered outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the people. Lives that were more or less clouded with doubts or difficulties were lifted into the clear sunlight of faith and freedom, and have there remained, growing better and brighter with the years as they roll on, bearing the saved souls to that exaltation and glory, their repentance and good works are preparing for them, in the world to come.

The energy with which Brother Grant labored to effect the reformation of the people, the difficulties encountered and the manner in which they were overcome is illustrated in the following extract from a discourse delivered by him

in November before his death: "We went to Kaysville to preach the Reformation, under the direction of Brother Brigham. There was a dark and dull spirit there, which was not very congenial to our natures, and brother Joseph Young felt life in him; he was full of the Spirit. After staying a couple of days he said to me: 'Brother Grant, they feel cold and I guess we had better go to Farmington, preach there and go home.' After a while I said to him, 'Do you know how I feel about it? In the name of the Lord I will never leave this land until this people surrender. I will hang the flag of the Lord Jesus Christ on their doors, and there shall be a siege of forty days.' Then let every man storm the castle and rush against the bulwarks of hell, and let every Elder throw the arrows of God Almighty through the sinners and pierce their loins and penetrate their vitals until the banner of Christ shall wave triumphantly over Israel. Shall we give up and let the wicked and ungodly overcome us? No, in the name and by the power of God we will overcome them. We will cleanse the inside of the platter and have Israel saved through the name of Jesus Christ and by the power of His word. In former days the Lord cut off rebellious Israel by thousands to save them; he had no other way for saving them. He had tried every other means; He had opened the sea for them to pass over dry shod and overthrew their enemies, the horse and his rider in the flood; he made the mountains skip like rams and the little hills like lambs; he spoke to the angels, saying, throw down your food to them, and the bright clouds shed down manna to sustain them; he spake to them in thunders, in lightnings, in earthquakes, and tried every means to save them that a God could try, in the plenitude of His mercy, and when He had exhausted the arrows of His wrath in chastisement, and the wells of His mercy in blessings and entreaty, He cut them off by thousands. O Israel, hear, while the voice of entreaty is in the land, hear the voice of Brother Brigham, and awake from your slumber, forsake your sins and abominations, and turn unto your God, that repentance may reach you, and remission of sins and the gifts and blessings of God come upon you."

The thousands who responded to the eloquent appeal of this inspired speaker as he journeyed from town to town, proclaiming the truth to the people, is the best evidence of his power that could be given. Among the reforms urged, were cleanliness of person and property, repentance and confession of wrongs committed between man and man, according to the Church law governing offences, and a very great deal was said in regard to training children in habits of industry, to make them self-reliant and independent. Restitution for wrongs done was required, and the people were urged to purify themselves from every shadow or stain of evil doing, that they might participate in the blessings of the sacrament and other ordinances, worthily. The spirit of the Reformation was one of humility and mutual forgiveness rather than of strict discipline or law. There were comparatively few excommunications, but there was a universal revival of spiritual life and energy, such as the Saints had never before witnessed in the Church.

The pre-eminently useful labors of President Grant in the Reformation, exhausted the vital force of his strong constitution, and were followed by a brief and severe illness, from which he was unable to recover. His prostration caused gloom among the people, but was made the occasion to him of receiving, before death, some of the most remarkable manifestations that are ever given to men in the flesh. The following account thereof narrated at his funeral by President Heber C. Kimball, will be read with interest by those who were then present, and by all Latter-day Saints to whom the existence beyond the grave is so clearly and satisfactorily made known, through the revelations of God to His Prophets of this great and last dispensation. Brother Kimball said: "I will not stoop to the principle of death. I could weep, but I will not.

There is a spirit in me that rises above that feeling, and it is because Jedediah is not dead. I went to see him one day last week, and he reached out his hand and shook hands with me. He could not speak, but he shook hands warmly with me. I felt for him, and wanted to raise him up, and to have him stay and help us whip the devil and bring to pass righteousness. Why? Because he was valiant and I loved him. He was a great help to us, and you would be if you were as valiant as he was, which you can be through faithfulness and obedience.

I laid my hands upon him and blessed him, and asked God to strengthen his lungs that he might be easier; and in two or three minutes he raised himself up, and talked for about an hour as busily as he could, telling me what he had seen and what he understood, until I was afraid he would weary himself, when I arose and left him. He said to me, 'Brother Heber, I have been into the spirit world two nights in succession, and of all the dreads that ever came across me, the worst was to have to again return to my body, though I had to do it. 'But O' says he, 'the order and government that were there! When in the spirit world, I saw the order of righteous men and women; beheld them organized in their several grades, and there appeared to be no obstructions to my vision; I could see every man and woman in their grade and order. I looked to see if there was any disorder there, but there was none, neither could I see any death, nor any darkness, disorder or confusion.' He said that the people he saw were organized in family capacities, and when he looked at them, he saw grade after grade, and all were organized and in perfect harmony. He would mention one item after another, and say: 'Why, it is just as Brother Brigham says it is; it is just as he has told us many a time.'

"He saw the righteous gathered together in the spirit world, and there were no wicked spirits among them. He saw his wife; she was the first person that came to him. He saw many that he knew, but did not have conversation with any but his wife Caroline. She came to him, and he said that she looked beautifully and had their little child that died on the plains, in her arms, and said, 'Mr. Grant, here is little Margaret; you know the wolves ate her up, but it did not hurt her; here she is all right.' 'To my astonishment,' he said, 'when I looked at families, there was a deficiency in some; there was a lack, for I saw families that would not be permitted to come and dwell together, because they had not honored their calling here. He asked his wife, where Joseph and Hyrum and Father Smith and others were; she replied, 'They have gone away ahead, to perform and transact business for us.'

He also spoke of the buildings he saw there, remarking that the Lord gave Solomon wisdom and poured gold and silver into his hands, that he might display his skill and ability; and said that the temple erected by Solomon was much inferior to the most ordinary buildings he saw in the spirit world. 'In regard to gardens,' says Brother Grant, 'I have seen good gardens on this earth, but I never saw any to compare with those that were there. I saw flowers of numerous kinds, and some with fifty or a hundred different colored flowers growing on one stalk.' We have many kinds of flowers on the earth, and I suppose those very articles came from heaven or they would not be here. After mentioning the things that he had seen, he spoke of how much he disliked to return and resume his body, after having seen the beauty and glory of the spirit world, where the righteous spirits are gathered together.

"Some may marvel at my speaking about these things, for many profess to believe that we have no spiritual existence. But do you not believe that my spirit was organized before it came to my body here? And do you not think there can be houses and gardens, fruit trees and every other good thing there? The spirits of those things are made as well as our spirits, and it follows that they can exist upon the same principle.

After speaking of the gardens and the beauty of everything there, Brother Grant said that he felt extremely sorrowful at having to leave so beautiful a place and come back to earth, for he looked upon his body with loathing, but was obliged to enter it again. He said that after he came back he could look upon his family and see the spirit that was in them and the darkness that was in them; and that he conversed with them about the Gospel and what they should do, and they replied, 'Well, Brother Grant, perhaps it is so and perhaps it is not;' and he said that is the state of the people, to a great extent, for many are full of darkness and will not believe."

This imperfect account of the wonderful vision of those two nights was listened to with rapt attention by the large audience, and was repeated for years after by many who heard it. A profound sensation was produced by its narration, for it unfolded to many minds details of the glory of the spirit world that they had not realized from reading the general expressions in which the revelations tell of them.

On December 1, 1856, President Grant breathed his last, and his spirit went joyfully to mingle with those of his friends, family and brethren that had gone before. He was forty years of age when he died, but had spent those years to such advantage in laboring for the welfare of his fellow men that he was mourned by thousands, and left in their memories a name that will be forever cherished as a symbol of virtue, integrity and honor. The editor of the *Deseret News*, in closing his obituary, says:

"Brother Grant needs no eulogy, and least of all such an one as our language could portray, for his whole life was one of noble and diligent action upon the side of truth, of high toned and correct example to all who desire to be saved in the Kingdom of our God. As a citizen, as a friend, a son, a husband, a father, and above all as a Saint, and in every station and circumstance of life, whether military, civil, or religious, he everywhere, and at all times, shed forth the steady and brilliant light of lofty and correct example, and died as he lived and counseled, with his 'armor on and burnished.' Though all Saints deeply feel his departure, yet they can fully realize that it redounds to his and our 'infinite gain.' "

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The consent of all is the voice of reason.—*Cicero.*

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## TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT.

V.

To-day the position of this Territory is somewhat analogous to that which the colonies occupied before their separation from Great Britain. We have been forced to look with suspicion upon the motives of our law makers and question the integrity and policy of our executives. Although we are an integral part of the nation, and though our organization, but for the differences Congress has seen fit to make between us and to our injury, is the same as that of other territories; we do not and can not, under our vital systems, identify our policy with theirs. This nation has seen fit to drag our religious differences into political differences, and for that reason we are forced at least into an independent state of mind, from which, as a sequence, we must defend ourselves in all those sacred rights this government has pledged itself to guarantee. While I am bound to acknowledge the superior form of our government, and attach to its founders the immortal honors that have so justly crowned their work, I lament the circumstances at home and abroad, which force me into the conclusions that though it may hide for a time the ulcerous wounds buried in its side, the blood will fester all its vital functions and breed corruption on all within. "It must go backward," says Mr. Spencer,

"before it can go forward." The whole nation has set itself against this Territory, and its policy can never be calculated for the people's good, nor its motives approved as true ones, since the time humane treatment and sovereign protection were called for, the scourge of starvation and the hand of persecution moved over us. I need not point out all the circumstances which have severed the ties of affection between us and our political brotherhood to induce anyone to believe that our sympathies are decreased and that we have to look solely to ourselves and our God for protection. Our consolation is that the cause of the just will always prosper.

We are apt to believe and prone to remark that our safety and protection lie in the Constitution, but I have no more confidence in our written Constitution than in the unwritten constitution of England or Turkey (if there be one). It is the constitution of the people which must protect us. Our Constitution may ward off many a deadly blow, but as for saving us, it never can. The elements of protection and self-preservation belong to the constitution of the people and not the government. Nature bears evidence that the Creator has endowed animals with not only the instinct, but the means of self-preservation, and history affords abundant proof that independent growth is coupled with the elements of self-preservation. It was expediency that sapped the foundation of the Roman governments and suffered an invasion of public morals with a consequent degeneracy, and it is expediency which Mr. Logan and others of the Senate propose as a remedy for the people of Utah.

The different opinions as to what constitutes public purity and national integrity must forever grow wider between the people of Utah and the rest of the nation. We are treated as though we had rights and representations equal to a fifty million majority; our systems were not attacked as vicious until our wealth attracted pilfering office-seekers; and our morals were not questioned in advance of the tidal wave of iniquity which is sweeping over the nation. I believe no one doubts and we do not deny that our political policy is at variance with the states and other territories. We hold as the standard moral, while they adopt party qualifications. Our policy has made us separate at least in the manipulations of government, if not in the principles. Right there a question of policy is brought to mind in which destruction has been aimed at by those who do not or do not care to realize our situation, and who would adopt a policy that is foreign to our local interests. I mean that some propose to draw the distinction of democratic and republican party lines. It is a national infirmity which requires party lines to be drawn, but as the evil is a necessary one, and guards against usurpation of power and moral degeneracy, it must be accepted as one of the imperfect systems of man. To draw these party lines now, would be an act of deception by breaking our political union and leading us away from the issues at stake. I will here digress and make these party differences plain, if possible, by tracing their historical bearings. When the Constitution was ratified, a question arose at once as to how it was to be interpreted. Some were liberal in the construction they placed upon it by giving the central government powers not directly mentioned, but as they say, inferred as a natural consequence. On the other hand a party arose which claimed that it meant just what it said, and that any inference was usurpation not to be tolerated.

In consequence of this difference of opinion, two parties arose, the former were called *Broad constructionists*, and the latter *Close constructionists*. Whatever name the political parties of America have assumed, they have either been close or broad constructionists in principle. To-day the republicans are broad constructionists, and the democrats claim to be close constructionists. Whoever will take pains to trace the history of the parties, will find that the difference depends more upon which party is in power than upon the profes-

sion which either makes. The democrats, when in power, are generally broad constructionists, *de facto*, if not in profession, while the republicans are close constructionists and *vice versa*. Of course this people accept the democratic doctrine of local self-government, first, because of their situation; and second, the more important, because it comprehends more of human liberty and self-preservation than any other doctrine. We are dependent upon whichever party is in power for our political rights, and will contend for certain principles in either case. But whoever would attempt to introduce such party differences now would assume a position very similar to that of a tory in colonial times who did not have the courage to take up the issues at stake, but sought foreign ones. The issues with us are local, and he who would make them otherwise, acts ignorantly or treacherously. Whenever the government sees fit to place us where we belong in the Union, we may discuss party distinctions, but until then, home interests which are seriously injured are at stake. Let us not ignorantly assume a national importance which does not belong to us and betray our interests at home. We have a right to interpret the Constitution, but that right does not establish the correctness of the interpretation. This people, or any other, will shoot wide of the mark in their interpretation, precisely as their moral condition sinks below that contemplated in the Constitution. The question as I have already indicated, is that it is the constitution of the people rather than of the government. Territorial government, as it exists, was not contemplated in the Constitution, neither could its framers have constructed a subordinate form of government consistent with the principles enumerated in the Declaration of Independence; and the United States will never, whatever its professions are, do justice to the cause of liberty so long as a single territory is kept out of the Union without its consent.

The invigorating atmosphere of liberty is inhaled by any community so long as that community controls its local affairs independent of kings, emperors, parliaments or congresses. To say the best of territorial systems, under such a government as that of the United States, they are inconsistent, weak, and fraudulent; they are typical of tyranny and unfit for a free people; besides, the people under such systems are forced to oppose the parent government or accept servitude. The equal rights of man must either be respected or trampled upon. In vain do I search the history of territories without forcing myself into the conclusion that territories exist either in conflict or under oppression. How can the people of a territory claim the equal rights of man, how can they profess to enjoy liberty under a system where of the three essential departments of government they are denied their right of choice in two. We know that it is party policy which withholds the territories from entering the Union.

A community may writhe under the selfishness of its own rulers whom it makes, but excruciating must it be to wear the shackles forged by the selfishness of rulers who are not of their choice, whether it be kings, czars, or Congress. An eminent writer of colonial times has said: "Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness. The one encourages intercourse, the other creates distinction. The first is a patron, the last is a punisher. Society in every state is a blessing, but government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst state an intolerable one; for when we suffer, or are exposed to the same miseries by a government, which we might expect in a country without a government, our calamity is heightened by reflecting that we furnish the means by which we suffer. Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence."

If government in its best state is an evil, then it follows that the government of territories, in their best form, is an intolerable evil, and Utah in its present form has met with a calamity. Every territory in the United States, by reason of its form of government, has

surrendered a considerable share of its inherited liberty, and fallen under the weights of political oppression, while Utah has to meet the storms of persecution, and resent the reproach that a tender (?) parent has sought to bring upon her. Her government is a burning shame upon the fair fame of American liberty; but fortunately for us the spirit of liberty is more than the letter of liberty, for a virtuous people must be a free people. *J. M. Tanner.*

ANGEL-GUARDED.

Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, what'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.
A sudden thought to escape the blow,
A ready help we find;
And to their secret presence owe
The presence of our mind.

*Charles Wesley.*

To do wrong is never useful, because it is always disgraceful.

## GONE!

TO THE MEMORY OF ELDER RICHARD S. W. ANDREW, WHO WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED ON SATURDAY, JULY 28TH, 1883, AGED TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

"In the midst of life we are in death."
"*Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.*"

Gone! When the sun of life's beautiful day
Over his pathway was shining most fair;
Gone! As the rosebud commenced to display
Leaves grand and lovely, perfuming the air.

Gone! When a future, most brilliant and bright,
Pregnant with deeds for the welfare of men,
Burst like a vision upon his young sight—
All things seemed beautiful to his gaze then.

Gone! Leaving here in this scene of distress,
Grief-stricken bosoms and tear-swollen eyes,
Looking to no one their pathway to bless,
Save the Great Healer who reigns 'mid the skies.

Gone! Where he can grander labors pursue—
Labors that open captivity's gate,
Letting blest freedom burst forth to the view
Of those who in darkness now linger and wait.

Gone! To prepare a bright mansion for those
Who, for a season, he now leaves behind;
Gone! Where a kingdom with glory e'er glows,
Whose glittering brilliancy none have defined.

Gone! Where deep sorrow and care is unknown;
Gone! Where the Father all tears wipes away;
Gone! To receive a bright crown and a throne.
Gone! There to dwell as a priest-king for aye.

Gone! Oh, the meeting, so glorious and grand!
As friends, passed before, around him did throng;
And grasped there in pure, holy friendship his hand,
As angelic hosts burst forth in new song.

Gone! Before long we will all have to go;
Then why should we mourn when friends leave us here?
Tears cannot stay them, though fast they may flow;
The clouds may hang thick, but the sun will appear.

Gone! Who would linger in this world of care
When such a bright future awaits us beyond?
Who at death's summons would shake and despair,
When friends long to greet us, so loving and fond?

Gone? Yes, 'tis true; but we scarce can believe
That he has gone hence, when it only doth seem
But yesterday since our eyes did perceive
Him strong and happy—it all seems a dream!

Gone? Yes, he's gone; but ere long we shall meet
With him and our friends, who before us have trod
The road that lies rough and dreary to our feet,
But which leads us back to the presence of God.

Gone! Farewell, Richard, dear brother and friend;
Although now we miss you, we know that ere long
We'll stand in thy presence, and there comprehend
God's strange ways that ofttimes to us seemeth wrong.

*James H. Wallis.*

# SALVATION OF THE DEAD.

In reading history in relation to the Papal or Catholic church, written by authors of that faith, I find among other strange relations, that one of the Popes, Leon X, actually made sport of the Bible, calling it a fable or novel, while he, at the same time, claimed power over all things. Catholic authors refer with shame to Pope Alexander VI, whose character is the most infamous that ever blotted the pages of history. And yet, notwithstanding all this, the Catholic world to-day, claim with wonderful assumption that the divine apostolic authority has come regularly down from St. Peter, through the above line to the present day. Now, how can men be made to believe, under any circumstances, that God would permit authority of His to come down through an infidel in the one case, and a miserably immoral wretch in another; to say nothing about others who have claimed to have all power on earth, in heaven and in hell; claiming even to have the right to change the precepts of Christ or to dispense with them altogether; and "to stand upon necessity of salvation, for every human creature to be subject to the Roman pontiff?" (See the eight articles of the council of Trent.)

The reader may wonder why I refer to these things. I do so merely to show how millions of Christians, so called, are deceived, notwithstanding their sincerity, and that sincerity in a belief will not save people. It is very easy for them to refer to the sixteenth chapter of Revelations and read there about "the mother of harlots," and it is not difficult for them to understand what "city" and "church" is meant, for the last verse tells us that "the woman which thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth." There is but one city that at all answers the description, or that reigned "over the kings of the earth," and that was Rome. If you have any doubt as to this, please read the ninth verse, and you will be satisfied, for the city of Rome was built and remains to-day on seven hills or "seven mountains." We may not be able to recognize the "daughters" as easily as we have done the "mother." But of this we may be satisfied—if there is a "mother of harlots," there are daughters of no character.

Were we to trace every "so-called" Christian sect which have protested against the mother church, how many of them would claim to have received authority from God? How can they make such a claim, denying the necessity of revelation? Where then did they get their authority? Not surely from the Roman church, for if it had any, it excommunicated all dissenters. You shall know a tree by the fruit it bears, and if it bear no fruit, then it is either dead or not of God's planting. In my garden I may have a tree leafless and barren, I may tell you it is a peach tree; how shall you know save by the fruit, which, bearing not, it is useless, and only fit for the fire. Show me the live tree of the Gospel, and I will show you one that is not barren; and with the Bible in one hand, will tell you what sort of fruit it will bear. Many claim to have this tree, but which among the six hundred and more sects teach the Gospel as it was taught anciently, with power and with the demonstration of the Spirit and with signs following? Who teaches faith, repentance, baptism by immersion for remission of sins, and laying on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost? Who preaches baptism for the dead, or is trying to do anything for their redemption? Who among the denominations believe in a church organization having apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers? The Apostle Paul declares that these officers were "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (Eph., iv: 12, 13.) Are we

"perfected" in Christ, is there no more work to do in the ministry, and have we all come to a "unity" of the faith, that we no longer have or need apostles, prophets, etc.? I know of but one thing on earth, and that an evil one, in which the "Christians" of this age can unite, and that is to persecute and vilify those who do believe that such an organization is not only necessary now, but the only one which God will at all recognize as His. Have the Christian nations, with their conflicting "forms of godliness," without power, a "knowledge of the Son of God?" Do they know, while denying revelation, either the Father or the Son? If so, let us ask them how? Let their educated divines stand forth and answer. And when they have done that, let them tell us why they are "ever learning but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth." Then let them read the following, and learn why apostles, prophets, etc., were needed anciently, as they are needed for the same purposes now: "That we henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." Eph. iv: 14.

After they have pondered upon that, we will ask them why they teach that wicked, ungodly men, who have stained their hands in the blood of a brother, as did Cain, or in the blood, perhaps, of an innocent wife, may be saved by confessing Christ upon the scaffold before they die. For murder, under the law, earthly courts adjudge men too guilty to live among their fellow men; yet pretended ministers of Christ will follow them upon the scaffold, and while the hangman adjusts the rope around the guilty neck, offers the murderer what they call the sacrament, and amid words of consolation, made up of "cunning craftiness," lead him to beleive that his guilty, blood-stained soul will be launched into the presence of a pure God, who hates iniquity and abhors sin. Such deceivers should read the twenty-first chapter of Revelations, eighth verse, and learning there not only the fate of murderers, but that of sorcerers, liars, etc., as well might be led themselves to repentance and baptism for remission of sins.

You may ask what about "the thief upon the cross," did he not go to heaven? Search the Scriptures. You will find nothing in them leading to such an idea, but much that clearly proves to the contrary. I am aware at the same time, however, that this text—the thief upon the cross and the words addressed to him by the Savior—is the basis of a good many modern sermons wrought up from death-bed scenes and scaffold confessions, wherein we are told that the dying penitent was at the last moment snatched from the jaws of hell and saved by merely saying "I believe" on Jesus. The words of the Lord to the thief are recorded in Luke, xxiii: 43, and read as follows: "And Jesus said unto him, verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Now, if the simple fact of his going to paradise saved him, then was the thief saved, otherwise not. By referring to the third chapter of 1 Peter, verses 18—20, we will find where Jesus went, and ascertaining that fact, will learn something regarding the place called "paradise" where the thief was promised on that day a meeting with the Lord. It reads: "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh but quickened by the spirit: By which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometimes were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah while the Ark was a preparing, wherein, few, that is, eight souls were saved by water." Thus we begin to understand the broader and higher mission of our Master as we find Him a preacher of the Gospel to the "dead" as well as the living.

Here were the spirits of those who made light of the teachings of that good and faithful "preacher of righteousness," Noah. No doubt when on earth they laughed at and scorned both him and his message. With them he was anything but popular. Only eight souls

could be induced to believe his teachings; but these teachings being the revelations of Jehovah, saved those eight, while the rejection condemned to death perhaps millions, whom we find more than twenty centuries after, still in prison. Think of the ages of sorrow and remorse which they had endured. If there is any efficacy in punishment by means of imprisonment, then these unfortunate, condemned ones must have undergone, since the flood, great change for the better, and must have rejoiced greatly when the Prince of Light, having been put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the spirit, came and again offered them the means of salvation, through obedience to that Gospel, which He and many others had preached to the living on earth. What! faith, repentance, baptism, etc.? The same. How could it be otherwise? There is but one Gospel, which is always referred to as the Gospel. The same that was preached to Abraham (Gal., iii: 8), and to the Jews in the days of Moses(Heb,. iv: 2), and I have no doubt that it was preached also to these same spirits while tabernacled in the flesh before their bodies were overwhelmed in the flood. But men may ask how can they now be baptized, being out of the body? I answer in the words of Jesus himself, that they must be "born of water and of the spirit," or they cannot enter the Kingdom of God. But that you may clearly comprehend how it may be accomplished, and that you may see how unyielding this law of the Gospel is, I quote the words of the Apostle Paul: "If the dead rise not at all, then why are they baptized for the dead?" Having failed to perform for themselves the ordinances of salvation, they must now depend upon others to do for them, by proxy, what they might have done for themselves. They once had their agency, and having missed it, they must, therefore, depend upon the agency and acts of others. We now can begin to see what is meant by "becoming saviors on Mount Zion." Why are the Latter-day Saints imparting freely of their earthly substance with which to build temples at a cost of millions of dollars? I answer, that they may have places wherein to perform ordinances for the living and for the dead.

This doctrine, I am aware, seems new and wonderfully strange to millions of Christians who have vainly sought to find out God and His ways without the voice of inspiration which guided the disciples of the Lord before they fell asleep in the arms of death; forgetting that where there is "no vision the people perish." That is a glorious, heaven inspired doctrine every honest person must admit, but it is not new. This is that spoken of by Mal., iv: 5, 6, "Behold I will send you Elijah, the prophet, before the coming of that great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." Once more: Why are the Saints building temples? That they may turn their hearts to their fathers, because Elijah hath come and commanded it. Thus our mission is to the dead, as well as to the living. Men may still doubt as to the nature of the preaching of the Savior to the Spirits in prison. To show, therefore, that it was the Gospel, I quote as follows: "For this cause was *the Gospel* (mark the words) preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." I Peter, iv: 6. In this we not only learn that the Gospel was preached to the dead, but we also learn the object of that preaching, namely, "that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." Now, how will men in the flesh be judged? Will it be according to their professions of faith, or according to their works? I think the Scriptures plainly declare that every person will be judged according to the deeds done in the body.

In connection with this we will not forget the deeds that may be done by "proxy" by the living for the dead, so that they, the dead, may be judged as the apostle tells us. Our father Adam, it

appears, owed a debt, for, through his fall, death comes upon all. But Jesus comes forward, and in the meridian of time, pays the debt with His own blood, hence, in Him shall all live again. Some to eternal joys, others to eternal shame. Not shame because of Adam's transgression, for that is cancelled forever; but shame for rejecting on their own behalf, the means of salvation, and by doing so, rendering the atoning blood of Christ ineffective to them, save to bring them forth in the resurrection to judgment.

Let us look at this doctrine of "substitutes" a little further. Suppose a friend of yours die, failing, through ignorance, neglect, or otherwise to pay a lawful debt for which he was obligated, will not the records or "books" of the firm or person to whom he owed the account show the indebtedness as much after as before death? Now, suppose you go and voluntarily pay the amount due, and the creditor of your friend accept the same in full balance of the account, would not that act of yours protect the memory, and free your dead friend from all liability regarding that particular affair?

This is the doctrine of vicarious salvation. The doctrine of atonement wherein Jesus became a willing substitute and sacrifice; which also was foreshadowed in the offering of Isaac by Abraham, wherein God likewise provided a substitute. So likewise is baptism for the dead. Should you still have lingering doubts regarding the condition of the "thief," who evidently had never been baptized while in the flesh, carefully read the Gospel as we have it in the Testament. To show that paradise is not heaven, however, I will quote one more passage before dismissing the subject. Jesus saith unto her, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go unto my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, and to my God and your God." John, xx: 17. This was on the third day after the crucifixion; thus you see that he had not been to His Father, and therefore if God dwells in heaven, heaven is not paradise, for He promised the thief that he should be with Him in the latter place three days before He spoke to Mary, as recorded in the last quotation. We know where He had been, namely, preaching to the spirits in prison. *Moses Thatcher.*

Face all things; even adversity is polite to a man's face.

An inch may be as good as a mile, but when a lady is purchasing dry goods, she would rather have the mile, as a general thing.

## THE CALLING OF MOSES.

II.

It is difficult to decide whether Moses enjoyed his education while the Institute was in its flourishing condition, or while it approached its corruption; there is no doubt, however, but that it commenced to decline, if we may judge from a few less commendable artifices, resorted to by the Hebrew lawgiver. But the spirit of its founder had not yet altogether disappeared, and the doctrine of the unity of the Creator still rewarded the initiated.

This doctrine which had, as its inevitable consequence, the most decided contempt for idolatry, in connection with the doctrine of the immortality, from which it could hardly be separated, was that rich treasure which the young Hebrew obtained from the mysteries of Isis. He was at the same time herein made familiar with physics, which formed a part of the secret sciences, and it was this knowledge which subsequently enabled him to work miracles, and in presence of Pharaoh, to compete with his own teachers, or the magicians, whom he in some instances excelled. His early life shows that he was an apt and attentive scholar, and that he in intuitive

power, and as a seer, had reached the highest degree attainable.

In this school he gathered a real treasure in hieroglyphics, mysterious figures and ceremonies, which his ingenious spirit afterwards made use of. He had gone through the entire category of Egyptian wisdom, made himself thoroughly familiar with the system of the priests, its defects and advantages, carefully compared its weakness and strength, and closely investigated the form of government of these people.

It is not known how long he remained in the school of the priests, but his subsequent political career, in which he first appeared in his eightieth year, makes us infer that during twenty years or more he applied himself to the study of the mysteries and the policy of the state. His sojourn among the priests seems not in the least to have prevented him from associating with his own people, and he had ample opportunity to witness the nameless misery they endured.

The Egyptian education had not robbed him of his patriotic sentiment. The illtreatment of his people reminded him that he also was a Hebrew, and a feeling of just indignation filled his heart whenever he witnessed their suffering. The more he himself commenced to feel, the more he rebelled against the unworthy treatment of his people.

At one time he saw one of the Hebrews brutally beaten by an Egyptian overseer, and this so enraged him, that he killed the Egyptian. The rumor of this deed soon spread, and his life being in danger, he was bound to flee from Egypt, and seek refuge in the Arabian desert. Many assert that this flight occurred in his eightieth year, but without proofs. It is enough for us to know that he could no longer be young at this period.

With this exile commences a new epoch of his life, and if we desire to form a correct opinion of his future political career in Egypt, we must accompany him in his solitude in Arabia. He brought with him into the Arabian wilderness a burning hatred towards the oppressors of his people, and all the knowledge that he had obtained from the mysteries. His mind was full of ideas and projects, his heart full of bitterness, and no one to divert his thoughts in those immeasurable wilds, void of human beings. He is said to have tended the sheep of an Arabian Bedouin, Jethro. How deep a fall from all his glorious prospects in Egypt to a simple shepherd in Arabia! From a future ruler of nations, to become a hireling to a nomad! How deeply this must have wounded his soul! Under the plain attire of a simple swain, he carries the ardent soul of a commander—a restless ambition. In this romantic wilderness, where the present has nothing to offer him, he finds relief in the past and future, and is entertained by his own quiet thoughts. All the scenes of oppression, which he had witnessed, now passed in review before him, and no softening influence prevented their stinging deep into his heart. Nothing is more unendurable to a great soul than to suffer injustice; and in this instance it still more aggravated him, as it was his own people who suffered. A noble pride awakened in his bosom; a passionate desire to press forward, and to act, is coupled to this wounded pride.

All that which has taken him long years to accomplish, all his achievements and beautiful plans, must all perish with him in this wilderness! Has he then thought and labored in vain? This very thought is unendurable to his fiery soul. But he will not succumb to this seeming inevitable fate; this wilderness shall not be the final limit to his activity; the great being, whom he learned to know in the mysteries, has surely intended him for something extraordinary. In his quietude and loneliness his imagination is spurred by what touches nearest his heart, the interest of his oppressed people. Similar sentiments seek each other, and the unhappy will, as a matter of choice, side with misfortune. In Egypt he would be an Egyptian, a hierophant, a general. In Arabia he is a Hebrew. Grand and glorious is the idea, as it rises above all other considerations "I will deliver this people."

But how could it be possible to accomplish this undertaking? Insurmountable obstacles rise up before him, and those which he had to combat among his own people were by far the most difficult of them all. There can be found neither unity nor confidence, neither selfwill nor courage, neither public spirit nor enthusiasm, to spur them to action; a long and oppressive slavery, a misery during four long centuries, have thoroughly destroyed those sentiments. The people whom he should deliver were no more capable than worthy of such an enterprise. He could expect nothing from this people themselves, and still he can do nothing without them. What course could he then pursue? Before he undertook their deliverance, he must make them capable of this success. He must replace them in possession of those human rights and privileges which they had lost. He must restore to them these attributes which a long estrangement has destroyed in them; that is, he must awaken within them hope, confidence, heroism, enthusiasm, etc. But these sentiments could only rest upon a feeling (whether true or false) of independent power, and how should the slaves of the Egyptians ever be able to acquire such a faculty? Suppose even that he succeeded, through his eloquence, to persuade them for a time, would not this enthusiasm, thus artificially produced, give way at the first approach of danger? Would they not relapse into their former diffidence and become still more abject than before?

Here comes the Egyptian priest and statesman in timely aid to the Hebrew. From his Mysteries, from his ecclesiastical school at Heliopolis, he remembers the effective agency, through which a small order of priests would control millions of ignorant men and women. This agency is nothing more nor less than an implicit confidence in supernatural protection, faith in supernatural power. Now, as he cannot discover anything in this mundane sphere, in the natural order of things, by which he can produce courage in the hearts of his countrymen, he directs their attention towards heaven. And as he cannot hope to inspire them with confidence in their own strength, he must bring them under the guidance of a god possessing such power. Should he thus succeed in infusing into their minds a feeling of confidence in this god, then he has made them strong and dauntless, and the confidence in this higher power is the flame that shall kindle all other virtues and powers. If he only can prove himself to his brethren the legitimate representative of this god, then they are at his command in every way, and he can lead them wherever he pleases. But now arises the question, which god shall Moses represent, and how shall he prevail upon them to place implicit faith and confidence in him? Shall he proclaim the only true god, Jao or Jehova, the one that he learned to know in the Mysteries? How could he confide the most sacred truth, the inheritance of only a few Egyptian wise men to a slavish rabble, when to comprehend such truth requires a high degree of intelligence and mental culture? How could he flatter himself with the hope that the out cast of Egypt can understand that which the choicest of the land can but partially appreciate?

But suppose even that he should succeed in imparting to the Hebrews a knowledge of the true god, it would be of no advantage to them in their present situation, and their accepting this deity would sooner destroy than promote his project. The true god took no more interest in the Hebrews than in any other people. The true god could not fight their battles, and could not suspend the laws of nature for their special accommodation. Had he not allowed them to fight their own battles with the Egyptians during four hundred years without interfering by miracle, or any other manifestation of his power, in their behalf, how could they then place their hope or confidence in him? Shall he proclaim a fabulous god, contrary to his own judgment, and whom the Mysteries have taught him to despise? His mind is too enlightened and his heart too noble to allow him such treacherous

proceedings. He will not make a falsehood the foundation of his noble deed. The enthusiasm which now animates him would not lend its fire to sustain a deception, and such a contemptible character, so opposed to his conviction, would soon rob him of courage, joy and perseverance, and land him in helpless misery. He wants his kind act in favor of his people to be a grand success; he will not only make them independent, he will make them happy and enlightened. He will make the foundation of his work to stand forever.

It must, then, be founded on principles of truth—not upon deception. But how can he harmonize these contradictions? He cannot present before them the true god, because they are unable to comprehend him; he will not announce a fabled deity, because this is contrary to his own conviction. He has, then no other choice than to proclaim his own true god in a fabulous manner. Now he tries his religion of reason, to ascertain what he must give and take in order to secure a successful issue among the Hebrews. He places himself in their situation, in their contracted sphere, spying into their souls to discover, if possible, those secret sympathies concealed there, by which he might connect his great truths. Consequently he attaches to his god those peculiar attributes which the comprehension of the Hebrews, and their present demands, require. He adapts his Jao to the people to whom he desires to introduce him; he adapts him to the circumstances under which he brings him to their notice, and thus originates his Jehova. His people have certainly got faith in divine things, but this faith is degenerated into the most degrading superstition. This superstition he must destroy, but preserve the faith, and only turn it away from its unworthy object and direct it towards his true god. The superstition itself furnishes him with means for this purpose. According to the general fancy of these times, each people stood under the special protection of a national deity, and it gratified the native pride to place this deity over the gods of all other people, as the greatest and mightiest of them all. They did not deny them (the gods of others) their divine character, but they must not be exalted above the national god. And Moses used this delusion as the foundation for his truth. He made the original deity of the Mysteries the national god of the Hebrews, but he went still further. He was not satisfied by only making this national deity the mightiest of all other gods, but he made him the only one and overthrew all the rest. He gave him to the Hebrews as their own, in order to adapt him to their imagination, but he placed him also over all other people and all the powers of nature. Thus he saved in the image, in which he presented him before the Hebrews, the two most important attributes of his true god, unity and omnipotence, and made them more effective under this human garb.

The vain, childish pride, in desiring to possess an independent deity, must now serve the interest of truth in securing the acceptance of his doctrine. It is indeed an uncertain faith, by which he intends to replace the old one, but this new faith is certainly much nearer the truth than the one he will supplant; and it is in reality by adding this seeming deception that he secures the best success of his truth; and it is through this foreseen misapprehension of his doctrine that this gain is secured. What use would a philosophical deity have been to the Hebrews? With this national god, however, he can accomplish wonders. Let us for a moment imagine ourselves in the place of the Hebrews. Ignorant, as they are, they measure the power of the gods according to the success of the people placed under their protection. Neglected and oppressed by men, the Hebrews believe themselves at the same time forgotten by the gods; and they conclude that in the same relation in which they stand to the Egyptians in the same ratio must their god stand to those of the Egyptians; he must be a small light in comparison, or they doubt, in reality, if they have any god at all. All at once it was proclaimed to them that they also had a protector

above the starry vault, and that this protector has awakened out of his long slumber and is prepared to perform great things among their enemies.

This divine announcement is like the call of a commander to gather under his triumphant banners. If this commander now gives proofs of his power, or if they recognize him from old, then will the enthusiasm fill the most fainthearted with courage, and even this advantage was brought into account by Moses in his future plans. The conversation which he had with the apparition in the burning bush, causes us the same doubt which Moses himself entertains, as well as the manner in which he has answered the same. Will my unhappy people place implicit confidence in a god who so long has neglected them, and who now so suddenly claims their attention, whose name they have not even heard pronounced, and who, for centuries has been a dumb spectator of their misery and woe heaped upon them by their heartless oppressors? Will they not sooner consider the god of their fortunate enemies as the mightiest? These were the urgent considerations that filled the heart of the new prophet. In what manner, however, does he meet these scruples? He makes his Jao the god of their forefathers, and links him to their old legends, and thus metamorphosed into a native deity, he is looked upon as a familiar god of old. But to show that he means the only true God, to prevent any confounding whatever, with any other image of a superstitious character, and to avoid all possible misapprehension, Moses gives him that very name by which he is known in the mysteries. I am the same forever. Say to the people Israel, so sayeth the Lord, he has sent me to you.

To the ignorant Hebrews, however, this name must sound unfamiliar. It must be impossible for them thereby to form any conception, and Moses would certainly have achieved more by any other name; but he would sooner face this inconvenience than to give up an idea upon which so much depended, and this was to make the Hebrews acquainted with that same God represented in the mysteries of Isis. As it is pretty certain that the Egyptian mysteries had already been demoralized when Jehovah appeared to Moses in the burning bush, it is a striking fact that He gives him that particular name by which he was known before in the mysteries of Isis.

But it is not sufficient that Jehovah appeared before the Hebrews as a god of old, as a god of their forefathers; He must also prove Himself a god of superior power to claim their confidence; and this was the more necessary because they had not learned to entertain a very high opinion of Him as their protector, on account of their misfortunes in Egypt. If Moses, then, would justify his calling, he must support it with great and wonderful deeds. And we need have no doubt but what he has performed these wonders; but how, and in what way we are to view them we will leave to our readers to reflect upon. The communication in which Moses conveys his calling, has all the requirements necessary to secure the faith and confidence of the Hebrews, and this was all for which it was calculated. We know, for instance, that it is immaterial to the Creator of the world when He should conclude to appear to a human being in fire or in wind, whether He was approached by uncovered feet or not. Moses, however, puts this command into the mouth of his Jehovah to take the shoes off his feet, while he stood upon holy ground; because Moses knew very well that by such an outward token of respect, he strengthened the impression of divine holiness among the Hebrews; one of his experiences in the initiation of the mysteries. And thus he, no doubt, took into consideration that, for instance, his awkward manner of speech would be a drawback to him—consequently he provided against this inconvenience—he brings this objection into his communication, and Jehovah must come to his rescue. And only when his many scruples have been allayed, he accepts his calling. In this manner he adds importance to the divine mandate,

and makes it more impressive upon the minds of his people. That these and similar precautions were necessary, we have no reason to doubt, and that Moses fully realized the importance of securing, in every way possible, the confidence of the Israelites, upon which depended his entire success.

Taking everything into consideration, what was really the plan which Moses so carefully studied out in the Arabian Desert? He desired to lead the Israelites out of Egypt to freedom and independence, and to give them a free constitution and a country exclusively their own. But while he knew the many obstacles and difficulties which he had to contend with; while he knew that he could not count upon the individual strength of this people, until they acquired confidence in themselves, courage, hope and enthusiasm; while he foresaw that his efforts and all his persuasion would have no effect upon the slavish disposition of the Hebrews, he realizes that he must place them under supernatural protection, and gather them under the standard of a divine commander. He gives them a god in order, in the first place, to deliver them out of Egypt; but this is not enough, as he must secure to them another country in place of the one he takes away from them; and while they must first conquer the other country with armed force, and then maintain themselves therein, it is the more necessary for him to keep them united in one body politic, and to do this, he must provide them with suitable laws and a constitution.

But as a priest and a statesman, he is fully convinced that the strongest and most essential pillar of any and all political combinations is religion; that God, therefore, whom he gave them for their deliverance from Egypt as only a commander-in-chief, must also be employed in their legislation; he must therefore introduce Him in accordance with the manner in which he intends to employ Him. But for founding the state and for legislative purposes he must have the true God, because as he himself is a great and noble human soul, he will not have a falsehood as the foundation for a work that is to last forever. He will make the Hebrews happy, and for ever happy, through the arrangement which he has intended for them, and this is only possible by making truth and justice the foundation of his legislation. But their power of comprehension is, however, yet too insipid, too blunt, for this truth; he cannot therefore bring it to them through the legitimate way of reason. And while he cannot convince them by argument, he must persuade and bribe them. He must therefore equip the god whom he has introduced to them with attributes adapted and commendable to their feeble conceptions; he must apply to him the outward garb of a heathen, and feel satisfied when the people approach him accordingly. By this he secures a very great advantage—that the foundation of his legislation is true and need not be torn down by any future reformer, which, however, is the inevitable consequence with all false religions when brought under the touch of reason.

All other states at this and subsequent times were founded upon error, deception and idolatry, although, as we have seen, there was in Egypt a small society of people who entertained correct ideas concerning the highest being. Moses, who belonged to this society to whom he is indebted for his knowledge of the true God, is the first one who dared not only proclaim these secret results of the mysteries publicly, but makes them the foundation of an entire state. He is consequently looked upon by the world and posterity as a traitor to the mysteries, while he imparts to an entire nation a truth which was orginally the exclusive possession of a few wise men, or seers. He could not, however, impart to the Hebrews, in connection with the new religion, the understanding necessary to comprehend it, and in this the Egyptian seers had a great advantage over them. The seers acknowledged the truth through their reason; the Hebrews could at best but blindly believe it.

This brief outline has been drawn in accordance with the ideas of the above

mentioned writers, and although the Latter-day Saints have a higher and purer knowledge, from an inspired source, of this wonderful dispensation, it may still be interesting to some to see how the world has been taught to look upon Moses and his works in Egypt. I look back with awe and wonder upon those solemn scenes, that draw our sympathies back into the very night of time, before Troy, before Memphis; scenes full of sadness and woe, sighing a faint echo across the placid waters of the imperial Nile. *J. S.*

A once famous quack doctor headed his advertisement: "Ho! all ye dyspeptics!" That's just what dyspeptics won't do. If they would all hoe vigorously, they would not need any other medicine.

## THE HYGIENE OF WALKING.

BEFORE I left Europe I read and thought much of the young nation across the ocean, and I became convinced that it would be an inestimable benefit to the whole people if they could be led to take more exercise in the open air. When I came to America my impressions were confirmed, and I asked, How can I induce people to walk? The wealthy prefer to ride or drive—the fresh air can be taken from a luxurious carriage as well as from the foot-path, and the poor can hardly spare the time to walk.

But, the world over, one general principle holds good: people will do what gives them pleasure. If I could create a healthy excitement on the subject of walking, if I could awaken an enthusiasm about it, no matter how little it might be understood, I believed that when once it had taken a good start, it would establish its own hold upon the people—that the great healthfulness of the exercise would be discovered. So for two years I bent all my powers of mind and body to making this exercise as attractive, as fascinating, as I possibly could; above all to ladies, who were the ones most in need of it.

I often felt that the immense crowds who gave me such warm sympathy and enthusiastic support would probably ask themselves later, when their generous excitement had reacted, what good it could do for a young girl to walk fifty miles in twelve hours, or three hundred and fifty in six days? and I knew that most of my kindest friends would hardly be able to answer that question to their own satisfaction; but I hoped that many a brisk, healthy walk would be taken on account of the awakened interest; that many ladies would walk one mile, or five, because I had walked—*one hundred*. I hoped that habits might be established that would save many an aching head. I may add aching heart, for not only does a brisk walk stir the currents of the blood so that they will not clog the brain and freeze the feet, but it disperses many a morbid fog of feeling that would result in a heartache as senseless as it might be painful. Our finest feelings will not bear stagnation any better than limpid water, and often when we are suffering the most dismal of low spirits, it is only because the very feelings that were given us to be happy with, have stood unstirred too long. Go take a brisk walk, using our eyes and wits upon the way, and be it in city or country, we shall see enough to give a new turn to our thoughts, and find at the end, that our mental coloring has received new tone and vitality.

I could not reasonably expect to be believed, should I relate the bare facts of case after case of painful suffering of body and mind that I have seen literally walked away. I have seen ladies whom I knew well enough to venture upon heroic measures with, who have been just ready to send in hot haste for a doctor, and that not with imaginary sufferings; but whose flushed or pallid faces, abnormal pulse, and other indications of real physical disorder, proved them

in need of a physician or—a cure, to drag themselves out of doors when their trembling limbs would hardly support them, and begin a walk that threatened at any moment to terminate in a seat upon the curbstone. In a short time they would brighten a little, step with more vigor and elasticity, and return home after a few miles with a pulse even and strong, a fine, healthy color, and the brain in a state of eager desire for work.

I have induced ladies to go out in this way, when I have had to bring up a long array of past experiences to combat my own fears as to the result, and I have never in a single instance had one return other than cheered and benefited.

Do not attempt to walk in "French heels;" the high, narrow heel throws the weight of the body upon muscles not intended to act as the false position forces them to act, and the result is injury to the spine and the more delicate anatomy of the body. Let those who are willing to give the experiment a fair trial, to discover if they can not add materially to their health and pleasure by a habit of walking, first provide themselves with boots broad enough to allow the foot to spread out easily; thick enough to protect the feet against cold, damp, and the roughness of the ground, with broad, low heels.

Let there be nothing tight around the waist, nothing to hinder the lungs from expanding, and the blood from circulating freely. Let the skirts be moderately short, and made so as to leave the limbs freedom of movement. In short give the body from top to toe its freedom during the walk.

Do not walk rapidly at the start. Begin slowly and then gradually increase the pace until it is a little faster than an ordinary gait, then try to keep the same even step and movement. In walking, preserve as upright a position as possible; from time to time make a new effort to grow a little taller, to straighten the back, throw out the chest, hold the head higher, till that position becomes habitual. Never go from a warm room into cold air and start suddenly into a rapid walk, and never walk faster than can be done with closed mouth. The breathing should be done in long, slow respirations through the nose, as regularly as possible. A habit of long, regular respirations can be acquired, and it prevents the lungs being subjected to too sudden changes of temperature. Try to acquire a habit of walking from the hips—I had almost said from the shoulder, which is really the true way. The foot should be lifted not higher than is necessary to allow it to swing easily forward, and the knees should bend just as little as need be to permit that swing. Never walk rapidly and then stop abruptly, but toward the end of a walk, or when about to stop for any time, slacken the speed gradually, until it is quite slow.

The effort to follow any of these rules is perhaps tiresome at first, but it will repay the trouble. At first, one should make the length of the walk a little more than enough to feel really tired, but do not walk until tired and then enter horse-car or carriage to return home. Begin with a short distance and return; if that does not fatigue, make it longer the next time, until you are tired; then gradually increase that until you reach a limit you would like for the habitual walk. Be very careful not to get heated in walking and then allow yourself to get suddenly chilled. That is one reason why you should not get into a car or carriage after walking. To persons having heart disease or delicate lungs, injudicious walking might be hurtful, but with the precautions I have suggested even such will be benefited.

It is often the case, even to those accustomed to long walks, that after the first mile or two, comes a feeling of great fatigue; it seems almost impossible to go on, without at least sitting down for a short rest, but then is precisely the time not to take a rest. Keep on then, even though every step costs an effort, for ten or fifteen minutes; then the fatigue seems to wear away. Gradually a new strength comes, and this second strength can be relied upon.

The muscles seem to be provided with energy sufficient for ordinary demands, but the walk draws upon them suddenly

for an unusual effort, the supply of muscular energy is soon exhausted and the reserve is not ready. If a rest is taken then, the muscles react and possibly remain contracted, producing the sensation of walking cramp. But if by an effort of will they are forced into continued activity, nature soon sends out her reserve force to the part making unusual demand, the current is established in that direction, and will continue until her generosity is insulted by excessive demands.

Take a school girl who has so overstudied that her brain is in a state of morbid activity, so that, however tired, it can be forced to renewed activity; tell her she "must not study so hard," take away her books, and still her mind will continue to go over and over the mental processes. But ask her to "come for a walk," make that walk interesting, so that the mind's activity may be in sympathy with the physical effort. Every day make the walk a little longer; the muscles, not having been tampered with, will demand a rest when it is needed; and the reserve forces of the whole body, which had been flowing all to the brain, will be turned into a new channel provided with a healthy power of resistance. The result will be, that without saying a word against study, you will find this ambitious school girl studying for a time and then putting her books aside, with the excuse that she is too tired to learn any more then. She has reached that healthy condition where she knows when she is tired, and has to rest.

I should be false to the spirit of my Fatherland should I in any way discourage the ambition to gain a fine education; on the contrary, it is to preserve a sound and balanced brain in mature age, that I desire to prevent the reckless squandering of its forces in youth. Any school girl, who might be a little longer in getting to calculate the courses of the stars, to sail theoretically a ship around the world, will have the sounder intellect, and its stores of knowledge will be more at her command at thirty years of age, because she devoted a little of her youthful time to the care of the casket which was to hold the jewels of the mind.

But there are those who are forced to do a certain amount of brain work. Let us take for example a teacher, whose work demands more strength than she has to give; who finds herself weaker at the end of a year than at the beginning, weaker each year than in the one preceding; how is such an one to dare take from her insufficient vitality, to give to physical exercise? If at the end of a day's work she can hardly sit up, how can she get on her feet and "take a walk?"

Within certain limits, the exercise of any power—like money invested in legitimate business—not only makes return of all it draws out, but of more. In the case we have supposed of one forced to over work, the limit is passed at which the brain and the nervous system can make good their drafts upon the general vitality, and the longer the process goes on, the more is the constitution reduced to bankruptcy. If then, during vacation, a habit of walking could be gently encouraged, until two or three miles could be done easily, then when schoolwork began again, if at the end of a tired day a walk were taken, not only would it restore to the body all the strength it required to make the walk, but more. Thus the physical exercise would create a surplus of strength, to fill the deficit caused by the overdrawing of the brain.

I have seen this theory practically tested again and again, always with happy results, and often to the delighted surprise of those who tried it not quite believing.—*Bertha Von Hillern, in Youths' Companion.*

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"Extreme law is extreme injustice."

The cheapest and simplest gymnasium in the world—one that will exercise every muscle and bone in the body—is a flat piece of steel, notched on one side, fitted tightly into a wooden frame, and after being greased on both sides with a bacon rind, rubbed into a stick of wood laid lengthwise in a sawbuck.

# IN THE WAKE OF THE CHURCH.

## V.

### INDEPENDENCE.

When you get to Kansas City, you are not far from Independence, Mo.—only about ten miles. Near Kansas City the Missouri River flows in the general direction of south; it then sweeps around to the east, and continues in this direction for miles. Two miles south of the river, and, as I said before, some ten miles from Kansas City, to the eastward, is the town which we Mormons expect to become a great and famous religious capital ere the earth has bowled many times more around her yearly orbit.

In 1830 and 1831, the Prophet Joseph began receiving revelations concerning the land of Zion, which was to be located in Missouri. If I mistake not this was before our people were embroiled in any trouble at Kirtland, while we were yet regarded with complacency, if not with pleasure, by our neighbors, of the western reserve; consequently, this was before there was any necessity, as viewed from a human standpoint, of our people seeking any other resting place than the beautiful, sparsely settled, and far west region near the lake, in which they were so comfortably located. Perhaps some of our friends, the "Christian" ministers among us, who have brought their little religious tallow candles out into the broad sunlight of the Gospel, with a view of enlightening matters for us, will kindly explain (if they have a moment to spare from their favorite employment of writing roseate and highly flattering views of the Mormon people, to their eastern friends) to the writer, who has had the misfortune to be born in Mormonism, and is so depraved and uninstructed as to know nothing better, just why, under the circumstances, Joseph Smith should have traveled one thousand miles from one wilderness to find another one, and on the way to have crossed five of the most beautiful States in the Union.

The railroad station at Independence is not in the town, which enables you either to take a carriage or to indulge in a pleasant walk, if the atmospheric conditions are agreeable. Not knowing precisely what quarter of the town we desired to visit, we made a compromise by instructing the driver to take us to the business centre. In the carriage with us was a gentleman, who had a theory concerning the nature of the disastrous cyclone, which is indigenous to that entire section of country; he based his theory on the fact that the path of one of their terrible visitors was not strewn with trees broken off, or houses blown over, but was covered with trees and fence poles which had been lifted from their beds, and houses which had been raised from their foundations and carried off to some distance. Hence, he concluded that the cyclone was not in the nature of a strong wind, but was a hollow, revolving cone of air, with a vacuum inside, which, as it advanced rapidly across the country, inspired all objects on the surface of the earth, with a desire to soar aloft.

We alighted near the court house, a large handsome structure, for which we may be able to find use some day, and directed ourselves toward it, with the intention of going to the top, if possible, to secure a good view of the surrounding country. It was locked, and a number of loungers told us there would be little chance of our getting up that day, it being the Sabbath. We were about to leave, but fortunately ran across an elderly gentleman, who was just coming out of a side door of the building; he proved to be the county surveyor, Mr. William A. Hickman. We did not ask him whether he was related to the notorious "Bill," for we thought the subject would be extremely unpleasant to the county surveyor, whatever the facts in the case. Mr. Hickman had a surveyor's transit on his shoulder, when we accosted him, and it transpired that he was on his way to the top of a high store for the purpose of looking around. He said

it was the clearest day he ever saw at Independence. We introduced ourselves, stated our errand, and in return received a kind invitation to accompany him.

It was a perfect day in the latter part of June; the leaves were all out, the grass was everywhere, and there was that charming fulness and freshness about everything in the vegetable line, which is peculiar to the last two weeks of June; before this there is a lack of development, while in July the hot sun causes the tender plants to droop, and the dust comes and covers up the freshness of the preceding weeks. The view was superb; the building was exceeded in height by the court house alone; while they both stand on the highest rise of ground in the immediate vicinity, except the one upon which the Temple lot is located. My surroundings have been such as to make the mountains my favorite horizon; to me there is a charm in the grandeur of snow-capped mountains, in the rugged canyons, in the bounding streams, in the nestling valleys, which no verdure covered plain can ever duplicate. But could I not choose a home among the mountains, I know of no more entrancing spot than Independence. It is a locality of hills, regular neither in their shape, size, nor direction; but starting out of hollows and of each other in a most bewildering way, forming entrancing side hills and hollows. Some of these eminences are a hundred and fifty feet high. There are innumerable streams in the vicinity, which rise at the head of the hollows, and follow their sinuous courses, receiving here and there small affluents from converging dales; mills are seen upon the lower courses of the streams, and where the lowlands widen there are dark green meadows. Where the town lies, the streets find their way along the beds of the depressions and over intervening ridges, with the residences tastefully located along the sidehills. But in places there are great level areas. The Missouri is two or three miles to the north, and an equal distance to the east; several large streams flow into it through this section. Mr. Hickman explained to us that to supply the town with water it is proposed to construct a reservoir on a hill lying near the river, to the north, which hill is some fifty feet higher than the most elevated of the town hills.

In answer to our inquiries about the productiveness and depth of the soil, the county surveyor told us that during the visit of a well known agriculturist through Jackson County, a great many years ago, the latter put up at the house of a farmer who was raising corn extensively. After refreshments, the man of science took a look around the house; he noticed that the tallest corn, and it was gigantean in size, was growing from a small mound near the house. The mound was close by a well; could it be possible that the mound was the earth dug from the well? The farmer assured him it was, and moreover that the upper layers of the mound were from a considerable depth below the surface. An examination followed, and nothing but soil was found from surface to water. Our own experience was very similar; the sides of a cellar being sunk at Independence developed nothing but soil as far as the excavation had been carried, some ten or twelve feet. Likewise, in Kansas City, we saw with amazement a bank of earth twenty or more feet high, along the course of a new street, which was uniform from top to bottom, and appeared to be the best of soil.

The locality is entirely healthy; it is even free from the malaria which is more or less prevalent nearer the river. Upon walking through the town, which numbers twenty four hundred inhabitants, we discovered an unusually vigorous and robust class of children. The atmosphere is generally quite clear, but is more hazy than that of Utah.

The Temple lot is on the western outskirts of the town. It is entirely vacant and uncultivated; it remains unfenced, and consequently is open to every trespasser. The lot is triangular in shape, one angle being a right angle. It is

bounded on each side by a street; the one which runs along the northern side, or hypothenuse, being the main road from the railroad to the centre of the town. We asked Mr. Hickman why this lot had not been occupied: he replied that there was some question as to the title deeds, or that it was owned by parties who did not live in Independence. There are houses on all sides. There are no evidences of the established boundaries of the future Temple. The native grasses which grow wildly over the lot, were trampled down and worn out in such a manner as to indicate that the boys had turned this sacred spot into a much used ball ground. A short time before our visit, the Wreck-organized Church had held a conference here, had voted to rush ahead the building of the Temple, dedicated the ground, and gone back to their homes to satisfy their doubting minds once more that their leader is the Prophet Joseph's son.

Mr. Hickman after so kindly pointing out the surrounding country, and volunteering various items of interest, presented both my companion and myself with a "Property Map of Jackson County;" a large book containing accurate maps of the various townships of the county, together with the names of property owners, and a miscellaneous collection of information concerning the resources, population, climate, etc., of this famous county. One of these volumes is now deposited with President Taylor. Kansas city is a city of almost unprecedented growth; it now contains sixty thousand inhabitants, and is growing rapidly. It is the commercial focus of the level plains of Kansas; and was the head centre of Jesse James and his gang. Independence itself was the trysting place of this lawless band on many occasions, notably just before the famous Blue Cut train robbery.

This was the end of a very interesting pilgrimage: one which we can ever remember but with satisfaction and pleasure; the mention of Nauvoo, Kirtland, Jackson County, these historical homes of our fathers, and the dwelling places of the Church in its early days, will no longer be accompanied by vague and incorrect pictures, conjured up from our imaginations. The journey home was by way of our big sister city, Denver, and Cheyenne. Two years' absence from home had whetted up our visual appetites to such a degree that we devoured with ecstacy the towering cliffs of Echo Canyon, and gazed with rapture upon the "Mormon" farms and villages which nestle under the mountains, along the beautiful nooks and valleys of the Weber. The wake of the good old ship was becoming more and more plain as we journeyed westward; we found her safely anchored in the Great Basin. She is a first class vessel to sail in, and has a skilful pilot; her voyage has been a succession of merciless gales, but she has ridden the waves like a sea fowl; her course has been along dangerous shores and through hidden shoals, but the pilot knew every rock, and has escaped and forever will escape them all.

*R. W. Young.*

## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

II.

Probably a few more illustrations of well-known names in alphabetical order may be interesting. They are drawn from many languages, and are not given as the result of the writer's personal learning or research, but from sources and material accessible to most, yet seen by few, judging from the little acquaintance of numbers, as discovered in conversation. As Scripture names have been already prominently mentioned, three more shall be culled from the ancient Hebrew.

Aaron signifies lofty; Abel signifies vanity; Abraham signifies high father; each, it will be perceived, significant of leading points or features of their his-

tory, the latter especially being God-given and changed by special decree from Abram: "Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but Abraham, for a father of many nations have I made thee." This was done after Hagar's flight,and after she was advised by an angel to return to the bosom of Abram's family and submit herself to her mistress, Sarah, who was the first wife of this patriarch, this "high father," and friend of God.

Four now from the Saxon, said to be "the well of English undefiled." Albert signifies all bright; Alfred signifies all peace; Adolphus signifies happiness; and Alphonso signifies our help; these are all beautifully expressive names. Two from the Greek: Alexander signifies helper of men; Ambrose signifies immortal; how significant their history and how suggestive they might be for children of the Latter-day Saints, and is there not really more than a possibility that mental and moral stimulus might be created or fostered by the suggestion that they should never dishonor their given names? Amos is from the Hebrew, signifying burden. Bible readers will remember the aptness of this cognomen in that he bore "the burden of the word of the Lord." Andrew is from the Greek, signifying courageous. Archibald and Arnold are from the German, signifying bold; the latter signifies support. Arthur is of British origin, signifying strong man; doubtless in that far-off time an appellation well deserved. Augustus and Augusta are from the Latin, and very similar, though the first signifies majestic and the latter imperial. Two names from the German: Bernard, a bear's heart, and Bertrand, illustrious; the first,probably like some Indian names, originated in rude times, being significant of prowess in the chase; the latter is an attractive name. Benjamin is, of course, from the Hebrew, signifying son of my right hand; those who remember the love of Jacob for his Benjamin will notice all its beauty and fidelity. Names of another character might here be mentioned as wonderfully suggestive. Bethesda, signifying house of mercy, and Bethel, house of God, have both been captured by religionists to designate their chapels, and no doubt many faithful souls have found in them all that the name implies. Bible signifies book; Bethnel signifies sonship of God. Scripture leaders will recognize these as being of Hebrew parentage. Caleb is a curious name from the same source, signifying a dog, though it will scarcely seem applicable to the associate of Joshua, who, after the death of Moses, led Israel into the promised land. Two from the German are good: Charles signifies noble spirited, and Conrad signifies able in counsel. Cuthbert is from the old Saxon, signifying famous, and surely it became so by alliance with the sainted Bede. Christopher, as is Christ, are both from the Greek; the first signifies bearing Christ, and the latter, as all our children know, means "the anointed," hence Christopher, bearing the anointed or anointing, is worthy of special note. Next two are from the Hebrew; they are names of mark, and history gives them much prominence and significance: Daniel signifies judgment of God, and David signifies greatly beloved; as to how much reality was foreshadowed in the lives of these illustrious men, let our Sunday school teachers and scholars everywhere reply. Devil is from the Hebrew, signifying a calumniator; he is "the accuser of the brethren;" and of the liar it was said, "Ye are of your father, the Devil, for his works ye do." Three more are from the Saxon, and are nearly synonymous: Edgar signifies happy, honor; Edmund signifies happy, and Edward signifies keeper of happiness; do not these names deserve to be had in eternal honor? Edwin, signifying virtuous, and Egbert signifying ever bright, are from the same source. Ebenezer, signifying stone of help, is from the Hebrew; as is also Elijah (secondary meaning), God of help. Elisha signifies God the Lord, and Enoch signifies ordained; ordained he surely was. Esau signifies complete; was not the possessor of the birthright clearly indicated even in the beginning? Ephraim signifies fruitful; his blood is found in every

land, he is "a mixed cake" in the midst of the nations. A few from the Greek: Erasmus signifies worthy to be loved; Ernest signifies serious; and Eugene signifies nobly brave. Two from the German: Francis signifies free, and Frederick signifies rich in peace; both are good names. George is a common name; had its origin among the Greeks, and signifies a husbandman. Three more from the wealthy German tongue; Geoffrey signifies joyful; Gilbert signifies bright as gold; and Godfrey signifies God's peace; Griffith is from the British, common in Wales, the ancient Britons, as they like to be considered; it signifies great faith, and certainly as religionists this old people had "great faith;" they profess to have received the Gospel from Paul in the morning of Christianity. Three more from the Hebrew to close the letter G: Gallio, one that lives on milk; Gamaliel signifies recompense of God; and Gaius signifies a wealthy man. Another group from the German: Hubert signifies bright lord; and Henry signifies rich in wisdom. Horatio, from the Italian, signifies worthy; Hugh, Dutch, signifies mountain; Horace, from the Latin, signifies ingenious. From the Hebrew again: Isaac signifies laughter; see about Sarah (or Sarai, as she was then called), Gen xviii: 12. James signifies superior; Job signifies sorrowful; John signifies the grace of the Lord; Jonathan signifies the gift of God; Joseph signifies increase: "His branches shall run over the wall." Joshua, as Jesus, signifies Savior; Judas, signifies confessed, and he did indeed confess. Isaiah signifies the fire of the Lord, hence his writings may be fitly called, "The book of the fire of the Lord;" this would fitly and aptly portray the glowing fervor and sublime beauty of a great amount of the prophecies of Isaiah. From the Hebrew again we have Matthew, signifying a gift; and Michael signifying who is like God or in the likeness of God; and this indicates his angelic or celestial position. Maurice is from the German, and signifies son of a moor or black; Nicholas is from the German also, and signifies victorious; while Nicodemus is from the Hebrew and signifies innocent blood; so is Nathaniel, signifying the power of God, both exemplified their names in their lives. Next two are from the Greek: Olympus signifies heavenly; and Onesimus, the New Testament slave, whom Paul advised to return to his master, signifies profitable. Owen, from the British, signifies well born, and Obadiah, from the Hebrew, signifies servant of God, which the Bible prophet of that name no doubt was. Patrick is from the Latin, and signifies a nobleman; so the old song may be really true: "St. Patrick was a gentleman and came of decent people." Paul is from the same source, and history says that as the name indicates, Paul was a "little man." Peter is from the Greek, signifying a rock, hence the force of the Savior's words: "Verily, I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Ralph is from the Saxon, signifying help; as is also Richard, signifying powerful. Robert is from the German, and signifies famous in council; Solomon is from the Hebrew, and signifies peaceable; Samson signifies a little son; Samuel signifies asked of God (*vide* the prayer of Hannah, his mother); Saul signifies death or the grave, and Stephen, all from the Hebrew, signifies a crown; he, on the moment of his martyrdom, beheld the opened heavens, and if the scriptures testify aright, he got the martyr's crown. Theodore is a good name from the Greek, and signifies a friend; Thomas has the same origin, signifying "a friend of God;" there is room for many a devoted Thomas yet among the families of our modern Israel. William is a favorite name from the German, signifying defending many; and Walter, from the same source, signifies a woodman.

This list might be multiplied indefinitely, so far as the names of men are concerned, and the names of great, good, famous and obscure women might also have been culled to demonstrate the value of a true name, such as Elizabeth and Mary, and Martha and Dorcas and Ruth, and Lydia and Hannah, and

Sarah, and Miriam, and Rachel and Leah. Sacred and profane history, and many nations and tongues, might have contributed to give interest to a growing theme, but the present must suffice, condensation is the order of the day. Yet here is history, in origin and signification; there is much truth and some beauty in the principle; it is so transparent that "he who runs may read." It is a prominent feature of Holy Writ; it bears upon its face the stamp of divinity; it had the approbation of prophets and holy men, and is indeed the system of the Gods.

This age may have lost its spirit and the beauty of its use; the principles which governed it may have been covered by the mists of antiquity, but who among the Saints does not look for its re-establishment, nay, curiously enough, has it not already been established by the Prophet Joseph and in *The Seer*, as published in Washington, D. C., by Orson Pratt, have we not the key to many names used by revelation in the first and subsequent editions of the Doctrine and Covenants? Nor were the parties thus designated always known, the elements of secrecy entered into the giving of these new names, as we find in the holy places and as is predicted in revelations, will be the case with those who receive "the white stone," the name thereon will be a secret one, for none shall know it, "save he who receiveth it."

This is the order and practice and privilege of the Priesthood, and when a name is given and received, it is a sacred name, a name to be honored, to be held sacred, and the life should be devoted to the maintenance of its purity, its integrity and its significance; it should be preserved, untarnished and unsullied; it is a heritage to be held in humility, yet with all pride, as the scions of a noble, a lordly house, count upon retaining unblemished the name with which they are identified. Surely the Saints can not do less, and when they name their posterity after the prophets, and apostles, and patriarchs of this or former dispensations, let them not only show honor in the name, but in emulating the virtues, the graces, the stamina and the devotion which such names everywhere imply.

The cogitations upon this topic are meant to stimulate research, to trouble the stagnant waters of thought, to give a feeble light in the midst of surrounding darkness, to the quality and potency of names; so that when fathers and mothers are receiving for training the thousands of Zion, they may give such names as shall be inspirational, educational, apposite, beneficial and beautiful, to the honor and glory of Him who hath created us, and "called us by His name."

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

All dreams might be trusted if men would only bring their bodies into such a state, before going to sleep, as to leave nothing that might occasion error or perturbation in their dreams.—*Plato.*

## THE CLAIMS OF JUSTICE.

In this world of trial and transgression, where temptations, like besieging hosts, assail the citadels of man's virtue and integrity, and he, through weakness or through wilfulness, so often surrenders to these enemies of his soul, the thoughtful mind is consoled by the reflection that God's "mercy endureth forever," and the hope that His boundless charity, so deservedly magnified as the greatest of the Christian graces, will cover and condone the "multitude of sins" committed by mankind in this mortal probation.

That this will be realized to a vast extent, is undoubtedly true. No one so fully appreciates the inherent weakness of humanity, or is so eminently capable of making due allowance therefor, as the all-wise, all-merciful Maker of heaven and of earth, and it is a sweet and commendable trait in human nature to trust

in the far-reaching compassion of the Eternal Father, and rely with calm confidence upon his loving promises of forgiveness and salvation to the uttermost. But while we may reasonably hope much from these assurances, we should not fail to remember that there are some things required of us in the premises, and while we extol mercy as one of the highest virtues of the Divine character, and rely upon it implicitly as an everlasting medium of salvation, we should not ignore the existence of another eternal attribute, equally as great and admirable, without which God would cease to exist as God, and upon which the proper and legitimate exercise of all true mercy depends. The attribute referred to is that of eternal justice, than which there can be nothing grander or more essentially godlike in the nature of Deity. A principle which rewards all men according to their merits, which shows mercy where mercy is due, and chastises where chastisement is necessary, respecting no person for name, wealth or position, but dealing out with honest, impartial hand the exact and unerring recompense of every good or evil action, is surely entitled to at least equal praise with even the divine quality of mercy, for without it that mild and mediating principle must necessarily cease to exist. Neither of them, indeed, could exist in perfection without the other. It is always just to be merciful, and it is always merciful to be just. They might be denominated the Siamese-twin attributes of Divine economy, for a separation would certainly prove fatal to both.

But whether the poet or the philosopher may feel inclined to mete out to justice her merited sum of consideration, or whether, as now, the thoughtless will continue to cherish the erroneous idea that in the Last Day mild-eyed Mercy will occupy the judgment seat to the exclusion of her sterner associate, will make no manner of difference with the fact itself. Divine Justice will eventually be recognized in all her supreme value and significance, and side by side with her twin sister, Mercy, will sit enthroned in the great trial hall of Eternity, across whose solemn threshold Time's weary feet are already venturing. There will be no dissenting between those mighty magistrates. The utmost unanimity will prevail in all their decisions—the outgrowth of their mutual consultation—for neither could possibly be induced to oppose the claims or set aside the righteous rulings of the other.

We have no reason to believe that a righteous action will ever go unrewarded, or that a wicked deed can possibly remain unpunished. In the operation of the eternal fitness of things, either omission is rendered utterly impossible. No man can perform, or leave unperformed, any act, be it great or small, good or evil, without receiving, however unsought, a corresponding recompense. Its arrival may be slow or swift, its nature temporal or spiritual, its effect felt in time or in eternity; but its coming is certain and its consequence sure, and no power will intervene to prevent. Obedience to any just law will bring to pass the benefit upon which it is predicated, while the violation of the law will as invariably result in defeating the object of its creation. Every seed that is sown produces after its own proper kind, in accordance with the principle of eternal fitness, which is only another name for justice, with the Divinely appointed operations of which there can be no interference whatever. The legitimate exercise of a mental faculty or a physical organ contributes to its strength and expansion, while the neglect or abuse of the same will dwarf and debilitate its powers. The observance of a moral or spiritual law influences the growth and formation of an upright character, while its transgression retards the soul's development and tends to weaken and vitiate its capabilities. And it should also be remembered that these effects are lasting and irrevocable. Repentance and reformation will accomplish much, but they cannot recall the past or restore that which has vanished forever. A nail driven into a smooth and beautiful wall may be withdrawn, but it will leave its mark there,

which all the cunning of human art will find it impossible to entirely obliterate. A man shot in battle may recover from his wound, but the bullet which pierced him will leave its scar in his flesh, and in some way conduce to the weakening of his system. Even so may the spirit of man be blemished by an act of folly or of wickedness; its perpetration may be repented of, but its impression is unavoidable. These are the operations of justice, eternal justice, which demands an effect for every cause, whose claims are as irresistible as her rewards are inevitable; who honestly pays all that she owes, but as carefully collects all that is owing her. The demands of justice must be satisfied, and all the mercy in eternal worlds could not nullify or successfully oppose them. Mercy may condone the past, mitigate the present, and newly provide for the future, but she cannot check the ceaseless flow of time or roll back the advancing wheels of retribution. A moment past is a moment annihilated. An opportunity unimproved has written its own warning epitaph. A mis-spent talent is a priceless pearl cast from a spendthrift's hand into the unsearchable abyss of eternal oblivion. Mercy can do much, but she cannot work impossibilities. It is no part of her ministry to turn time up-stream and bring back the squandered treasures that lie buried in its unfathomable depths.

The little child which thrusts its tiny hand into the fire, may be forgiven for disobeying the parental behest, but its fingers will be burned nevertheless, and though tenderly bandaged by a pitying mother's care, must smart and tingle with pain till the due time of alleviation arrives. The mother personifies mercy, the fire represents justice; the one softening the punishment, the other exacting the expiation. The child is the victim of pain and the recipient of pity, and has learned a useful lesson which it ought to remember forever. Thus it is that justice and mercy operate conjointly for good, and thus it is that from every apparent evil some good invariably springs. Saul of Tarsus, through the tender mercy of God, was forgiven for persecuting the Saints, but his subsequent sufferings plainly showed how much he was required to undergo in order to prove himself worthy of that gracious boon. It is true his experience was the common lot of his fellow apostles, but this fact does not refute the other, that he thereby expiated his previous transgression. All who fight against God and His purposes are incurring a serious debt which must sooner or later be settled with heavy interest. It is so with every transgression. The soul that sins becomes a debtor to justice, whose inexorable claims must in some manner be satisfied. It is no more than right that this should be. It is judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet. The Son of God was sacrificed that sinners might be saved, but they must suffer for their own sins notwithstanding. The Savior died that man might live, but that does not hinder man's dying in the flesh to discharge the vast debt contracted through Adam's transgression. Christ paid to justice the portion which man was unable to pay, but it was left for the human race to liquidate the balance, and complete the vindication of a violated law. It was heavenly mercy which induced and effected the redemption of mankind, but it was eternal justice which pronounced the penalty and administers the universal doom. *O. F. Whitney.*

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I hold it as a great point in self-education that the student should be continually engaged in forming exact ideas, and in expressing them clearly by language. Such practice insensibly opposes any tendency to exaggeration or mistake, and increases the sense and love of truth in every part of life. Those who reflect upon how many hours and days are devoted by a lover of sweet sounds to gain a moderate facility upon a mere mechanical instrument, ought to feel the blush of shame if convicted of neglecting the beautiful living instrument wherein play all powers of the mind.—*Professor Faraday.*

# JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE body of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," arrived in New York on March 22d. The expense of its transfer from its resting place in Tunis to this country was borne by the distinguished philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, who also arranged for the interment, under a suitable monument, in the beautiful and romantic Oak Hill Cemetery, which was presented by him to the capital city a number of years ago. It is certainly a little remarkable that it should have been left to a citizen of Washington to interest himself in removing the remains of the poet to a final sepulture in his native country, for Payne was essentially a New Yorker, identified in all his earlier life with the metropolis. It was there that he was born, and there that his first successes were gained, and it is there that his monument should be reared.

He was born at No. 33 Broad Street, New York, on June 9th, 1792, being the eldest of nine children, seven of whom were sons. Soon after his birth his father moved to Boston, and there it was that young John Howard made his *début* in literature, at the age of thirteen, by contributing to a juvenile paper called the *Fly*.

Soon after, he was sent to New York to a business position, and he surreptitiously began the publication of a little paper called the *Thespian Mirror*. The paper achieved sufficient success to be attacked by the *Evening Post*. The editor of the *Post* invited young Payne to call upon him, and was much surprised to find a brother-editor in a boy of thirteen. The account of the visit was published in the *Post* of January 24th, 1806.

Before Payne had finished his college career his mother died, and soon afterward his father's affairs became involved, aud bankruptcy followed. In this emergency Payne considered it his duty to assist his family by going upon the stage, and he made his first appearance, at the age of sixteen years. His talent was at once recognized, and his first engagement was a brilliant success. Payne played with great success in Philadelphia and Boston, and also in Baltimore, Richmond and Charleston, but after returning from this tour was persuaded by his family to retire from the stage. His retirement was only tempory, however. He instituted the Athenæum, a circulating library and reading-room, which he designed to expand into a great public institution. Payne, however, returned to the stage, and while he was playing an engagement in Boston his father died.

Payne sailed from New York on the 27th of February, 1813, and his first experience abroad was a brief imprisonment in Liverpool, by an absurd freak of the Mayor of that city regarding aliens. His London engagement was a pronounced success, and he made a tour of the English provinces. He afterwards visited Paris for the purpose of meeting Talma, and, Bonaparte returning from Elba soon after Payne's arrival, he remained in Paris during the Hundred Days. He was received by Talma with much cordiality, and treated with great consideration during his stay in France. Payne now devoted himself to writing a tragedy for Kean, on the subject of Brutus, which was produced on December 4th, 1818, with wonderful success. He next went to Paris in the interests of Elliston, but his fortunes were in the descendant, and Elliston proved a bad paymaster.

At this period he wrote the beautiful ballad which has made his name immortal. Charles Kemble had become manager of Covent Garden, and applied to Payne in Paris for a play. Payne offered him a number of manuscripts for £230, among them being a translation of a play called "Angioletta." Kemble accepted the offer and was about to produce "Angioletta," when a rival theatre brought out the same piece. Thereupon Payne slightly changed the plot, introduced several songs and duets

into the piece, and transformed it into an opera, under the title of "Clari; or The Maid of Milan." The song, "Home, Sweet Home," was introduced in the second act and sung by Clari. The opera was an instantaneous and wonderful success, and made the fortunes of all connected with it, except the author. It was first produced on May 8th, 1823, with a Miss Tree, a sister of the famous Ellen Tree, afterward Mrs. Charles Kean, in the title *rôle*. The music was written by Sir Henry Bishop, the air being suggested by Payne himself. He wrote to Bishop from Paris, before the opera was produced, that he had not time to polish the songs, but thought that "'Home, Sweet Home,' as a refrain, would come in nicely." When the song was published, one hundred thousand copies were at once disposed of, and the profits of the publishers, two years after its first issue, are said to have amounted to two thousand guineas.

Payne returned to London to superintend the production of a French play, and started a publication called the *Opera-glass*. A long illness prevented his continuing it, and he issued the prospectus of a periodical to be called *Jam Jehan Nima*, meaning "the goblet wherein you may behold the unwise." It never got any farther than a prospectus. He returned to America, and was appointed United States Consul at Tunis, where he spent several years. He again returned to America to solicit an easier diplomatic post, and, failing to procure one, went back to Tunis, where he died in 1852, and was buried in St. George's Protestant Cemetery.

In September, 1873, a colossal bronze bust of Payne was unveiled in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, with an address by Thomas Kinsella, the reading of an original poem by John G. Saxe, and chorus singing by public school children.

There have been many ridiculous statements made as to the circumstances under which Mr. Payne wrote the words of his celebrated song. Some have stated that he was a resident of London at the time, without a shilling in his pocket; others, that "on a stormy night, beneath the dim flickering of a London street lamp, gaunt and hungry, and without a place to shelter his poor, shivering body, he wrote his inspired song upon a piece of ragged paper picked from the sidewalk." There is no foundation for these statements. A letter written by him to his friend, Sir Henry R. Bishop, shows that Mr. Payne wrote the words while comfortably situated in Paris, and while he was preparing the opera "Clari" for the public.

Mr. Payne said that the plaintive air, now bearing the name, he first heard trilled by a peasant girl in Italy, and that this air suggested the words. The music was written out for him by Sir H. R. Bishop, to whom its composition has sometimes been credited. At the time of the appearance of the words in the opera they were altered somewhat, so as to adapt them more perfectly to the melody of the touching Sicilian air. Following is the poem, as revised by the author, and said to be copied from Mr. Payne's manuscript, and with his own precise punctuation:

HOME SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

The following additional verses to the song, "Home, Sweet Home," Mr. Payne affixed to the sheet of music, and presented them to Mrs. Bates, in London, a relative of his, and the wife of a wealthy banker:

To *us* in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of *home* still appears;

From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says, with a sigh,
"Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!"

*Your* exile is blest with all fate can bestow;
But *mine* has been checkered with many a woe!
Yet, tho' different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same,
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
"Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!"

*John Howard Payne.*

The original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home" is now in the possession of an old lady of Athens, Ga., to whom Payne was strongly attached. The words, as first written, are all interlined, with here and there an expression of endearment to the lady mentioned. It was in 1841 that the poet was appointed United States Consul at Tunis, and here he died in 1852. The marble which for over thirty years marked his grave in the Cemetery of St. George's contained this inscription:

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angels said:
'Welcome to heaven, Home, Sweet Home.'"

The monument to be reared at the nation's capital will testify to coming generations that the memory of the poet is precious to his native land; but no such memorial is needed to perpetuate his name wherever, the wide world over, human hearts find life's supremest joy in the influences and associations of Home, so sweetly sung by this exile from its allurements.

## SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

THE TEMPLE.

April 7th, 1844. At two o'clock, p. m., Patriarch Hyrum Smith arrived at the stand, and said he wanted to speak something about the Temple.

"We want two hundred thousand shingles, as we shall resume the work on the Temple immediately. All who have not paid their tithing come on and do it. We want provisions, money, boards, planks, and anything that is good: we don't want any more old guns or watches. I thought some time ago I would get up a small subscription, so that the sisters might do something. In consequence of some misunderstanding, it has not gone on as at first. It is a matter of my own: I do not ask it as a tithing. I give a privilege for any one to pay a cent a week, or fifty cents a year. I want it by next fall to buy nails and glass. It is difficult to get money. I know that a small subscription will bring in more than a large one. The poor can help in this way. I take the responsibility upon myself, and call again upon the sisters. I shall call again until I get about one thousand dollars. It only requires two thousand subscribers.

I have sent this subscription to England and the branches. I fear no one this side of hell. I am not to be dictated to by any one except the Prophet and God. I want you to pay in your subscriptions to me, and it shall always be said boldly by me, The sisters bought the glass in that house, and their names shall be written in the Book of the Law of the Lord. It is not a tax, but a free will offering to procure something which shall ever be a monument of your works. No member of the Female Relief Society got it up. I am the man that did it. They ought not to infringe upon it. I am not a member of the Female Relief Society. I am one of the committee of the Lord's House.

I wish to accomplish something. I wish all the Saints to have an opportunity to do something. I want the poor to have a chance with the purse of five dollars. The widow's two mites were more in the eyes of the Lord than the purse of the rich; and the poor woman

shall have a seat in the house of God—she who pays her two mites as much as the rich, because it is all they have. I wish all to have a place in that house. I intend to stimulate the brethren. I want to get the roof on this season. I want to get the windows in, in the winter, so that we may be able to dedicate the House of the Lord by this time next year, if nothing more than one room. I will call upon the brethren to do something.

I cannot make a comparison between the House of God and anything now in existence. Great things are to grow out of that house. There is a great and mighty power to grow out of it. There is an endowment. Knowledge is power. We want knowledge. We have frequently difficulties with persons who profess to be Latter-day Saints. When the sacrament will be administered in the Lord's House, it will do away with a great deal of difficulty that is now in existence. If we can have the privilege and confess our faults unto God and one another every Sabbath day, it will do away with these. You poor sisters shall have a seat in that house. I will stand on the top of the pulpit and proclaim to all what the sisters have done. When you offer up your sacraments every Sabbath, you will feel well a whole week; you will feel to get a great portion of the Spirit of God—enough to last you a week, and you will increase. We are now deprived of the privilege of giving the necessary instruction; hence we want a house.

All the money shall be laid out for what you design it. It shall not be paid for anything else. I am one of the committee. The commiitee tell me the quarry is blockaded; it is filled with rock. The stonecutters are wanting work. Come on with your teams as soon as conference is over. It is not necessary for me to tell who will come and do it. I will prophesy that you will do it. There is not one in the city but what will do right if he knows it, only one or two exceptions, and they are not worth notice. God will take care of them; and if He don't, the devil will. I described them once, and you will always know them while you see them: they will keep hopping till they hop out of town. Some are tree-toads, who climb the trees and are continually croaking.

We are now the most noble people on the face of the globe, and we have no occasion to fear tadpoles. We are designated by the All-seeing Eye, designated to do good, not to stoop to any low thing. We are apt to suffer prejudice to get into our hearts on hearing reports: we should never allow it—never should pass our judgment until we hear both sides. I will tell a Dutch anecdote. A certain Dutchman had a cause brought before him, and heard one side, and he gave in his decision—'Be sure you have got the case!' and when the other party brought their witnesses, he said again, 'Be sure you have got the case, too!' If you hear of any one high in authority, that he is rather inclined to apostasy, don't let prejudice arise, but pray for him. God may feel after him, and he may return. Never speak reproachfully or disrespectfully: he is in the hand of God. I am one of those peacemakers who take a stand above these little things.

It has been intimated we should have investigations this conference. Do you think I would trouble this conference with it? If I have a difficulty with a man, I will go and settle it. Let them settle their difficulties. There is not a man who has had a difficulty who should trouble this congregation about it. We ask no favors; we can settle it ourselves. Don't think anything about persons who are on the eve of apostasy: God is able to take care of them. Let God judge, do your duty, and let men alone.

Never undertake to destroy men because they do some evil thing. It is natural for a man to be led and not driven. Put down iniquity by good works. Many men speak without any contemplation; but when they have a little contemplation, it would not have been spoken. We ought to be careful what we say, and take the example of Jesus, cast over the mantle of charity, and try to cover their faults. We are made to enlighten, and not to darken

one another, to save men but not destroy men. Do unto others what you would have them do unto you. It is well enough to root out conspiracy. Do not fear but if you are in the right track, having God to guide you, He will save you; for God will save you, if He has to destroy the wicked as by fire.

I want to put down all false influence. If I thought I should be saved, and any in the congregation be lost, I should not be happy. For this purpose Jesus effected a resurrection. Our Savior is competent to save all from death and hell. I can prove it out of the Revelations. I would not serve a God that had not all wisdom and all power.

The reason why I feel so good is because I have a big soul. There are men with small bodies who have got souls like Enoch. We have gathered out big souls from the ends of the earth. The Gospel picks out the big souls out of all creation, and we will get all the big souls out of all the nations, and we shall have the largest city in the world. It works just like a God. We will gather out all the big souls out of every nation. As soon as the Gospel catches hold of noble souls, it brings them all right up to Zion. There is a thing called an eye-star. The Gospel is similar. Then we will have a people great enough to be saved.

Popery could not write what Enoch preached. He told the people that the Spirit of God took him up into a high mountain, showed him the distress of the people—the destruction of the world, and he said his heart swelled wide as eternity. But Popery could not receive anything as large as that. Every sectarian society is just like them. God Almighty has made men's souls according to the society in which they live, with very few exceptions; and when men come to live with the 'Mormons,' their souls swell as if they were going to stride the planets as I stride the Republic of America. I can believe that man can go from planet to planet—a man gets so high in the mansions above.

A certain good sister came to my house, and she was troubled because she heard so many big things. She thought it weakened her faith. I told her she had too much faith. She believed too much. I will tell you how you may know whether the thing is true or not. When any come to you with a lie, you feel troubled. God will trouble you and will not approbate you in such belief. You had better get some antidote to get rid of it. Humble yourself before God, and ask Him for His Spirit, and pray to Him to judge it for you. It is better not to have so much faith than to have so much as to believe all the lies.

Before this conference closes, I want to get all the Elders together. I shall make a proclamation. I want to take the line and axe and hew you, and make you as straight as possible. I will make you as straight as a stretched line. Every Elder that goes from Nauvoo to preach the Gospel, if he preach anything else, we will silence him through the public print. I want all the Elders to meet and to understand; and if they teach anything but the pure truth, we will call them home."

## THE ORGAN-TEMPEST OF LUCERNE.

We came to fair Lucerne at even—
  How beauteous was the scene!
The snowy Alps, like walls of Heaven
  Rose o'er the Alps of green;
The damask sky a roseate light
  Flashed on the Lake, and low
Above Mt. Pilate's shadowy height
  Night bent her silver bow.

We turned towards the faded fane,
  How many centuries old!
And entered as the organ's strain
  Along the arches rolled;
Such as when guardian spirits bear
  A soul to realms of light,
And melts in the immortal air
  The anthem of their flight;

Then followed strains so sweet,
Then followed strains so low,
That they seemed like memory's music,
And the chords of long ago.

A light wind seemed to rise;
A deep gust followed soon,
As when a dark cloud flies
Across the sun, at noon.
It filled the aisles—each drew
His garments round his form,
We could not feel the wind that blew,
We could only hear the storm.
Then we cast a curious eye
Towards the window's lights,
And saw the lake serenely lie
Beneath the crystal heights.
Fair rose the Alps of white
Above the Alps of green,
The slopes lay bright in the sun of night,
And the peaks in the sun unseen.

A deep sound shook the air,
As when the tempest breaks
Upon the peaks, while sunshine fair
Is dreaming in the lakes.
The birds shrieked on their wing;
When rose a wind so drear,
Its troubled spirit seemed to bring
The shades of darkness near.
We looked towards the windows old,
Calm was the eve of June,
On the summits shone the twilight's gold,
And on Pilate shone the moon.

A sharp note's lightning flash
Upturned the startled face;
When a mighty thunder crash
With horror filled the place!
From arch to arch the peal
Was echoed loud and long;
Then o'er the pathway seemed to steal
Another seraph's song,
And 'mid the thunder's crash
And the song's enraptured flow,
We still could hear, with charmed ear,
The organ playing low.

As passed the thunder-peal,
Came raindrops, falling near.
A rain one could not feel,
A rain that smote the ear.
And we turned to look again
Towards the mountain wall,
When a deep tone shook the fane,
Like the avalanche's fall.
Loud piped the wind, fast poured the rain,
The very earth seemed riven,
And wildly flashed, and yet again,
The smiting fires of heaven,

And cheeks that wore the light of smiles
When slowly rose the gale,
Like pulseless statues lined the aisles
And, as forms of marble pale.
The organ's undertones
Still sounded sweet and low,
And the calm of a more than mortal trust
With the rhythms seemed to flow.

The Master's mirrored face
Was lifted from the keys,
As if more holy was the place
As he touched the notes of peace.
Then the sympathetic reeds
His chastened spirit caught,
As the senses meet the needs
And the touch of human thought.
The organ whispered sweet,
The organ whispered low,
"Fear not, God's love is with thee,
Though tempests round thee blow!"
And the soul's grand power 'twas ours to trace
And its deathless hopes discern,
As we gazed that night on the living face
Of the Organ of Lucerne.

Then from the church it passed,
That strange and ghostly storm,
And a parting beam the twilight cast
Through the windows, bright and warm.
The music grew more clear,
Our gladdened pulses swaying,
When Alpine horns we seemed to hear
On all the hillsides playing.

We left the church—how fair
Stole on the eve of June!
Cool Righi in the dusky air,
The low-descending moon!
No breath the lake cerulean stirred,
No cloud could eye discern;
The Alps were silent—we had heard
The Organ of Lucerne!

Soon passed the night—the high peaks shone
A wall of glass and fire,
And Morning, from her summer zone,
Illumined tower and spire;
I walked beside the lake again,
Along the Alpine meadows,
Then sought the old melodious fane
Beneath the Righi's shadows.
The organ, spanned by arches quaint,
Rose, silent, cold, and bare,
Like the pulseless tomb of a vanished saint—
The Master was not there!
But the soul's grand power 'twas mine to trace,
And its deathless hopes discern,
As I gazed that morn on the still, dead face
Of the Organ of Lucerne. *Selected.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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## RELEASE OF BELLE HARRIS.

ON August 31, the Grand Jury of the Second Judicial District was discharged, after asking permission of the Court to withdraw the complaint made by them of Belle Harris, for refusing to answer certain questions propounded to her before them, by the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney. It was stated by the Grand Jury that they were misled by the Attorney, and that they were willing to withdraw the questions rather than have the witness punished for failure to answer them. As the punishment was for contempt of the Court and not of the Grand Jury, the Judge held that the latter body had nothing to do with it, after complaining of the witness and getting an order of the Court which the witness failed to comply with. After the discharge of the Jury, before whom the answers were to have been made, the Judge ordered the release of the witness and she was accordingly set at liberty.

The case of Belle Harris will long be remembered for the very refinement of brutal cruelty and petty spite exhibited by the U. S. Judge and Attorney. On the 10th of May, Belle Harris started from her home on the Sevier for Beaver, in response to the subpœna of the Grand Jury that had been issued three months previously, and from the 18th of that month until the 31st of August, she was imprisoned to expiate the awful, terrible crime of having offended the dignity of the Court. She and her little baby endured—uncomplaining, patient, conscious of no wrong intent or act, or even wayward thought, so far as the offended court is concerned—a tedious incarceration in the jail of common criminals for a hundred days, when she was liberated because it was not in the power of the Court to detain her longer. During this long unwarranted and certainly unprecedented deprivation of liberty, the same persecuting spirit that condemned her was manifested in carrying out the mandate of the Court. In many things, trivial in themselves, the comfort of the prisoner could have been secured, but the determination to compel her to do the thing she had a right not to do or suffer, obliged her prison-keepers to inflict their share of punishment. That the dignity of the Court must be maintained at the sacrifice of Belle Harris, was the evident sentiment of all the persecutive crowd who engaged in bringing her into contempt. Well, the court's order has been complied with! It is to be hoped its dignity is sufficiently healed of whatever wound little Belle Harris' grit might have caused, and that the fame of the herculean triumph (?) of the Judge and Attorney is all they anticipated.

The quiet, lady-like, but unflinching fidelity to what she regarded as right before judgment: her cool, patient, reserved demeanor during her imprisonment and the modest, bright humor with which she enjoys the congratulations of friends on her release, have won for Belle Harris the sincerest admiration and respect of hosts of people of all classes of the community. For Mormon, Jew and Gentile agree that she is a heroine of the first quality and they have in many instances alike expressed their contempt for the miserable pettishness that caused her suffering, and respect for the womanly grace with which she has maintained her integrity, and so completely put to shame those who sought her confusion, and through her, the degradation of the large class of noble women she is supposed to represent. The example she has given the young people in valuing a conscience true to principle above personal safety or the

good will of unbelievers is one worth emulation, and while we commend it to them to remember and follow, yet we are sanguine that in hundreds of cases, had this not occurred, the same faith, fidelity and fortitude would have been displayed, for the young men and women of Zion—whatever the world may hope or say of their infidelity—are in an overwhelming majority, true to the cause of Zion, and under trial will be found as unwavering and undaunted as Belle Harris.

## VOLUME FIVE.

THE completion of the fourth year of the publication of the CONTRIBUTOR affords us opportunity for reflections that are pleasant and not altogether unprofitable. The associations for mutual improvement had reached that stage in their growth four years ago where such an organ became a necessary help, as the subsequent success of the magazine has proved. There were many whose writings for manuscript papers and whose essays read at the meetings displayed the possession of talent and a taste for literature. These, with few exceptions, had never written for publication, and perhaps never would have done so but for the CONTRIBUTOR. There are many—more than one hundred—who have been thus induced, through the establishment of the CONTRIBUTOR, to give their thoughts to the public and gain for themselves an experience to be obtained in no other way. For the sake of convenient reference and the satisfaction of the interesting corps, we present a list of those whose original contributions we have published:

Moses Thatcher, Karl G. Maeser, O. F. Whitney, George Reynolds, R. W. Young, M. H. Hardy, Emmeline B. Wells (*Amethyst*), W. W. Taylor, Horace Cummings, B. F. Cummings, Jr., H. G. Whitney, B. Goddard, J. F. Wells (*De Vallibus*), Teenie Smoot (*Monda*), J. B. Toronto (*Quebec*), George Manwaring, Benj. Cluff, Jr., W. B. Parkinson, Geo. R. Hill, H. W. Naisbitt, O. H. Riggs, Maria Miller (*Ruby Lamont*), L. M. Hewlings, John T. Caine, Jr., May M. Wells (*Minerva*), E. H. Anderson, A. J. Crocheron, J. L. Townsend, E. R. Snow, R. G. Taysum (*Gunhild*), J. J. Chandler, B. H. Roberts, Carl Anderson, Hannah T. King (*Rex*), A. J. Henry (*Roy Kenneth*), J. B. Keeler, Lu Dalton (*Luelle*), W. H. H. Sharp, R. S. Horne, Lewis Anderson, L. W. Eldredge, Jos. A. Smith (*Beppo*), Ann Fellows, C. A. Madsen (*Victor Eremita*), John A. Hellstrom, Jas. E. Talmage (*Student*), J. L. Barfoot (*Beta*), N. Tanner, Jr., Jos. C. Bentley, Thos. J. Steed, R. W. Sloan, Talula Young (*Viva*), Susa Young Gates, Wm. Jefferies, C. W. Penrose, Zechariah Ballantyne, George D. Pyper, Nephi Pratt, Emily H. Woodmansee, Emma Wells, John Q. Cannon (*Jaquce*), Janie Peacock, C. W. Stayner, John Thorgierson, R. Alldridge, Thos. Y. Stanford, Heber M. Wells, C. H. Bliss, M. F. Cowley, Edward E. Brain, Wm. Fotheringham, Keetie Heywood, James H. Hart, Ellen Langton (*Millie May*), Louie Wells, Joseph A. West, Annie W. Cannon, Evan Stephens (*Musicus*), John E. Carlisle, Fera L. Young, John H. Kelson, H. J. Grant, J. M. Tanner, J. T. Kingsbury, Celia E. Bean, Robert S. Spence, James H. Wallis, Franklin D. Richards, James A. Little, Andrew Dalrymple, H. L. A. Culmer, Joseph F. Smith, Samuel W. Richards, John W. Gibson, J. L. Robison, Phil. Robinson, John Lyon, N. Y. Schofield, Charles D. Evans, J. H. Ward, John Sholdebrand.

Of these names several have appeared in all the volumes that have thus far been published, yet each year a very large percentage of new contributors has been added. In volume one there were nearly fifty writers of original articles and the next volume brought the number up to about eighty, while the ratio of increase has of course been less in the succeeding volumes.

The great variety of subjects so large a list of contributors would naturally supply, the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR thoroughly appreciate. Not only has variety of matter greeted the subscriber in every number, but the style of each writer being different from the others, has given the pages of the magazine a

freshness and relief from monotony that could not have been secured under other conditions. A very cordial and happy feeling of mutual interest in each others' writings has characterized the expressions of all so far as we have heard them, and we believe that mutual improvement in the strictest interpretation has been fostered and advanced by these means as fully as could reasonably have been anticipated.

Another effect of the publication of the CONTRIBUTOR, which is of scarcely less significance than bringing out so many writers for it, is discovered in the changed character of the reading matter to be found in the houses of the people almost everywhere that the magazine has a circulation. In a certain settlement that we canvassed three years ago, two hundred copies of a cheap, illustrated story paper, published in the east, were taken and ravenously read by the excited subscribers, who devoured its contents, week by week, with bated breath and feverish anxiety. The CONTRIBUTOR, by a strong effort, obtained a foothold there and the agent for the trashy importation has given up the agency of his once flourishing periodical, "because," he says, "the people's taste has changed, and they want more solid reading matter."

The new volume of the magazine, to commence with the next number, will have a wider range than its predecessors. The circulation has steadily increased as its good name and character has become known, and this tends to excite the interest of many to write for its columns. The work of the Associations is constantly being extended, new members being added and the effect and influence of the exercises spreading and permeating society, until even now it may be said that the Mutual Improvement Association in each Ward is a recognized permanent adjunct to the general Ward organization.

They can do an increased amount of good each season as they have already shown, and it is to be hoped that the present year will lead all others in this respect. An early commencement of meetings, systematic exercises, lively energetic officers, and dutiful members are the elements to win success. These may all be found in each Ward of the Church and those who are earnest friends of Mutual Improvement should make it their first consideration to get them together in good working order without delay. If but six young men in a Ward can become interested in the proper and legitimate work of the Associations, they may in one season become thoroughly posted upon the principles of the Gospel; they may get testimonies for themselves of the truth; they may effect a reformation in the lives of thrice their number and afford a large share of the amusement and supply such intellectual entertainment for the people of the Ward as may be desirable. This appears to be a good work for six young men to do in one winter, but we are sure that it is not impossible; even more has been accomplished in several places that we are familiar with.

The assistance that the CONTRIBUTOR may be to the officers and members of the Associations will depend in a great measure upon themselves. Its pages are at their disposal, for them to employ in asking and answering questions; in portraying, with examples, the best methods of managing an Association and suggesting exercises, contributing suitable reading matter for all classes of the membership and advocating any principle or plan that is consistent with the nature of the work the magazine represents. We hope and earnestly entreat the officers especially to make more use of the CONTRIBUTOR in this direction than they have hitherto, believing it will not only be beneficial to them but highly appreciated by all who are interested in the work of mutual improvement.

The leading features that will appear in Volume Five are indicated by the Prospectus published on a cover page of this number. It will be seen that the important matter of assisting to educate the young men and women of the Church in Church History is provid-

ed for in a very attractive manner. The History of the Book of Mormon, prepared by one so well acquainted with its contents and all the circumstances attending its discovery, translation and publication in all nations to which it has gone, as Elder George Reynolds will be of intense interest and great value.

The Steel Engraving of the Three Witnesses, elsewhere described, which will accompany the biographical sketches and history has been procured under peculiar circumstances and with great difficulty and expense. It will doubtless become a favorite souvenir of those distinguished men and the times and history they represent.

The Scientific matter which the new volume will contain has been carefully considered; and in selecting the Natural History of the Territory, Professor Toronto has assumed to give the readers of the magazine an account of the peculiarities, traits, habits and haunts of our native wild animals that cannot fail to be of great interest to the hunter and fisherman, and to the young men who husband the soil, ride the ranges, climb the mountain sides in quest of ore, or penetrate the canyons for timber.

Architecture of Common Houses is a series that will be of practical benefit to the reader. Young men in building are too liable in many instances to fall into erroneous ideas of economy in designing their homes, while a little knowledge of architecture will enable them to secure at no increase of expense, their safety, convenience and comfort. Improvement in style so far as it will develop the loftier feelings and make home more pleasant, should not be neglected by us, because our fathers were unable to devote time or money to the adornment of their homes.

Agricultural Chemistry, another Scientific series of the volume, will give in simple language such a description of native soils and their proper treatment, as discovered by experiments in various places, as will be of the greatest benefit to the farmers and gardeners who may read it. Professor Kingsbury, who writes this, series took a thorough course of study in the chemical department of Cornell University, and had practical experience in the agricultural department of the same institution.

The doctrinal, educational and descriptive features of the year will be maintained, as in the past, by the contributions of such writers as Apostle Moses Thatcher, Elders John Nicholson, Joseph A. West and Robert S. Spence, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, and many others whose names already appear in this article.

We feel thankful to all these ladies and gentlemen who have contributed to the success of the magazine, and the associations, with their twenty thousand members, feel thankful to them for the aid they have thus rendered the cause of Mutual Improvement. That their interest may continue, and that we may work together in the future, as in the past, for the accomplishment of as much good as the blessing of our Heavenly Father may enable us to do is our most earnest desire.

## BANKERS OF BEGGARLY ORIGIN.

One hundred or more years ago, there was in Frankfort, as in other German cities, a narrow street called the Jews' Lane. The houses were high, with peaked gables, dormer windows and projecting upper stories. They also were narrow, like the spaces between them from side to side. Space was more precious, indeed, than air or sunshine, and as any one looked up from below, the sky only seemed to be a streak of blue. Nearly every house had a shop below it, a small shop with small windows, and in each, long-bearded, dark complexioned men could be seen showing their wares. At every window, as high as the eye could reach, the occupants of the houses were visible, and down in the street below the

crowd pushed and jostled for elbow room. At each end of the narrow lane were chains which were to be hung across the entrance at nightfall, not to keep intruders out, but to keep the occupants in; and it was a law that if any one ventured out of Jews' Lane after dark, he should suffer death. On Sundays and holidays the occupants were not allowed to leave the street at all; they were locked up and despised as convicts are. Having been pillaged and scourged nearly everywhere, put to the stake and treated as outlaws, they were at last allowed in Germany to have one small street for themselves, because they could not be dispensed with. They had money to lend, and somehow, though they charged usurious interest on their loans, they were willing to help distressed merchants when others would not or could not.

One shop had over it the sign of a red shield, and the tenant was like many of his neighbors, a broker and money-lender. In some respects his history also had been like theirs; he had been cast into the world a penniless boy, and he had managed to save a comfortable little fortune for himself. His name was Meyer Anselm, and as his business increased, he adopted as a surname that of the sign over his door, by which he was known and with which his success was identified. So he became Meyer Anselm Rothschild, *rothschild* being the German for red shield. Money in his hands multiplied as by some magician's trick. The landgrave William of Hesse, fleeing before Napoleon, entrusted all his wealth to him, giving him the right to invest it; and as money in those times of war was worth from twelve to twenty per cent., the profits on the loans which he made soon increased his fortune to five million dollars.

Thus, in the dark, sunless lane in Frankfort, with the stigma of social and religious ostracism upon it, was founded the famous banking house of the Rothschilds, which from then till now has been a sovereign power of finance. Meyer Anselm had five sons, and all of these inherited the thrifty habits and sound judgment of their father. There was no prodigal among them, and all of them applied themselves as diligently as their father could have wished to the business of money getting.

The Jews' Lane and even all Frankfort was much too small for their operations. While the eldest remained in that city, one of the others opened a branch house in Vienna, another in Naples, another in Paris, and another in London. The ban of the despised race was lifted from them, and they became the favored guests of diplomats and princes. All of them were sagacious, all of them were successful; a father never had sons more after his own heart, but one of them had more than his father's genius and passion for creating and multiplying riches.

The others were pre-eminent in the cities where they established themselves, but he was potent everywhere, in every money market, in every cabinet. All ships loading in the west with produce and in the east with teas and spices were to some extent at his command, and his influence reached wherever capital existed. This man, who made the history of the house of the red shield a matter of universal history, was the third son of Meyer Anselm, and his name was Nathan Meyer Rothschild. To give a detailed account of his career would be but to recall one fortunate investment and profitable loan after another. Instead of following this record, let the reader look back to the Jews' Lane and fix the picture of it in his mind—the high, overhanging, gloomy houses, with bustling inmates visible at every window; the dark, narrow street, with its bars and iron chains; the scorn and penalties that were visited upon those who lived within these precincts. Here Nathan Rothschild had his origin.

Now let us look upon the field of Waterloo, with the armies of Wellington and Napoleon gathered upon it. Nathan has become the first banker in the world, and is in close relations with the British Government. He has invested a large part of his fortune in English securities, and his fate depends upon

the result of the battle. Should the army under Wellington prove victorious, then his millions will be more than quadrupled; should Napoleon win, the house of the red shield will be overthrown. Until now, Nathan has been in London receiving news of the movements of the army by means of carrier-pigeons, despatched to him, with cipher messages under their wings, by agents on the field. Burning with impatience, he has come to see the decisive battle for himself; he could not even wait the little time it took the doves to wing their way across the channel.

He might as well be in London for all he can see of the battle as the day wears on. The carnage is hidden by the smoke that hangs over the field, and he frets himself as conflicting reports come to him of what is being done. But at sunset this veil is blown off; the superb army of Napoleon shattered and reduced, is in retreat, and the victory belongs to England—and the Rothschilds.

Nathan spurs his horse into Brussels, and there a carriage is in waiting to bear him to Ostend, the nearest point from which he can reach London. He is maddened with impatience to get there; his purpose now is to arrive in the city before the news of the battle becomes public, and to take advantage of the uncertainty in buying more securities while they are low. There is no danger in investments of that sort now, and he is anxious to put every penny that he can command to this use. In a few hours the couriers will be on the road bearing the official dispatches, and his object is to get to the great metropolis in advance of them. There are no railways, no telegraphs, no steamers on the channel; each traveler must find his own conveyance. The journey to Ostend is quickly made, but then the channel has to be crossed, and Nathan's heart sinks with despair when he finds that a furious gale is blowing, in which no vessel will put to sea. He offers five hundred, a thousand, two thousand francs for a boat to carry him across the channel. Two thousand francs is a tremendous sum in the minds of the poor fishermen of Ostend, and one of them cannot resist the temptation; he will carry the gentleman over.

So, after a perilous voyage, Nathan reaches London and finds the city in a profound gloom; business is stagnant, pending the result of the war, and there are fears that the country is on the eve of national bankruptcy. He says nothing about Waterloo, nothing about Ostend; he appears as dejected as any merchant on the Exchange—but meanwhile his agents are secretly buying up all the securities they can get hold of at a low rate of discount, and there are plenty of them for sale, for the public confidence has been shaken. Two days afterwards—two days later than Nathan's arrival—the official messengers bring tidings of Wellington's victory with his young and untrained soldiers over the splendidly disciplined army of Napoleon, and instantly the securities which have been bought at a large discount advance to a premium over their par value. There is rejoicing everywhere in great Britain, and especially in the house of the red shield, which has benefited to the extent of at least five million dollars by that day which Nathan spent on the hill of Hougoumont.

Nathan was successful in one sense at every point of his career. He never made an injudicious investment, he never failed to realize a handsome profit on his transactions; he gathered around him at magnificent entertainments, princes, peers, archbishops and bishops. But he never put out his hand to help the poor, nor associated himself with any benefaction that could have endeared his name to the age in whlch he lived. One day, in 1836, a sportsman, walking along the high chalk cliffs near Brighton, brought down a pigeon which was flying inland from the channel, and under one of its wings was found a slip of paper bearing the words, "*Il est mort!*" —he is dead.

Who was the magnate of whose death so brief an announcement could be explanatory? There was no uncertainty in London when the incident was heard of in that city. A little while before

Nathan Rothschild had gone to Frankfort; *he* was dead. A great financier had passed away, and there was a panic on the Exchange; but the people were unmoved, for the brilliant genius of this man had been marred throughout his life by the base and withering vice of avarice.

For yet a little while and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

## ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

THE Stake Superintendents are requested to arrange for quarterly or district conferences to be held in the latter part of September and in October, so far as practicable, for the purpose of getting their Associations in working order and to commence regular meetings immediately after. It is desired that the officers do all in their power to get the Associations together and plan for enrolling all the young men of their respective settlements during the winter months, that they incorporate in their programmes such a variety of exercises as will interest and entertain those for whom they are organized, and that the Associations take a leading energetic part in providing for the instruction and amusement of the people. It is the duty of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. Associations to foster and develop the talents of the young people, and they should not be so negligent or indifferent in that respect as to compel those who have literary, dramatic or musical tastes to form other clubs or societies for improvement in those branches of art. The general supervision of such departments should be exercised by the Associations.

The Stake Superintendents will please send to the General Secretary, Nephi W. Clayton, as soon as possible, the dates on which their conferences are to occur, so that appointments may be made by the General Superintendency of persons to attend them. The notices should be received in time for publication in the CONTRIBUTOR October 1st. They are also requested to be present at the semi-annual conference to be held during the October general conference in this city.

NOTICE.

IN order that sufficient report blanks may be prepared for the coming winter, the Stake Secretaries are requested to send me word, as soon as convenient, the number of blanks for quarterly reports they will require. Each Association should be supplied with two copies for each quarter—one to mail to the Stake Secretary and one to file in the Association.

The Secretaries will also state how many Stake blanks they will require, and are particularly requested to suggest any improvements in the form that has been in use, which will make their reports more complete and satisfactory.

*Nephi W. Clayton,*
General Secretary.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"THE MYTH OF THE 'MANUSCRIPT FOUND.'"—Eleventh book of the Faith Promoting Series, by Elder George Reynolds, is a very valuable addition to that interesting series of useful publications. It is a history of the ridiculous Spaulding story with all its impossibilities, and the absurd claims of those who have sought to confound Spaulding's "Manuscript Found" with the Book of Mormon, shown up clearly and justly to be the worthless fabrications they are. The volume not only successfully refutes the Spaulding story, but contains many evidences of the divine origin and character of the Book of Mormon and the credibility of those who were engaged in bringing it forth and publishing it to the world. The little volume will be read with pleasure and profit. The price is 25 cents. For sale by all booksellers.

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